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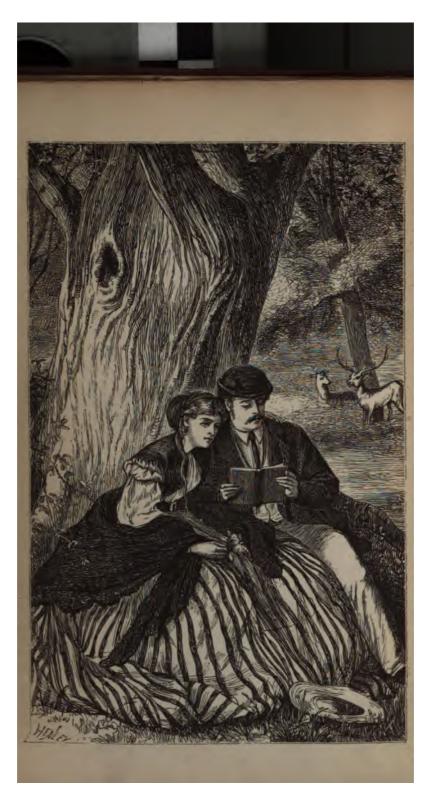


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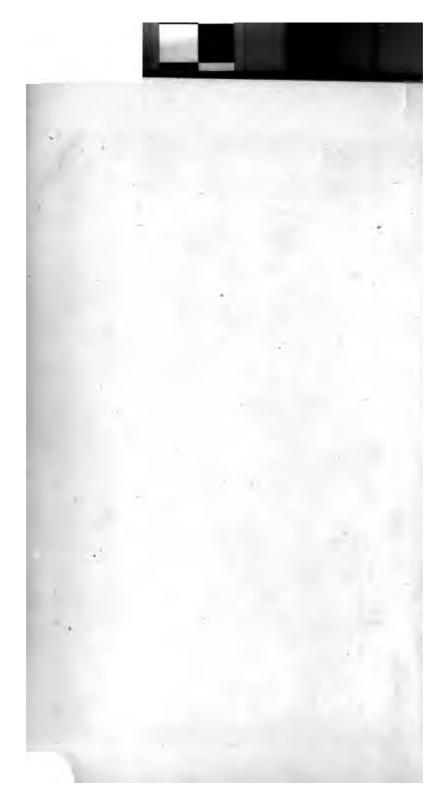












#### THE

# LOVERS' DICTIONARY:

## POETICAL TREASURY

LOVERS' THOUGHTS, FANCIES, ADDRESSES,

AND DILEMMAS.

INTERNET WITH NEARLY TEN THOUSAND REFERENCES

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A Dictionary of Compliments

AND

GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE TENDER SCIENCE.

NE IV YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
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#### PREFACE.

NEARLY THIRTEEN YEARS AGO the Editor of this book began it as a pastime amidst much hard work, and now he has the honour to lay it before the public.

The volume may be termed *unique* without any assumption of egotism, simply for this reason: no other collection draws together so much of the poetry of the affections so well prepared for instantaneous reference.

English poetical literature, in particular, has always been famous for exquisite compositions dealing with the tender passion. The whole range of that literature has been swept in the compilation of this selection; whilst the poetry of America and various European tongues have been laid under contribution. So varied a tissue of 'lovethoughts' will be found to present many attractive aspects. Few or none of the hopes, fears, conditions, or contingencies of 'mighty love' will be found without their appropriate strain. Many of

these lyric leaves are matchless in their beauty; full of playfulness, of fancy, and poetic feeling.

Nothing has been admitted into these pages which can wound the many pure, bright eyes which the Editor trusts will read them.

Not only have the works of standard authors been examined, but from many rare and ancient collections of fugitive pieces flowers have been culled which it were a shame to let wither or die in such little-frequented nooks as are haunted by, or are only accessible to, the enthusiastic bibliographer. As an Album derives a charm from the easy mingling of its contents, no formal classification of the Authors cited in this one has been made; but (I) The Index of Contents, (2) The Index of First Lines, and (3) The Index of Authors, afford ample facilities for ready reference.

The 'DICTIONARY' is a feature which the Editor trusts will speak for itself. It is novel and copious, and he hopes it will prove useful to all the readers who come to con the book whilst meditating some 'love-thought, fancy, address, or dilemma.'

Although there is great wealth in the special field where he has been working, the Editor cannot too strongly express his acknowledgments to all the Authors and Publishers who (during the years in which at intervals he has pursued his task) have allowed him, by the kind grant of 'permissions' in Modern Poetry, to make use of such pieces as he wished. Some of the 'Sweet Singers' have passed from earth since they wrote him in kindly, cordial words these permissions, and now all we have left of them is the heritage of 'immortal song.'

It would make a long list to catalogue names; but amongst Publishers who have allowed the Editor (sometimes under special circumstances which they would wish to have noted make this case no precedent), he has specially to thank Messrs. Longman and Co., Richard Bentley, Esq., Messrs. Blackie and Son, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Messrs. Moxon and Co. by (the late) Edward Moxon, Esq., and (the late) John Taylor, Esq.

J. H.



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#### THE

### LOVERS' DICTIONARY.

#### 1. CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

SHE came—she is gone—we have mct— And meet perhaps never again; The sun of that moment is set, And seems to have risen in vain; Catharina has fled like a dream, So vanishes pleasure, alas! But has left a regret and esteem That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paused under many a tree,
And much she was charmed with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung, And gave them a grace so divine, As only her musical tongue Could infuse into numbers of mine. The longer I heard, I esteemed The work of my fancy the more, And even to myself never seemed So tuneful a poet before. Though the pleasures of London exceed In number the days of the year, Catharina, did nothing impede, Would feel herself happier here; For the close-woven arches of limes On the banks of our river, I know, Are sweeter to her many times Than aught that the city can show.

So it is when the mind is imbued With a well-judging taste from above, Then, whether embellished or rude, 'Tis nature alone that we love. The achievements of art may amuse, May even our wonder excite, But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess Catharina alone can rejoice, May it still be her lot to possess The scene of her sensible choice! To inhabit a mansion remote From the clatter of street-pacing steeds, And by Philomel's annual note To measure the life that she leads!

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre, To wing all her moments at home, And with scenes that new rapture inspire, As oft as it suits her to roam, She will have just the life she prefers, With little to hope or to fear, And ours would be pleasant as hers, Might we view her enjoying it here.

Cowper.

#### KNOW YE THE FAIR ONE.

NOW ye the fair one whom I love? High is her white and holy brow; Her looks so saintly, sweet, and pure, Make men adore who come to woo: Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing, Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud, Dew-parted in a morn of June; Her voice is gentler than the sound Of some far heard and heavenly tune: Her little finger, white and round, Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars, Born to adorn the summer skies; And I will by our tryste-thorn sit, To watch them at their evening rise: That when they shine on tower and tree, Their heavenly light may fall on me.

Come, starry Eve, demure and gray, Now is the hour when maidens woo; Come shake o'er wood, and bank, and brae Thy tresses moist with balmy dew: Thy dew ne'er dropt on flower or tree, So lovely or so sweet as she.

The laverock's bosom shone with dew, Beside us on the lilied lea: She sung her mate down from the cloud To warble by my love and me; Nor from her young ones sought to move, For well she saw our looks were love.

Allan Cunningham.

#### 3. SONG: TO CELIA.

DRINK to me, only with thine eyes,
And will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson.

#### 4. THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady
How she wooed an English man
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, 'Full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

'Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.'

'How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow.'
'All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

'Blessed be the time and season
That you came to Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city you have won our hearts each one;
Then to your country bear away that is your own.'

'Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store.'
'Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

'Leave me not unto a Spaniard;
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee, day and night, my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.'

'It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence.'
'I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee where'er thou go.'

'I have neither gold or silver
To maintain thee in this case;
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place.'
'My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.

'On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes.'
'Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.'

'Courteous lady, leave this fancy;
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.'

'Oh! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer, Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery will I shroud me
Far from any company;
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee, and for thy love, I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain,
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!'
The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.'

Percy's Reliques.

#### 5. TO ALTHEA.

FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates:
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;

Enlarged winds, that curl the flood, Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovela

# 6. THE QUESTION.

DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
gentle odours led my steps astray,
ixed with a sound of waters murmuring
g a shelving bank of turf, which lay
ider a copse, and hardly dared to fling
reen arms round the bosom of the stream,
issed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

grew pied wind-flowers and violets, sies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth, matellated flower that never sets; t oxlips; tender blue bells, at whom to d scarce home. And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it !—oh! to whom?
Shelley.

#### 7. AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

H OW sweet it were, if without feeble fright, Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight, An angel came to us, and we could bear To see him issue from the silent air At evening in our room, and bend on ours His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers News of dear friends, and children who have never leen dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever. Alas! we think not what we daily see About our hearths,—angels, that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Leigh Hunt.

GET up, get up, for shame! the blooming Upon her wings presents the God un See how Aurora throws her fair Fresh quilted colours through the air: Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see The dew bespangling herb and tree: Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the Above an hour since; yet you not drest; Nay not so much as out of bed; When all the birds have matins said, And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin, Nay, profanation, to keep in; When as a thousand virgins on this day Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen To come forth like the spring-time, fresh and gi

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:

Come, and receive them, while the light Hangs on the dew-locks of the night, And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in I
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Mavine

Come. my Corin-

Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying!

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May:
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home:
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream.
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying!

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying!

Herrick.

#### 9. PHYLLIS.

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her een;
Phyllis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture, (rare delight,)
Her hand seemed milk, in milk it was so white.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

#### 10. EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

NDERNEATH this marble hearse Lies the subject of all verse, Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother. Death, ere thou hast slain another, Learned and fair, and good as she, Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.

#### II. TO CONSTANTIA

SINGING

THUS to be lost, and thus to sink and die, Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn! In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,

Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which bur Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;

Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet, And from thy touch like fire doth leap.

Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet, Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

A breathless awe, like the swift change Unseen but felt in youthful slumbers, Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange, Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers. The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear,

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers,
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick
The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee;
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn;
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which, when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

Shelley.

#### 12. BRIDAL SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

. 5 - - 7

with her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor The boding raven, nor chough hoar, Nor chattering pie, May on our bridehouse perch or sing, Or with them any discord bring, But from it fly!

Beaumont and Fletc.

#### 13. THE BRIDE.

HER finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did br
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (inet)
About arm

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone,)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Suckling. [From 'A Ballad upon a Wedding]

14. THE LOST WIFE.

ONE, by my solitary hearth,
Whence peace hath fled,
And home-like joys and innocent mirth
Are banished;
Silent and sad, I linger to recall
The memory of all
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost;
Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the world
can boast.

My home—why did I say my home!
Now have I none,
Unless thou from the grave again couldst come,
Beloved one!
My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of womankind;
Or whether earth yet beareth fruits more rare
Of heart and mind;
To ME, I know, thou wert the fairest,
Kindest, dearest,
That beaven to man in mercy ever gave.

That heaven to man in mercy ever gave, And more than man from heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
Came word or look awry,
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
For mastery:
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
So to endure;

My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will Compelled my good, withholding from me ill.

No art of selfishness
Thy generous nature knew;
Thy life all love, thy bliss the power to bless;
Constant and true,
Content, if to thy lot the world should bring
Enduring suffering;

Unhappy, if permitted but to share Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burthens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
I found thee still:
Whatever change our fortunes might betide
Of good or ill,
Worthier I was life's blessing to receive
While thou didst live;

All that I had of good in others' sight, Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
We wont to share;
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
Thou art not there;

The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,
Who would not miss?
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
The important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh! mayst thou, if permitted, from above
The starry sphere,
Encompass me with ever-during love,
As thou didst here:
Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
Unworthy thee;
Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,
So Guide my life as thou wouldst have me live.

John Fisher Murray.

## 15. IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain.
But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er leftst unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

2

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Though hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore. Rev. Chas. Wolfe.

#### 16. AE FOND KISS.

A E fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Burns.

#### 17. WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,
'Lord!' I cried in sudden ire,
'From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
Shake the bolted fire!

- Love is lost, and Faith is dying:
   With the brute the man is sold;
   And the dropping blood of labour
   Hardens into gold.
- 'Here the dying wail of Famine, There the Battle's groan of pain; And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon Reaping men like grain.
- "Where is God, that we should fear Him?"
  Thus the earth-born Titans say;
  "God! if thou art living, hear us!"
  Thus the weak ones pray.'
- 'Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding, Spake a solemn Voice within; 'Weary of our Lord's forbearance, Art thou free from sin?

#### Licimore they fall?

- 'Know'st thou not all germs of evil In thy heart await their time? Not thyself, but God's restraining, Stays their growth of crime.
- 'Couldst thou boast, oh child of weakness
  O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
  Were their strong temptations planted.
  In thy path of life?
- 'Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing From one fountain, clear and free, But by widely varying channels Scarching for the sea.
- 'Glideth one through greenest valleys, Kissing them with lips still sweet; One, mad roaring down the mountains, Stagnates at their feet.
- 'Is it choice whereby the Parsee Kneels before his mother's fire? In his black tent did the Tartar Choose his wandering sire?
- 'He alone, whose hand is bounding
  Human power and human will,
  Looking through each soul's surrous."

- Earnest words must needs be spoken, When the warm heart bleeds, or burns, With its scorn of wrong, or pity For the wronged, by turns.
- <sup>6</sup> But by all thy nature's weakness, Hidden faults and follies known, Be thou, in rebuking evil, Conscious of thine own.
- Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty To thy lips her trumpet set, But with harsher blasts shall mingle Wailings of regret.'

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near;
Whispering through the day's cool silence,
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evildoers
Waken scorn, or hatred move,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

Whittier.

#### 18. SONG.

TELL me you love me; I know it full well,
Though of truths so delightful one can't be too sure:
Doubts will arise that a breath may dispel,
Fears that alone such avowals can cure.
When were those syllables murmured in vain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though often before
You have told me the tale I now bid you repeat;
Outpourings like these from the lips we adore
In their fond iteration grow daily more sweet;
Why from the tender confession refrain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though bent to deceive, Such delusion were dearer than every-day truth, We in time learn to look on and cherish as sooth. Repeat those sweet words, though their fondness you feign, And tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me; no sceptic am I,
Who would question the faith of the heart of his choice;
When did Falsehood look forth from so truthful an eye,
Or Deception assume less untrustful a voice?
'Twere treason to doubt thee, so welcome my chain!
But tell me you love me again and again.

Alaric A. Watts.

#### 19. THREE LOVES IN A LIFE.

LOVE'—'And I love'—'And I love, too'—
They all loved well, and they loved but one.
Each heart was hers, and each heart was true—
By which shall she, the beloved, be won '
Strong on each was her gentle thrall;
Oh! how dear was she held by all!

The first was a youth in opening life;
And he was charmed with her beauty rare,
With the face and form of his fair young wife,
With her sweet blue eye and her silken hair.
Gazing then on her charms with pride,
Oh! how dear was his lovely bride!

The next had lived to his manhood's prime;
And he admired all her thoughts so wise;
How gracefully, at fit place and time,
Counsels sage to her lips would rise.
Her woman's wit would silence strife—
Oh! how dear was his prudent wife!

The last is an older, life-worn man;
And he delights in her tender heart,
Which loveth as only woman's can,
And cheers him with woman's heaven-taught art.
This loving heart is all his own—
Oh! how dear has his fond wife grown!

In youth I saw but a maiden fair;
And finding beauty I sought no more,
But loved and wedded as youth will dare,
And little knew of the prize I bore.
Proud was I 'midst my fellow-men,
Dear to me was my young wife then.

But as life advanced and cares came thick—
On every side came pressing round,
Till my wearied heart grew faint and sick—
Ever her at my side I found,
With words of counsel wise and free;
Dearer still was she then to me.

Her hair is grey, and her sweet blue eyes,
Though loving still, are no longer bright;
And I list not now for her thoughts so wise;
But far stronger ties our hearts unite.
Dear through life has she ever been;
Dearest now at its close serene.

#### DISCONSOL.

is several old tunes, because composed in a heated ball-ro could not get any fresh air.)

'S HE wore a wreath of roses
The first time that we met '—
(Her handsome Roman nose is
Most beautifully set).
When I was introduced to her,
She sweetly smiled, and bowed:
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the lovely Miss O'Dowd.

'She's all my fancy painted her, She's lovely, she's divine!'— (The lobster-salad wasn't bad, But I couldn't stand the wine). What with the pace she went at, And what with the heat and crowd; Oh! my head, my head was reeling, As I danced with Miss O'Dowd.

'Let other lips and other hearts
Their tale of sorrow tell'—
(That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts
A most unpleasant smell)—
I'd gladly dance a thousand times
With her, were I allowed.
Oh! my heart, my heart is aching—
Oh! that eldest Miss O'Dowd.

Her mother '

Maxwellton braes are bonny, And Christmas bills fa' due '-(I wonder has she money? Is her governor a screw?) Of her beauty and accomplishments She's not the least bit proud-Oh, my heart is shivered to little bits By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

## SWEETER THAN TRUTH.

S I stood by the lakelet of love, to my view, 1 'Mid the moon's fairy glow shone a soul-charming scene; The clouds were all silver, the skies were all blue, And the shores were all waving with woodlands of green. In a boat-shell of pearl sailed a maid and a youth, And the song that she sang sounded sweeter than truth: But the youth sat all silent; and soon from my sight, They sped through the gathering shadows of night.

While I watched them departing, the waves seemed to sigh, And the faintest of halos encircled the moon; And though love-light the gale, ever feigning to die, There were signs of a change coming sudden and soon. But the skies were still beaming, the stars were still bright, And the lovers still steering their course of delight; When the sound of the song on mine ear died away, And the seal of sweet silence concluded the day.

When the sun to its woes first awakened the world, What a scene I the tall forests lay prostrate and bare, While the love-freighted bark into fragments was hurled, And the youth and the maiden, alas! they were-where? 'Gainst the tempest that raged they had struggled in vain, And the lake rolling wroth as the storm-stricken main; Then the voice that was silent had shrieked round the shore, And the song that seemed sweeter than truth was no more.

Philip Fames Baily.

## 22. HOW SHE WAS DRESSED FOR THE BALL

SHE stood in her touching loveliness, All dressed for the coming ball, With her pure white dress and pure white face, Waiting for us in the hall.

A diamond star on her bosom lay, And starry gems were her eyes; Eyes knowing no shade of thought or care, Winsomely, sweetly unwise.

Roses glowed ardent red on her dress, Glowed ardent red on her lips; Roses fainted and drooped on her hair, And died on her finger-tips.

Gold clasped the marble curve of her arms, It wound round her throat so fair; It coaxing drooped from her pearly ears, And rippling gold was her hair.

I spoke to a friend who gazed with me,
I uttered my rising fears:
'Oh! woe, that Grief should that flower-face fade,
And those star-eyes cloud in tears.'

'Your words are men's words,' the lady said;
'You know not that Pain and Pride
Are stronger than Joy, or Bloom, or Youth,
Or Reason, or aught beside.

'She will look up, when here peace is fled, As peacefully sweet as now; Sobs in the heart send smiles to the lips; Oh! women alone know how.

'Pain shines like joy in the weary eyes, More brilliant than joy perchance; And it dyes the cheek, and sharply spurs The tired feet in the dance.' Then I cried, 'My darling, must she bear The wearisome weight of care? If my arms are round her heart for aye, Will sorrow still enter there?'

She must bear her heartbreak all alone:

But, oh! for thy darling's sake,

Check the harsh thought—the word which, though light,

Yet may a breaking heart break.

- 'Pity the sorry that seemeth joy, And smiles that from pain are wrung; Pity all maskers, but, above all, Pity, oh! pity the young!
- 'They must tread erect a thorny road, In all the summer-tide heat, But silken robes will trail to the ground, And hide the poor bleeding feet.
- 'God's tired children are everywhere, We dance with them at the ball: Be kind to the gay, and perchance thy balm On some wayworn soul shall fall.'

# 23. APRÈS LE BAL

A 'DETRIMENTAL'S' REMINISCENCE OF 'THE GUARDS' BALL."

So, bella mia, you've made an impression,
And turned half the heads of the critical town;
And tell me the truth, now you hear the confession,
If not with a smile at least not with a frown.
No wonder your triumph—if radiant beauty,
Enhanced by a toilette the crême de la crême,
Could fail to achieve a girl's paramount duty,
To use your own phrase, dear, it would be a shame!

You fancied me miles away peacefully reading,
But I saw you, signora, and only last night,
In the deux-temps with Vivian de Vere you were speeding,
And your gauzy clouds brushed against me in your flight.
The part of a wall-flower I humbly was filling,
And I did not announce myself, for, who could tell,
Perhaps my reception by you had been chilling,
And I wished not to break the old magical spell.

For although I speak in this volatile fashion,
I'm vulgar enough to possess, dear, a heart;
And the sweet dream of deepest, unchangeable passion
From that heart's inward feeling will never depart.
Since the time when your childhood gave tenderest token
Of the virtues and graces that make up your dower,
The chain was linked round me no more to be broken,
My allegiance has never once swerved for an hour!

I saw you whirl by, never thinking or dreaming
I saw you, the loveliest demoiselle there;
I watched the rich diamond-spray brilliantly gleaming
And sparkling amid the dark bands of your hair.
In a ball-room, romance, as one justly supposes,
Is quite out of place, still I was so bold
As to wish those dark tresses enwreathed with white roses,
The simple white blossoms you loved well of old.

I suppose your lace drapery is of the rarest,
And the broiders that deck it of fabulous worth,
Yet, ma mignonne, I think that I held you the fairest
In your plain country dress with its loveable dearth
Of costly emblazons and ornament golden,
And I worshipped you more in that sweet, simple guise,
When from under the round hat, in days dear and olden,
Flashed forth the soft light of those exquisite eyes!

For you have unchangingly been my one vision
Of happiness seen through the vista of time;
Belgravian flaneurs may smile in derision,
I care not as long as you see this poor rhyme.
May I say with what hope and what joy I shall cherish
The dream of a future shared, darling, with you?
That dream—that reality never need perish,
If but to yourself, love, you only be true.

# 24. MY QUEEN.

WHEN and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now; it will come some day!
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Shining down on her ringlets sheen,
She is standing somewhere, she I shall honour,
She that I wait for, my queen, my queen!

Whether her hair be golden or raven,
Whether her eyes be hazel or blue,
I know not now, but 'twill be engraven
Some day hence as my loveliest hue.
Many a girl I have loved for a minute,
Worshipped many a face I have seen,
Ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be hers, my queen!

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she must move sedately,
Whatever she does it will then be right.
She may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
And whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my queen, my queen!

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, this maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly
I care no more than the spirits above.
But I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars may fall, and the saints be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!

# 25. MY KING.

WHEN and how shall I meet him? if ever:
What are the words he first will say?
How will the barriers now that sever
Our kindred spirits be broken away?
This self-same daylight on him is shining,
Shining somewhere the while I sing,
The only one who, my will resigning,
Could I acknowledge my king, my king.

Whether his hair be golden or raven,
Whether his eyes be dark or blue,
I know not now; but 'twould be engraven
On that white day as my perfect hue.
Many a face I have liked for a minute—
Been chain'd by a voice with a pleasant ring—
But ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be his, my king.

I will not dream of him handsome and strong,
My ideal love may be weak and slight;
It matters not to what class he belong,
He would be noble enough in my sight;
He may not be brilliantly gifted, my lord!
And he may be learned in everything;
But if ever he comes he will strike the chord,
Whose melody waits for the hand of its king.

But he must be courteous toward the lowly;
To the weak and sorrowful, loving too;
He must be courageous, refined, and holy,
By nature exalted, and firm, and true:
To such I might fearlessly give the keeping
Of love that would never outgrow its spring:
There would be few tears of a woman's weeping,
If they loved such men as my king, my king.

# 26. LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR'S STORY.

\* TELL me a story, or sing me a song,'
Said the curly-haired child on my knee;
'It must not be short, and it must not be long.'
Little Golden-Hair, what shall it be?

'Tell me a story, or sing me a song
Of a princess, who dwelt by the sea,
And what the waves sung to her, all the day long,
And what to the waves answered she.'

The waves, in calm weather, came trippingly, trippingly, Ripplingly, up from the sea,—

'The flowers at thy casement are blooming and dying, The smile on thy mouth, it has ended in sighing, As thou sittest alone by the sea;
But the mast is of gold, and the ship is of pearl, And its sails take the light, like this long amber curl That droops from thy neck to thy knee.'

Cheer up, pretty princess! the white sails are flying,
At the ends of the world, they are shining and flying,
That bear a fond suitor to thee!
And she listens in fear, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
Half-pleased and half-pensive is she;
And she tosses her head, just as if she had said,
' He may tarry for ever, for me!'

But the waves, in rough weather, came roaringly, toaringly, Pouringly, up from the sea,—
And the land-echoes moan, 'Wilt thou go all alone,

To be tossed on the storm-driven sea? Leaving father, and mother, and sister, and brother, For a stranger thou never didst see?'

And loud winds arise, as she weepingly cries,
'He may come,—but he'll never have me!
The waters are cold—not for silver and gold
Would I trust to the treacherous sea!
O say, only say, you won't take me away,
Ye wild-flowing waves of the sea!'

'Ah, what a sad song!' little Golden-Hair said;
'But finish the story, I pray;
The prince he is coming quite soon, I'm afraid,
And then will he take her away?'

'Nay, now, little Goldon-Hair, how can I tell?
Run away, for a troublesome elf!'
But she clapped her small hands, crying out, 'Very well,
I can finish it all for myself!'

Ah, whisper, sweet Golden-Hair, close to my ear, Do tell me—I want so to know!

'The prince he is handsome—the prince he is dear, And the princess will willingly go.

'The ship is all sparkling with gold and with pearl, The white sails are fluttering free, And there, on the deck, like a little bright speck, The pretty princess I can see.

'The prince he leans over her all the day long, Or plays his sweet lute at her side; And when the waves roar, and the wind is too strong, He soothes her with loverly pride.'

But is she unhappy? or is she afraid?
 Little Golden-Hair capered for glee;
 She's as merry again,' said this mischievous maid,

'As she was when she sat by the sca!' Gerda Fay.

### 27. REFUSED!

You women keep some bitter cures
You women keep some bitter cures
For our proud spirits. How I long
To think you have not done me wrong.
Believe me, this is half my pain,
To feel I cannot give again
Respect and trust, which were your due,
When I believed you wholly true!

The words of love you said one day,
'You meant the next day to unsay.
And if I thought of them—what then?
I must be fooled like other men:
Must learn to woo is not to win:
That women's falsehoods are not sin:
Must bare what other hearts have borne:
—I give you, lady, scorn for scorn!

It was for love I vainly sued!
It was a woman that I wooed!
Not something in a woman's guise,
To make my trusting heart a prize—
Rejoice to feel me in her power—
I'lay with her new toy for an hour,
Then fling it down, with cruel jest,
And mocking scorn, at my request!

No! it was something kind and true I fancied that I saw in you!
Before a high ideal shrine
I laid this honest love of mine.
I woke to find that shrine a dream—
That maidens are not what they seem.
Henceforth I, too, will share their mirth.
And take their love for what it's worth!

### 28. WHAT IS MY LOVE LIKE?

WHAT is my love like? She is fair—
Fair as a tender autumn star,
Twinkling through the woodland air.
A cloven cherry is her mouth,
Her breath a breeze that wanders far
Through camphire hills in the sweet South.

And fine, and delicate, and slim
Is her rich, purple-boddiced waist,
Set round with fringes, quaint and prim:
O'er her cool neck, a rosary
Of fragrant pearls, white-serried and chaste,
In one close-linked measure lie.

O wondrous, wondrous is her hair—
A twisted wealth of golden brown,
That droops above her temples bare.
A milky shoulder, gleaming shy,
Peeps coy and blanched above her gown,
As from a pleasant nunnery.

Her hand so oft doth kiss her lips,
That half the cherry blood has flown
In ruby to her finger tips.
I will not swear me for her eyes,
For, when we meet, my lids are prone—
Supine before their witcheries.

She hath a voice, like a low brook
That crystals through a bed of gold,
By saddest lilies sun-forsook.
And her sweet laugh is soft and slow,
And wise in meanings manifold—
A viol that the spring gusts blow.

Such is my love—a phantom bright,
The vision of a summer brain
Seen half between the dark and light.
She lives within a palace fine,
And sees the moons of fancy wane,
The image and the dream are mine.

## 29. THE SPA AT SCARBOROUGH.

#### A REMINISCENCE.

PWARDS rose the joyful music On the ocean's summer breeze; Gaily flowed the stream of light talk, Blent with laughter midst the trees; As we crushed the sparkling gravel Neath our slowly-treading feet, Wending towards the scene of pleasure Where all grades of fashion meet.

Bright with smiles of festive gladness
Was the over-arching sky;
Bright with all the tones of colour
Were the flowers we sauntered by;
Bright with laughter were the tide-waves
As they kissed the sloping sand;
Bright were all things, as a jewel
Fit to light a royal hand.

Seated where the shadows veiled us From the fervent light above, In an arbour, jasmine wreathed, Meet for words of whispered love. Drank we in the strains of music, Pondered we the radiant scene, As we watched it moving, life-full, Glorious sea and cliffs between. Oh! the dresses, neat, eccentric,

• Individualised and queer;
Oh! the dresses various coloured
As the flowers that deck the year;
Oh! the dresses, breezy, airy,
Most expansive, startling, grand;
Oh! the dresses, quite peculiar
As the fossils on the strand.

Oh! the hats, conceited, pretty,
With their feathers waving free;
With their flowerets, that seemed stolen,
Bathed in morn-dew from the lea;
With their lofty crowns and low crowns,
Stiff or racy, neat or wild;
With their veils (a soft protection?)
Lest your heart should be beguiled.

Oh! the boots that stept so lightly,
And a moment glanced in view
'Neath the wafted muslin, flower-strewn,
Or the silk of sumptuous blue;
Oh! the boots with 'fast' front lacings,
And with toes a 'work of art;'
Oh! the boots, high-heeled and stately,
That a grace of tread impart.

Boots or dresses, hats, what were they
To the faces—living flowers—
That smiled forth their bounteous beauty—
Charms to light the summer hours;
Faces, youthful in their features,
As the earliest blooms of spring,
With their tresses sunny auburn,
Or as black as raven's wing.

Oh! the eyes all gently shaded Under lashes soft and long; Oh! the eyes as dark as midnight When the stars its spaces throng; Oh! the eyes of fiery splendour, Keen as diamonds in their light; Oh! the eyes that trance all feelings— Make them victims to their might.

Oh! the eyes that speak deep language,
When the timid lips are still;
Oh! the eyes as soft as moonlight,
Glistening on the mountain rill;
Oh! the eyes that summer feelings
Through all seasons seem to pour;
Oh! the eyes, bewitching, charming,
That we saw by Scarborough's shore.

Through the sunlight flew the sea-gulls
With their wings as marble white;
Through the sunlight gloomed the ruin
Of the castle on the height;
Through the sunlight flashed the bent sails
Of the port-bound distant ships;
Through the sunlight came the 'hail words'
Breathed by hardy seaman's lips.

But at length the veil of evening
Softly fell on sea and land:
Then the royal anthem sounded
Through its tones so deep and grand;
And the Spa was soon forsaken
By the gay and festal throng,
And the silence reigned unbroken
Save by linnet's sunset song.

Cantab.

# 30. A DAY DREAM.

THE beechen woods, the old brick hall,
The river widening to a lake,
I love them one, I love them all,
I love them for a maiden's sake.

A maiden with whose gathering blush The very roses dare not vie. The daisies, which her footsteps crush, The very daisies love and die.

Her lips half-conscious of a smile; Her eyes all beaming with delight; A white rose in her hair the while, Like frosted moon against the night.

No lovelier roses bloom than these; No woodland song more sweet than here; Yet song and roses fail to please, When love has told me, she is near.

In vain on Alpine snows I stand,
By Danube's osiered stream recline.
I change the sky; I change the land;
Change cannot change this love of mine.

Forgetful of the city's mart,
Of feudal tower, of vine-clad hill,
I only feel an aching heart,
While Love triumphant mocks my will.

I tread in memory by her side
The swelling uplands of the park,
The road, green-swarded, up the ride
To fields, dominion of the lark.

With bated breath, and faltering speech, I pause enchanted when she speaks. Gone from my view are hall and beech; But laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks.

I remember how she came
Out from the school beneath the trees,
Fresh as the moon, when all aflame,
The rose-tints bathe the sky—the seas.

We pass once more the garden wall, Plantations of the larch and fir, Beneath the arch and by the hall, By trees with autumn winds astir.

The bells are ringing in the tower,
We pause a moment at the door.
Within is many a carved flower,
And coloured sunbeams stain the floor.

There is the rectory, there the ground All hooped for croquet where we played; There stand the elms long ages crowned, As guardians of the village glade.

All yellow-red the chesnut stands,

The bridge and willow span the stream;
I feel once more the clasp of hands—
A parting look—and all a dream.

The beechen woods, the old brick hall,
The river widening to a lake,
I love them one, I love them all,
I love them for a maiden's sake.

# 31. LOVE SICKNESS.

AN OIRISH MALADY.

I E heart's with me Flora; how great is the pleasure I feel whin I hear the sweet sound of her neem; I'd soon teek a thrip, if I'd money an' leisure,

To London's great city to see my ould fleem.

That dee down at Richmond! I'll never forget it, Ah! thin me affecshuns wer' youthfle and green; Our gyarmints wer' certainly thoroughly wetted, But she was the fairest I ever had seen. Such throifles as reen an' wet clothes he who woise is Neglects when the part of a shuthor he'd play, He well knows that Kyoopid all gyarments dispoises, And Vanus looks fairest just out o' the say.

Though the damp rather dims a young leedy's complexshun, And rooins a best three-an'-tinpenny glov, Can umbrellas ibscure the broight glance ov affecshun, Or showers o' reen damp the ardour ov lov?

The 'Star and the Gyarther,' that hall o' symphozhia, A refyidge afforded us all from the reen; We ate our fawgrah as it had been ambrozhia, An' quaffed the broight necthar ov sparklin' champeen.

The next time we meet, be it sunshine or torrence,
The question I'll pop while iscortin' her home;
Next winther, she tould me, she's goin' to Florence,
Who knows but she'd, maybe, go over to Rome!

# 32. A VALENTINE OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

IN AN OLD ALBUM DATED 1583.

WHEN Slumber first uncloudes my brain, And thoughte is free, And Sense refreshed renews her reigne,— I thinke of Thee.

When nexte in prayer to God above
I bende my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love,—
I pray for Thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demande of mee
To rise and journey on life's way, —
I work for Thee.

Or if perchance I sing some lay, Whate'er it bee; All that the idle verses say,— They say of Thee.

For if an eye whose liquid lighte
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or tresses browne and brighte,—
They sing of Thee.

And if a wearie mood, or sad,
Possesses mee,
One thought can all times make mee glad,—
The thoughte of Thee.

And when once more upon my bed, Full wearily, In sweet repose I lay my head,— I dream of Thee.

In short, one only wish I have,
To live for Thee;
Or gladly if one pang 'twould save,—
I'd die for Thee.

## 33. AMY'S SECRET.

THE window looked on a sky of flame, On the rosy bloom of a rippling bay; Within we moved in an amber glow, And purple even our shadows lay.

I lean'd by the curtain's folds and read
Wine-coloured words in a page of light;Did the sunset only dazzle my eyes?
Did its brightness only confuse my sight?

I had been home from the East a month, And you know what passes for beauty there, And I read to listening English girls, English beauties, and few so fair.

They were two cousins, Amy and Maud, (Seen in my dreams, oh! many a night;) Maud with her dark eyes dreamy and full, And fairy Amy rosy and bright.

Both so sweet and tender and true,
From a boy they had been belov'd by me,
And I often had thought, 'Does either love?
Am I more to either than friend may be?'

I read my Journal. That was their will: Page after page of my Indian life; Dull enough, slow enough, Heaven knows, With little of peril and less of strife.

Page after page of the daily round, Monotony stamp'd on every leaf,— Hunting a tiger, meeting a Thug, Having a raid with a robber chief:

So ran the record, until at last,
News of the Mutiny broke the spell,
And our regiment marched on the rebel foes,
And my Journal told what there befel.

And here, as I read, my wandering eyes
At the listening faces stole a glance,—
At Amy, pale and with parted lips,
At Maud as she dream'd on this new romance.

Then on I sped to the closing scene,
Where a Sepoy dagger was at my heart,
And I saw it gleam, and plunge, and then—
But Amy rose with a sudden start.

'No more! no more! Thank Heaven, you live!'
It was her voice the silence broke,
And Maud looked up with a face surprised,
As if from a pleasant dream awoke.

I read no more. What need of the rest? Enough in the sunset I had read. She loved me, Amy!—her gentle heart Spoke in the cry that told her dread.

She loved me! Faded the rosy West,
Faded the bloom of the rippling bay;
But night could not chill, nor the dark depress,
While the thought of her love in my bosom lay.

# 34. UNREQUITED.

FEW and low were the words I spoke, Doubly brief was the cold reply; Yet in that one moment a man's heart broke, And the light went out from his eye!

In a little moment of time,

The bright hopes of a life all paled;

A brave man knew he had dared the leap,

And a proud man knew he had—failed!

Failed! 'tis often a fatal word,Fraught with the spirit's pain;For to fail in some of the ventures of life Is never to try them again.

If the fowler hang o'er the cliff,
Upheld by a treacherous rope,
Should the frail thing break, or the strong man blanch,
He is lost—and beyond all hope.

So I set my hopes on a word,

Launched a shell on a boisterous sea;

And the waves up-rose, and my shell down-sank —

It can never come back to me!

## 35. UNREQUITED.

#### A REPLY.

H E passes by, with cold and heartless gaze,
And I must brave it—aye, and smile beneath
The casual look or word on me that fall,
As snowflakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break

The silence that between our hearts must lie.
I love him—yet he knows not—never shall;

No look shall tell him, till I die!

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles
Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways
Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?
No! with his heart she merely plays.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know
That love, true, faithful, lay within her heart;
So he might never feel, as I have felt,
Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

Oh! masters of our hearts, ye little know
What faith and love ye pass unheeded by;
Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,
Without a thought—without a sigh!

# 36. TIS THE HEART THAT GIVES VALUE TO WORDS.

SOMEBODY wrote me a sweet little note,
The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair:
Shall I here tell you what somebody wrote?
No; let the muse keep the secret from air:
But this was the motto the seal had to show,
This—Cest le caur qui fait valoir les mots.

Somebody walked with me, light was her tread
Over the beautiful sunshiny wold:
Shall I here tell you what somebody said?
The sunlight has faded, the words have grown cold.
Do you believe in the motto, or no?
C'est, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

Somebody sang me a dear little song,
Full of all tender, unspeakable things—
Shall I repeat them? No, ever so long
They have flown off on the swiftest of wings;
And the nest they deserted is white with the snow,
Ah! Cest le cour qui fait valoir les mots.

Shall I with censure link somebody's name
For the note and the walk and the fly-away birds?
No—the dear creature was never to blame,
She had no heart to give value to words.
Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow—
Mais, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

## 37. WOMAN.

WOMAN! lovely woman! thou Shalt share in the bard's divinest vow; Shalt share, for thy weal in this life of woe, The warmest prayer that his heart can know, Till cold be the heart that shall never find A kindness, as thine, so deeply kind; And shrouded this eye that shall brighter be In its ray to the last to look upon thee!

Without thy tear-thy approving smile, The heart to melt, and its cares beguile-Thy form of beauty to meet the eye, And fill the soul with enchantment high-Oh! what were the scenes we here survey, And what the minstrel, and what his lay? Sweet floweret of beauty, of bliss, and bloom, How warm is thy heart, and cold its doom-How tender thy form, and thy being how gay, Mid the many snares that thy steps belay! Sweet woman! this eye has wept for thee When only the angels and God could see: This bosom has bled, and must bleed again, To know of thy frailty, thy sorrow, and pain, And all the evils of falschood and art That wither thy warm and thy wareless heart!

But the scene shall change, and the time shall be, That angels and seraphs shall smile on thee. Oh! yet shall it be, though thy charms must fade, And thy form in the coldness of death be laid, That thine eye of light and thy bosom of snow No sorrow shall feel and no darkness know—In climes where thy robes shall be ever new, Thy food the flower, and thy drink the dew; And thy thoughts the bliss of the bowers above, Inwove with the truths of Eternal Love.

And yet shall it be that the hearts of guile
That have marr'd thy beauty and dimm'd thy smile,
Shall look on thee with anguish more keen
Than that which in thine hath ever been,
And seek from thy glances of power to hide,
Though regions of darkness and sorrow betide.
Yet then—even then, thy bosom of love,
Methinks, shall its wonted sympathy prove;
And the feelings and yearnings of pity live,
That their wrongs to Heaven and thee would forgive.

Frail woman! for thee was the earth accursed, But thy One shall save that the breast hath nursed; Thy couch shall be cold, and thy slumber deep, But thy eye any more shall not wake to weep, Nor thy heart to bleed with a wild dismay, Or thy form of beauty to know decay, But spring as a bud from the drear abode, And blossom anew in the bowers of God.

Henry Scott Riddell.

## 38. THE BACHELOR'S DAY.

THE bachelor's morning is weary and sad: His bread is ill toasted, his butter is bad; His coffee is cold, and his shoes are not brush'd; i reakfast thus leaveth him angry and flush'd.

He comforts himself for his sorrows by thinking, At dinner, at least, he'll have eating and drinking: 'Good ale and beafsteak no misfortune can hinder,'—But the steak, when brought up, is found burnt to a cinder.

He tugs at the bell-pull, by fury inspired, To lecture the landlady till he is tired; Lut she takes precious care to be out of the way, When she thinks that her lodger has *something to say!*  He then finds that the temper to which she has driven him Is not like to be sweeten'd by the beer she has given him; So he rises in wrath. 'But my tea cannot miss,' He half-doubtingly says, 'to be better than this.'

The whole afternoon he has nothing to do— He reads his old newspaper twenty times through; If the weather were good he might saunter about, But the rain is so heavy he cannot go out.

Between yawning and nodding, time passes away, And tea comes at last, after weary delay: Now surely the Fates will relent at his lot, And allow him 'the cup that incbriates not.'

Alas, no!—to his sorrow no tea will pour out, For a host of tea-leaves have got fix'd in the spout; And before he can clear out the obdurate stopper, The tea is as cold as the bread and the butter.

The butter, in spite of his scolding and warning, Is, if possible, worse than he had in the morning: She has paid no regard to one word he commanded, — What mortal's good temper is able to stand it?

Not much, to be sure, at the best he could boast, And his dinner mischance had extinguish'd the most, While the little not slain in the previous flutter Is now drown'd in the tea, and interr'd in the butter.

No longer the course of misfortune we trace: But we thought we could draw from his pitiful case A moral as plain as if Æsop had shown it— Get a snug little house and a wife of your own in't.

# 39. CONJUGAL FELICITY.

SWEET thing of beauty! life would be A waste devoid of all things fair,
Did not my bosom leap to thee,
The soother of its grief and care:
For woman's hand and woman's heart
Can minister a healing balm;
Snatch from the soul the quiv'ring dart,
And breathe o'er all a halcyon calm:
A ministering angel she,
To lighten mortal misery!

O, when I first beheld thy face,
And press'd in mine thy gentle hand,
Thy blooming cheek and modest grace
Wav'd o'er my soul a magic wand;
Thy kindly tone, thy playful smile,
Bespeaking innocence and love;
The lustre of thine eyes the while
That beam'd like angel-orbs above;
All join'd upon my heart, to pour
A joyance, never felt before!

I deem'd the bosom must be blest
That lean'd confidingly on thine;
But honour then the wish suppress'd
That e'er such blessing might be mine.
I saw thee bloom, a floral gem,
Such as the earth has rarely shown,
How beauteous on its graceful stem!
And yet between us was there thrown
A passless bar! But that is past:
Sweet rosebud, thou art mine at last!

And O, the ardours of my soul, At our first happy interview, Know no abatement, but control My bosom wholly as when new. I then but knew the garniture
That lent its beauty to the rose;
But now I taste the essence pure
That from its core divinely flows,
Absorbing all those bitter tears
That follow in the wake of years!

Perchance thine eyes are dimmer now,
Thy step less light, thy cheek less fair;
More grave thy voice and smile; but thou
Art still the soother of my care.
Now from thy lips a current flows
Of meek intelligence and truth,
And kindness in thy bosom glows
More sweet than all the charms of youth;
And, dove-like, thither, would I bound,
When troubled waters rage around.

Life is a changeful scene; and we
May scarce have felt its sorrows yet;
But still, whate'er the prospect be,
The path howe'er with thorns besct,
Still true to thee and Heav'n above,
I shall not seek another shrine
For solace, but hold fast the love
That ever guides my soul to thine:
Still shall I to thy breast repair,
And find my consolation there!

#### 40. SERENADE.

INTENDED FOR A SONG IN SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S 'WILLIAM TELL.'

TELL me not that Love is young, That my lute is sweetly strung: Love is worn, and grey from ruth, And my strings have lost their youth. Like some unimprison'd bird,
Bleeding, with a pinion shorn,
Love is doom'd to 'plain unheard,
Beauty's smile is still his thorn.
If his pinion prove his sway,
Love is aged grown, and grey.

Tell me not that Love, sweet maid, Lacking wealth, doth love upbraid; Or that Mammom has a power Over Love in Beauty's bower.

Beauty never is so bright, But that Time can work its woe;

Nor is Time so swift of flight, But that Love can fly also:
Scythe against his bow doth prove, Blind and aged grown is Love.

But in vain Love wings the air,
If with Beauty dwell disdain,
Vainly Beauty spreads its snare—
Love, though blind, can break its chain:
And the bow is bent in vain
Where wealth perjur'd warps the string;
Heart, O heart! grow cold again:
Love is but an idle thing!
Still to peasants Love saith, Nay;
Nor to princes saith Love, Aye.

### 41. LINES TO A LADY.

O, lady, to thy lonely room,
Should moody shadows cross thy brow;
And there, in that congenial gloom,
Brood, heart-struck, o'er each broken vow.
Go, gaze upon the golden ring,
If yet the spell retains its force,
Until the snakes of memory sting
Thy spirit into late remorse.

And when from Sorrow's sacred fount
The bitter tears at length shall flow,
Let poor profan'd her throne remount,
And wing thee into hopeless woe.
And let Imagination wing
Her way unto that sultry shore,
Where lone he lies whose name shall fling
An arrow through that heart once more.

Aye, rather let it rankle there,
And agonise both heart and brain,
Than in the transports of despair
Thus wed thyself to woe again.
Aye, let the thick mist cloak thy mind,
And champ the bit of bitter thought,
Than break the bonds that ought to bind,
And sell the love the dead hath bought.

Go, pine and ponder o'er the past,
Or laugh in some mad heartless mood,
For thou wilt be from first to last
The sport of passion unsubdued.
And yet I'd rather see thine eyes,
Keen, large, and lustrous though they be,
Dimm'd by the grief that never dies,
Than hear those fits of frantic glee.

But Destiny's dark hand hath writ
The records of thy future fate,
And let thy purpose fix or flit,
The warning comes, and comes too late.
Yet, could this weak and workless will
Call phantoms from Death's dusty sphere,
There one should shake that purpose still,
Or bear thee to that far, far bier.

## 42. ORIGIN OF THE 'FORGET-ME-NOT.'

#### A GERMAN TRADITION.

A MONG Silesian plains, where glide
The Oder streams in slow meander,
Upon a fair, bright eventide
Of old, two lovers came to wander.
And if, from sunset's gorgeous dyes,
Some emblem meet they sought to borrow,
It was to see, in these fair skies,
Hopes for some far diviner morrow!

And if—while o'er its silvery play,
They bent to view the singing water,
Where foam-bells flash'd in joyous play,
And ripples broke, like low, sweet laughter—
A thought was mingling with the dream,
Which in that hour did thrill and quiver
Amid their heart-strings—it might seem
Of music rolling on for ever!

'A boon! a boon!' the maiden cried:

'The meadow flowers are fair to gather—
Hair-bells, and daisies, sunny-eyed,
And cowslip, child of April weather;
King-cups and crocuses, that fling
A golden glimmer o'er the meadows;
And lilies, o'er the glassy spring,
That bend to view their own white shadows.

'But unavailing these are flung,
In blushing-bloom or pearly whiteness,
The while for me so idly hung
Those buds of blue celestial brightness,
That gem the wave's opposing shore,
Unto my grasp which fain would measure
That glittering space of waters o'er,
Bespread like some attainless treasure.'

'The boon be thine, fair love!' he cried;
And, through that glittering crystal dashing,
He wended fast, where o'er the tide
The blue gleam of those flowers was flashing.
He reck'd not of the treacherous flood,
Outspread in deepening paths before him;
While on, in eager, ardent mood,
Unto the flowery prize he bore him!

Alas! alas! the watery zone
Around him clung with mightier clasping;
But the goal is reach'd, the prize is won,
Triumphant in his resolute grasping!
He turn'd him proudly to the strand,
And cried, while o'er the o'erwhelming river
He flung the flowers with dying hand—
'Forget me not!' and pass'd for ever!

Forget me not! and at her feet,
Where ne'er had love laid truer token,
They lay, whose task was now but meet
To wreathe a heart whose hope was broken!
Thence ever grew that name to be
So dear unto affection parted—
The flower of Love's fidelity,
The motto of the constant-hearted.

### 43. TIME AND THE MAIDEN.

A MAIDEN sat by a river side,
With roses in her hand,
As Time came rowing in his boat,
And touch'd the silver strand.
'I will sail with thee,' the maiden cried;
'But pray thee, hasten on,
For I would reach yon shining shore
Before an hour is gone.'

The boatman smil'd, a strange cold smile,
As the maiden leapt to his side;
He hoisted a sail, he plied his oars,
And away they flew with the tide.
The maiden sang right merrily,
With the fairy-bright shore in sight;
It sparkl'd and gleam'd like rubies and gold,
In the rays of the morning light.

A full hour and more they sail'd down that river,
And yet the bright shore seem'd no nearer;
'How is this?' cried the maid; 'you deceive me, my friend,
The light becomes fainter and fainter.'
The roses were dead, her glad song had ceased,
The noon it was past, the sky hid in mist,
Wild waves dash'd in fury, day faded away,
And the shore it had chang'd into rocks stern and grey.

'Mop.' stop!' cried the maiden, in fear and dismay.
'Take me back to the dawn, and the clear light of day.'
'No. no!' quoth grim Time, 'it cannot be so;
I never sail backwards, fair mistress, you know.'
The poor maiden wept her rash haste of the morning,
When the fair silver strand she had left for a dream;
She was wreck'd amidst rocks, and there she sat weeping
Alone, by the side of life's perilous stream.

### 44 TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

TOO late I stay'd, forgive the crime, Unheeded flew the hours; How noiscless falls the foot of Time That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to soher measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for its wings?

William Spencer.

# 45. THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

OH! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run.
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between light and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys, and softer woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon,
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at my feet
Five sons and one fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.

When words descend, like dews unsought, With gleams of deep enthusiast thought, And Fancy in her heaven flies free, They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave, of old, To silver, than some give to gold, Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er How we should deck our humble bower; Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee, The golden fruit of Fortune's tree; And sweeter still to choose and twine A garland for that brow of thine: A song-wreath which may grace my Jean, While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought, Grave moments of sedater thought, When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night One gleam of her inconstant light; And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower, Shines like a rainbow through the shower; Oh then I see, while seated nigh, A mother's heart shine in thine eye, And proud resolve and purpose meek Speak of thee more than words can speak. I think this wedded life of mine The best of all things not divine.

Allan Cunningham.

## 46. THE HEBREW WEDDING.

To the sound of timbrels sweet, Moving slow our solemn feet, We have borne thee on the road, To the virgin's blest abode; With thy yellow torches gleaming, And thy scarlet mantle streaming, And the canopy above Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceast;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door;
That the favour'd youth admits,
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din,
At the bridegroom's entering in;
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

#### CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine, Bride of David's kingly line; How thy dove-like bosom trembleth, And thy shrouded eye resembleth Violets, when the dews of eve A moist and tremulous glitter leave On the bashful sealed lid! Close within the bride-veil hid, Motionless thou sitt'st and mute; Save that at the soft salute Of each entering maiden friend, Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
The door unfolds,—'tis he! 'tis he!
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him,
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

Henry Hart Milman.

## 47. 'FORGET THEE?'

FORGET thee?' if to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,

If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,

If prayers in absence breath'd for thee to Heaven's protecting power,

If winged thoughts that flit to thee,—a thousand in an hour,

If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot,—

If this thou call'st 'forgetting,' thou, indeed, shalt be forgot!

'Forget thee?' Bid the forest-birds forget their sweetest tune;

'Forget thee?' Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;

Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew:

Thyself forget thine own 'dear land' and its 'mountains wild and blue.'

Forget each old familiar face, each long remember'd spot,— When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free.

For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;

Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh! bid not mine to rove,

But let it nurse its humble faith, and uncomplaining love;— If these, preserv'd for patient years, at last avail me not,

Forget me, then;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

Moultrie.

### 48. PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

HER form was all humanity,
Her soul all God's; in spirit and in form,
Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She liv'd, one-half might deem, on roses sopp'd
In silver dew: she spake as with the voice
Of spheral harmony, which greets the soul
When at the hour of death the sav'd one knows
His sister angels near; her eye was as
The golden fane the setting sun doth just
Imblaze; which shows, till Heaven comes down again,
All other lights but grades of gloom; her dark
Long rolling locks were as a stream the slave
Might search for gold, and, searching, find.

Philip James Bailey.

## 49. FAMILIAR LOVE.

WE read together, reading the same book,
Our heads bent forward in a half-embrace,
So that each shade that either spirit took
Was straight reflected in the other's face;
We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each
Follow'd the eye that pass'd the page along,
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech,

Yet with so much monotony
In its half-slumbering harmony,
You might not call it song;
More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,
Than any custom'd mood of human voices.
Then if some wayward or disputed sense
Made cease a while that music, and brought on
A strife of gracious-worded difference,
Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,

We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart,
But both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seem'd, without conceit, to be
Both one and two in our identity.

Lord Houghton.

## 50. ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

Dans le bonheur de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons souvent quelque chose qui ne nous plait pas entièrement.

SHE passed up the aisle on the arm of her sire,
A delicate lady in bridal attire,—
Fair emblem of virgin simplicity;
Half London was there, and, my word, there were few,
Who stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,
But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

O beautiful bride, still so meek in thy splendour,
So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,
Departing you leave us the town dim!
May happiness wing to thy bosom, unsought,
And Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought,
Prove worthy thy worship,—confound him!
F. Lockyer.

### 51. THE TWO PILOTS.

OVE launched a gallant little craft, Complete with every rope; In golden words was painted aft, 'The Cupid, Captain Hope!'

Pleasure was rated second mate,
And Passion made to steer,
The guns were handed o'er to Fate,
To Impulse sailing gear.

LICE LINE

And Pleasure left, though Passion said He'd guard her safe through harm 'Twas vain, for Fate ramm'd home the While Love prepar'd small arms.

A storm arose; the canvass now Escap'd from Impulse's hand, When headstrong Passion dash'd the p Right on a rocky strand.

'All's lost!' each trembling sailor cried,
'Bid Captain Hope adieu:'
But in her life-boat Reason hied,
To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm,

But Pleasure 'scaped from wreck;
Love, bidding Reason take the helm,

Chain'd Passion to the deck.

'I thought you were my foe; but now,'
Said Love, 'we'll sail together;
Reason, henceforth, through life shalt the
My pilot be for ever!'

52. TO G. S. S.

H! by the love which unto thee I bear

And lo! thou art in utter bondage now;
Whence I would have thy manly spirit free.
Among the hills we two did never mow
The moss about the springs; but learnt to spare
Pale flowers which rude hands would not leave to grow:
And dearest! if thou wert so gentle there—
Thy soul hath better flowers: oh, be as guiltless now.

Rev. W. F. Faber.

### 53. FROM THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

N her white breast a sparkling cross she wore, Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore: Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose—Quick as her eyes, and as unix'd as those; Favours to none, to all she smiles extends; Oft she rejects, but never once offends. Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike; And, like the sun, they shine on all alike. Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide: If to her share some female errors fall. Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind, Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck, With shining ringlets, the smooth, ivory neck. Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains, And mighty hearts are held in slender chains. With hairy springes we the birds betray; Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey; Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare. And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

I know the tender words,
('My life, my idol, and my soul,')
Its scented page affords.
There, give it me, that I may fling
Its fragments on the wind,
A faithless, and a worthless thing,
For such a fate designed.

What, though the Iris, in my room,
Bids Hope's sweet promise live;
I take no lesson from its bloom,
I have no hope to give.
Soon with the summer sun's control
Those azure leaves decay;
And yet the monks in yonder scroll,
Are more short-lived than they.

I care not for a love that springs
Where other fancies dwell;
The rainbow's hue upon its wings,
The rainbow's date as well;
By vanity and folly nurst,
Of happiness it dies;
It springeth from a fancy first,
And with a fancy flies.

Aye! let them bitterly complain, With graceful sorrow string The love that haunts my midnight hour;
A dream—and yet, how true!
Belongs to a diviner power
Than vanity e'er knew;
It giveth, like the pale, pure star,
A loveliness to night,
And winneth from the world afar
Its own eternal light.

It bringeth to our earth again
The heaven it dwells among:
Not to the worldly and the vain
Can such a love belong;
High, holy in the heaven above,
Not sharing life's worst part:
Until I meet with such a love
I cannot give my heart.

L. E. L.

# 55. ON A TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye:
Then trembling, left its coral cell,
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light! In thee the rays of virtue shine; More calmly clear, more mildly bright, Than any gem that gilds the mine. Benign restorer of the soul!

Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme
In every clime, in every age,
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

Samuel Rogers.

### 56. TO A LADY.

SWEET lady! should I tell thee that I love;
Five joyous hearts, whose life is glad in mine,
Were broken by that vow. But less divine
I may not think thee than thy looks approve,
For never did the Idalian goddess move
In more excelling beauty, self-create,
Than thou, a maiden of earth's low estate,
In thy meek majesty of quiet love!
Nor deem this simple homage little worth,
Because unto ideal virtues given;
If on thy face, and be the sin forgiven!
Retrace the soul of some celestial birth,
Marvel not, lady! for we know of heaven
But by the faith we realise on earth.

T. F. Trichner.

l

### 57. WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold Why Love must needs be blind; But this the best of all I hold— His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are He guesseth but in part; But what within is good and fair He seeth with the heart.

S. T. Coleridge.

# 58. THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there—
She leaves the top of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn I know where she rested at night, For the roses are gushing with dewy delight, Then she mounts again, and around her flings A shower of light from her purple wings, Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high, That silently fills it with ecstacy!

At noon she hies to a cool retreat Where bowering elms over waters meet; She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip, That smiles as it curls, like a maiden's lip, When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain. From her lover the hope that she loves again. At eve she hangs o'er the western sky, Dark clouds for a glorious canopy; And round the skirts of each sweeping fold She paints a border of crimson gold; Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay, When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour, When her presence is felt with the deepest power, She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream With shadows that flit like a fairy dream, Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air, The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

Rufus Davies.

# 59. TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

ATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry!

For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

He

Herrick.

# 60. HOW PANSIES OR HEART'S EASE CAME FIRST.

ROLIC virgins once there were,
Over-loving, living here;
Being here, their ends denied,
Ran, for sweethearts, mad, and died;
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them Heart's-ease turned to flowers.

Herrick.

### 61. TO THE ROSE.

O, happy Rose, and, interwove
With other flowers, bind my love;
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say (if she's fretful) I have bands
Of pearl, and gold, to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and go, And tell her this —but do not so; Lest a handsome anger fly, Like a lightning from her eye. And burn thee up as well as I.

Herrick.

### 62. THE LOVELINESS AND DIGNITY OF EVE.

WHEN I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best!
All higher knowledge in her presence falls,
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows:
Authority and reason on her wait
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally. And, to consummate all
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat,
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Milton.

# 63. BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

JARK, how the bashful moon in pain H Courts the amorous marigold, With sighing blasts and weeping rain, Yet she refuses to unfold: But when the planet of the day Approacheth with his powerful ray, Then she spreads, then she receives His warmer beams into her virgin leaves. So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy; If thy tears and sighs discover Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy The just reward of a bold lover. But when with moving accents thou Shalt constant faith and service vow, My Celia shall receive those charms With open ears, and with unfolded arms

T. Carew.

### 64. TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of parting day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care,
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.

▲ Each morning by the lark,
And every night the nightingale
Brings answer ere the dark.
The question needs no other words,
And this is the reply—
'I'll love thee dearest while I live,
And bless thee if I die.'

I send a message by the rose, It says 'Thou breathing grace, Thy modest virtue, like this flower, Spreads fragrance round thy place.' The lily brings the answer meet: 'O thou whom I adore, My heart is spotless as these leaves, And loves thee evermore.'

C. M.

### 66. HAPPY LOVE.

WHAT is the meaning of the song
That rings so clear and loud,
Thou nightingale amid the copse—
Thou lark above the cloud?
What says the song, thou joyous thrush
Upon the walnut tree?
'I love my love, because I know
My love loves me.'

What is the meaning of thy thought.

O happy words! at beauty's feet
We say them in our prime;
And when the early summers pass,
And love comes on with time,
Still be it ours, in care's despite,
To join the chorus free—
'I love my love, because I know
My love loves me.'

C. Mackay.

### 67. WOMAN.

Ask the poor pilgrim on this convex cast, His grizzled locks distorted in the blast; Ask him what accent soothes, what hand bestows The cordial bev'rage, garment and repose, O, he will dart a spark of ancient flame, And clasp his tremulous hands, and WOMAN name.

Peruse the sacred volume, Him who died Her kiss betray'd not, nor her tongue denied, While even the Apostle left Him to His doom, She linger'd round His cross and watch'd His tomb.

Barrett.

#### 68. A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

PROV. XIL 4.

THOU askest what hath changed my heart, And where hath fled my youthful folly? I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye as soft and blue as even
When day and night are calmly meeting;
Beams in my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip
Like dew-drops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek, For ever coming—ever going, May well the spotless fount bespeak, That sets the stream a flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast, Even like the harp-strings' holiest measures, When dreams the soul of lands of rest And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly:
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

W. Knox.

# 69. ELLEN.

I STOOD with Ellen where the stream
Flowed through a dark and lonely wild,
Ungilded by one sunny gleam,
And murmuring like a petted child.

And as I watched its rapid chase,
I whispered that, unlike that river,
Our love should have a smoother race;
But, like its waters, flow for ever.

A smile contended with a sigh,
As o'er my arm she drooped her head;
I read the trouble in her eye—
There's not a look but love can read!
A dew had dimmed her glance, which fell
Where, broken from its fragile stem,
One flower—it was an axure bell—
Came floating down the turbid stream.

She stooped to seize the blighted flower,
And wreathed it in her raven hair,
And never till that blessed hour
Methought that Ellen looked so fair!
A light was in her flashing eye,
And on her cheek a deeper bloom;
Who would not wither, but to lie
One hour within as sweet a tomb?

The floweret drooped above her brow,
Which the dark ringlets almost shaded;
And bathing in her beauty's glow,
The eye forgot its tint was faded.
Oh! how I watched along her face
The silent blushes softly stealing,
That marked in sweetly mingling grace,
The varying shades of some deep feeling!

Gently she laid her hand on mine;
And with a faint and timid smile,
Took the love chaplet from its shrine;
A tear was on her cheek the while!—
'Perchance,' she said, 'this bell has come
A weary way, from brighter bowers,
Where some glad valley was its home,
And its young lot as blest as ours.

'And even in its young decay,
Say, is it not most sadly fair?
And wouldst thou choose a wreath more gay,
For love to twine in Ellen's hair?
Methinks that round its withering zone
A wild and witching charm is hung,
As echo breathes a holier tone
Than the sweet sounds from which it sprung!

'Thou knowest our stream of life has strayed A summer course, through springing flowers, But we may quit the smiling glade,
For darker scenes in gloomier hours.
Through desert wastes our fate may flow,
Dark as these rapid waters rave;
And blighted hopes and feelings strow,
Like wither'd flowers, its troubled wave!

'Yet, oh! methinks, when one by one
The blossoms of our youth have perished,
And all the blessed buds are gone
Which the young spirit vainly cherished,
The heart will weep each ruined gem,
As I this faded floweret now;
And memory save each broken stem,
To twine a chaplet for her brow.'

She paused while something unexprest
Looked through the cloud upon her cheek;
Full well I knew her gentle breast
Heaved with a fear she would not speak.
I took her to my beating heart,
And kissed the sorrow from her mien;
Oh, nought but sadness could impart
The love with which I loved her then!

'My dark-eyed beauty, Time may fling
His waste and withering power o'er thee,
But not one feather of his wing
Shall crush love's fond fidelity.

Thy form amid its wreck of youth
Shall, like that wanderer of the river,
Be treasured by eternal truth,
My blossom now, my flower for ever.'

T. K. Hervey.

### 70. THAT SONG AGAIN.

1

Chacun croit retrouver, dans la mélodie, comme dans l'astre pur et tranquille de la nuit, l'image de ce qu'il souhaite sur la terre. . . Le malheur, dans le langage de la musique, est sans amertume, sans déchirement, sans irritation.—Madame de Stael.

THAT song again! its wailing strain
Brings back the thought of other hours,
The forms I ne'er may see again,
And brightens all life's faded flowers.

In mournful murmurs o'er mine ear Remember'd echoes seem to roll, And sounds I never more can hear Make music in my lonely soul.

That swell again! now full and high
The tide of feeling flows along,
And many a thought that claims a sigh
Seems mingling with thy magic song.

The forms I loved, and loved in vain;
The hopes I nursed—to see them die;
With fleeting brightness, through my brain
In phantom beauty, wander by.

Then touch the lyre, my own dear love,
My soul is like a troubled sea,
And turns from all below—above,
In fondness to the harp and thee.

T. K. Hervey.

#### 71. LOVE.

WHERE the golden hand of morn
Touches light the singing fountain,
There a maiden, lowly born,
Guides her flock along the mountain.
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,
She invests the world with beauty,
Simple grace and manners sweet
Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
Robed the fields and flowers in gladness;
New delights too deep for mirth,
Gentle griefs too sweet for sadness.
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?
Sent this flow of bright revealings?
Mind that springs with joyous thought!
Heart that flows with heavenly feelings!

Surely 'tis some angel strayed,
Not a shepherd's daughter solely,
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
In a light and love so holy!
Oh! when stars like drops of pearl
Glimmer o'er the singing water,
There I'll woo my mountain girl,
Proudly wed the shepherd's daughter.

C. Swain.

3

#### 72. CHERRY RIPE.

HERRY ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry!
Full and fair ones,—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?—I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Herrick.

### 73. ODE.

#### WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN LOVE VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful trifler's lays!
I'll hear no more the unmeaning strain
Of Venus' loves, and Cupid's darts,
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts:
All flattery's round of fulsome praise,
All falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the muse whose tongue has told Love's genuine plaintive, tender tale, Bring me the muse whose sounds of woe Midst death's dread scenes so sweetly flow: When friendship's faithful breast lies cold, When beauty's blooming cheek is pale.

Bring these, I like their grief sincere, It soothes my sympathetic gloom, For oh! love's genuine pains I've borne, And death's dread rage has made me mourn: I've wept o'er friendship's early bier, And dropt the tear on beauty's tomb.

John Scott.

# 74. WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOV'D thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God sent me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remained my own,
I might perchance have yet been thine:
But thou thy freedom did recall,
'That if thou might elsewhere enthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of tny will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy—to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice:
Thy choice of his good fortune boast:
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be.
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

Sir Robert Ayton.

## 75. GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Co, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! That she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Edmund Waller.

### 76. SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less.

Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

By

Byron.

### 77. HONOUR AND LOVE.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the memory
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase;—
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee dearest, much
Lov'd I not honour more.

Lovelace.

### 78. LURKING LOVE.

WHEN lurking love in ambush lies Under friendship's fair disguise, When he wears an angry mien, Imitating spite or spleen; When, like Sorrow, he seduces; When, like Pleasure, he amuses; Still, howe'er the parts are cast, 'Tis but 'Lurking Love' at last. 'Mrs. Piozzi.

# 79. TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

H IGH peace to the soul of the dead
From the dreams of the world she has gone;
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely; and Time
When her rose with the cypress he twined
Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth,—and she died!

Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved mingled tears at her side;
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er the bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing,
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of its King.

Dr. Croly.

### 80. THE TOKEN

TAKE backe thy gyfte, 'tis deare no more Sith false have proved the words I trusted; Dimmed are its gems so bright before, Each lynke by treach'ries breathe is rusted.

Firme are those links of purest golde (Too firme to be a trifler's tokenne)
Sille with unshaken strengthe they holde—
They're not lyke thy false vowe—brokenne.

Thou should'st have given a rosie chaine Of buddes that fade as evening closes; And even then, too well I weane, Thy heart had changed before the roses.

Then as each perfumed leafe's and flowre
Of its frail lynkes had dropped awaye,
I might have counted houre by houre,
The progresse of thy love's decaye.

\_1non.

### 81. WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom, And her breath has lost all its faint perfume. And the gloss hath dropp'd from her golden hair, And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye Is struck with cold mortality; And the smile that play'd on her lip hath fled, And every grace hath now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power, But left her all in her wintry hour; And the crowds that swore for her love to die, Shrank from the tone of her last sad sigh:—And this is man's fidelity.

'Tis woman alone, with a firmer heart, Can see all their idols of life depart, And love the more; and soothe, and bless Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

Barry Cornwall.

#### 82. TO FANNY.

FANNY! upon thy breast I may not lie!
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!
Where art thou, love? around I turn mine eye,
And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.
Was it a dream, or did my love behold
Indeed my lonely couch?—methought the breath
Fann'd not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold
And hollow, and the livery of death
Invested her pale forehead—sainted maid!
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Through the long wintry nights when wind and wave

Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
Yet hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise; and I know at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We too shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

H. K. White.

# 83. LOVE AND DEATH.

M IGHTY ones. Love and Death!
Ye are the strong in this world of ours,
Ye meet at the banquet, ye strive midst the flowers:—
Which hath the conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!
Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free;
The strength of the battle is given to thee—
The spirit from above.

Thou hast looked on death and smiled!

Thou hast buoyed up the fragile and reed-like form

Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the storm,

On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone;
Thou hast watched by the wheel through the torturer's hour,
And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,
Till the conflict hath been won.

No, thou art the victor, Death!

Thou comest—and where is that which spoke

From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul woke?

Gone with the flitting breath.

Thou comest, and what is left
Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves, yet answers the burning thought
Of the spirit lorn and reft?

Silence is where thou art:
Silently those dearest kindred meet;
No glance to cheer, no voice to greet,
No bounding of heart to heart.

Boast not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the clouds o'er the sunbeam's power;
It is but as the winter's leaf and flower,
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
O'er the look and the soul which he bids be still:
But the sleepless thought and the fiery will
Are not for him to chain.

They shall soar his might above:
And so with the root whence affection springs,
Though buried it is of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love!

Mrs. Hemans.

### 84. THE PLAYTHING CHANGED.

K ITTY'S dreaming voice and face, Syren-like, first caught my fancy; Wit and humour next take place, And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
With airs, most languishing and dying;
Calls me false, ungrateful swain,
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,
Always humorous, gay, and witty,
Has talk'd herself into my heart,
And quite secluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah, Kitty! Love, a wanton boy,
Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the newest toy,
Has changed his whistle for a rattle.

# 85. TO A COQUETTE.

YES, we will part, these stifled sighs Shall smother every spark of fire, Which those two heaven-created eyes Seem still so willing to inspire.

Perhaps, dear girl, you'll ask what crime Could thus so ardently subdue A flame so ardent, so sublime, As that which once I felt for you.

No crime, no sin; perhaps mankind May laugh at scruples I regret, Sweet maid, as I am not quite blind, I find thou art a true coquette.

Then flaunt along the crowded street, Attract all hearts, too, if you can, Charm every coxcomb that you meet, And only lose—an honest man.

Thus Indians' folly you surpass,
Who, as by travellers we are told,
Are charm'd with little bits of glass,
Which buy their purest gold.

And when your fading roses fly,
Your lilies are no longer seen,
Oh! may you ne'er have cause to cry,
How very foolish I have been.

P. Pindar.

# 86. THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,

Numbering ilka¹ bed which nature

Waters in the tears of joy;

Now through the leafy woods,

And by the reeking floods

Wild nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;

The lintwhite ² in his bower,

Chants o'er the breathing flower;

The laverock ³ to the sky

Ascends wi' songs of joy, While the sun and thou arise, to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilka darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid,
When'absent frae 4 my fair,
The musky shades o' care,
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravished sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;

'Tis then I wake to life, to light, to joy.

Robert Burns.

# 87. QUEEN MARIE.

Said to have been written by Lord Darnley, in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary, before their marriage.

YOU meaner beauties of the night, Which poorly satisfy our eyes, More by your number than your light, Like common people of the skies, What are ye when the moon doth rise?

' each.

· linnet.

a lark.

from.

Ye violets that first appear,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are ye when the rose is blown?

Ye wandering chanters of the wood,
That fill the air with nature's lays,
Making your feelings understood
In accents weak. What is your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

Your glancing jewels of the East,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems. What is your praise,
When the bright diamond shows his rays?

But ah, poor light, gem, voice, and sound, What are ye if my Mary shine? Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel, Light, lustre, scent, and music tine, And yield to merit more divine.

The rose and lily, the whole spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness speed;
The diamond darkens in the ring;
When she appears the moon looks dead,
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

### 88. LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves,
Under the fountains,
And under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter,
And soon find his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight;
But if she whom love doth honour,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined,
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle
The phænix of the East;
The lioness ye may move her
To give over her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out the way.

# 89 THE DESCENT OF LOVE.

A H, youthful Love! thy votarist, Though oft he turns into a jest Thy freakier foibles, yet will join In humble worship at thy shrine, And eulogise thee morn and even As the best, earliest gift of Heaven.

Thou blushing thing of praise and bliss!
Child of happier sphere than this!
Wert thou a nursling of the sky,
Foster'd in Paradise on high,
To thrill the radiant breasts above?
No—angels feel not youthful love,
Theirs is a flame we cannot know,
A holy ardour free from woe;
But ours a joy, supreme, intense,
A short and splendid recompense
For an esteem, unbroke, unmoved,
Which man immortal might have proved.
Art thou not then, O virtuous Love,
The dearest gift of Heaven above?

Blest be thy native home on earth,
The place that owned thy mystic birth,
Where far beneath the golden morn
Was thy seraphic being born.
Where Euphrates and Tigris strands
Join 'mid the sweet Assyrian lands;
Where that great river rolling blue,
Mirror'd the earliest flowers that grew.
When scarce had bud begun to blow,
Or blossom deck'd the world below,
Then was the shade of tiny tree
The bed of thy maturity.

While the first pair of human frame Lay weeping their immortal blame, By deep remorse and sorrow tost,
For all their gifts and glory lost,
Even there, when grief was at the full,
And no redress their pains to lull,
Thy cherub form from heaven descended,
In all the rays of beauty blended,
And their repentant breasts above
Thou mov'st the holy ties of love;
While by a mystic art unnamed,
Of thy fair self the bonds were framed,
And ne'er did heavenly art entwine
A wreath so cheering and divine.

Full soon the pair thy presence owned; They found their hearts to nature bound By tie, not proved, or understood; A bond of kindred and of blood, And in delight without alloy, Their hearts rejoiced in Nature's joy. The river flowed more silvery bright; The flowers were glowing with delight; The young twin roses had begun Their homage to the morning sun, In odours breathed from bosoms meek And made obeisance cheek to cheek.

In a blest world they seem'd to move A world of pathos and of love, Where all was deck'd in glories new. The sunbeam kiss'd the morning dew; The fields were robed in deeper green; The blue of heaven was more serene; The birds sang sweeter in the grove, Hasting the natal morn of love; Not even from Eden's sacred tree Was ever pour'd such melody.

But of all ecstacies refined The greatest still remain'd behind;

A new delight thrill'd and subdued, When eye met eye with love embued; When he with raptures scarce terrene, First turned his view on Nature's queen, On that dear form whose soften'd charms Besought protection in his arms, Whose every look, and smile, and sigh, Bespoke a chasten'd courtesy. He saw her eye of deeper blue, Her cheek grown rosier in its hue, While her fair bosom's gentle swell With hallow'd heavings rose and fell; Then was thy heavenly being blest With earthly home of holy rest, And woman's breast was form'd to be The tabernacie meet for thee!

James Hogg.

### MARTEVELDE'S CHARACTER OF HIS WIFE.

SHE was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to musen life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietude and insect stings,
Disturb'd her never; she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

Henry Taylor.

## 91. TO MARY AT PARTING.

A LAS, alas! the time draws nigh When low that beauteous form shall lie! That eye, that beams with love and duty, Must quickly lose its beaming beauty! That heart that beats so brisk and gaily, Must turn a clod in yonder valley! No more the sun shall dawn on thee, But long thy starless night shall be; Chill, chill, and damp thy lonely room! And hemlock o'er thy bosom bloom.

O then be wise; the time draws nigh When low that beauteous form shall lie!

But oh, within that lovely frame,
There dwells a spark of heavenly flame,
A spark that shall for ever burn,
Smile over nature's closing urn,
And mix its beams in cloudless day,
When sun and stars have passed away!
To nurse that spark—that ray divine,
The task, the pleasing task be thine:
Then thy delights shall never die,
Though low that beauteous form shall lie.

James Hogg.

## 92. I HAE LOST MY LOVE.

I HAE lost my love, an' I dinna ken 1 how,
I hae lost my love an' I carena 2;
For laith 3 will I be just to lie down an' dee 4
And to sit down an' greet 5 wad be bairnly 6;
But a screed 7 o' ill-nature I canna weel help 3
At having been guidit unfairly,
An' weel wad 9 I like to gie women a skelp, 10
An' jerk 11 their sweet haffits 12 fu' yarely. 13

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> do not know. 
<sup>0</sup> care not. 
<sup>1</sup> loth. 
<sup>4</sup> die. 
<sup>6</sup> cry. 
<sup>6</sup> childis 
<sup>7</sup> outburst. 
<sup>8</sup> well. 
<sup>9</sup> would. 
<sup>10</sup> blow. 
<sup>11</sup> beat. 
<sup>12</sup> cheeks. 
<sup>13</sup> smartl

O! plague on the limmers 1 sae sly and demure,
As pawkie 2 as deils wi' their smiling;
As fickle as winter in sunshine and shower,
The hearts o' a' mankind beguiling;
As sour as December, as soothing as May,
To suit their ain ends never doubt them;
Their ill faults I couldna tell ower 2 in a day,
But their beauty's the warst 4 thing about them.

Ay, that's what sets up the haill world in a lowe; Makes kingdoms to rise and expire,
Man's micht? is nae mair than a flaughen o' tow
Opposed to a bleeze o' reed? fire!

Twas woman at first made creation to bend,
And of nature's prime lord made the fellow!

And 'tis her that will bring this ill world to an end,
An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'.

James Hogg.

# 93. LOVE'S VISIT.

OVE came to the door o' my heart ae 12 night,
And he call'd wi' a whinin' din,
'Oh, open the door, for it is but thy part
To let an old crony 13 come in!'
'Thou sly little elf, I hae open'd to thee
Far oftener than I dare say;
An' dear hae the openings been to me,
Before I could with you away.'

'Fear not,' quo' Love, 'for my bow's in the rest. And my arrows are ilk 'a ane gane; For you sent me to wound a lovely breast, Which has proved o' the marble stane.

<sup>1</sup> wicked creatures.
2 cunning.
3 over.
4 blase.
5 power.
10 red.
6 cunning.
6 over.
7 no more.
7 no more.
7 fibre.
7 blaze.
7 blaze.
8 companion.
7 each one.

I am sair forshent, then let me come in To the nook where I wont to lie, For sae aft hae I been this door within That I downa think to gang by.'

I open'd the door, though I ween'd it a sin,
To the sweet little whimpering fay,
But he raised sic a buzz the core within
That he fill'd me with wild dismay.
For first I felt sic a thrilling smart,
And then sic an ardent glow,
That I fear'd the chords o' my sanguine heart
War a' gaun to flee in a lowe.

'Gae' away, gae away, thou wicked wean,'
I cried, wi' the tear in my ee;'
Ay, sae ye may say,' quo' he; 'but I ken'
Ye'll be laith 10 now to pairt 11 wi' me.'
And what do you think? By day and by night,
For these ten long years and twain,
I have cherish'd the urchin with fondest delight,
And we'll never mair part again.

James Hogg.

#### 94. TO A LADY.

WITH the print of Venus attired by the Graces
That far superior is thy state,
Even envy must agree;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

<sup>1</sup> much exhausted. 9 often. 2 cannot think. 4 thought. 10 blaze. 9 know. 10 loth. 11 part.

# 95. A BALLAD ABOUT LOVE.

AINCE fell in love wi' a sweet young thing,
A bonny bit flower o' the wilder'd dell;
Her heart was as light as a bird on the wing,
And her lip was as ripe as the moorland bell.
She never ken'd aught o' the ways o' sin,
Though whiles her young heart began to doubt
That wi' its ill paths she might fa' in;
But never—she never did find them out.

She oft had heard tell o' love's dear pain,
An' how sair as it was to dree;
She tried it and tried again and again,
But it never could bring a tear frae her e'e.
She tried it aince on a mitherless lamb,
That lay in her bosom and fed on her knee;
But it turned an unpurpose and beggarly ram,
And her burly lover she doughtna see.

She tried it neist on a floweret gay,
And O! it was sweet and lovely of hue;
But it droopit its head and faded away,
An' left the lassie to look for a new.
An' aye she cried, Oh! what shall I do?
Why canna a lassie be happy her lane?
I find my heart maun hae something to loe,
An' I dinna ken where to fix it again.

The laverock loes her musical mate,
The moorcock loes the mottled moorhen,
The blackbird lilts it early an' late,
A-wooing his love in the birken glen.
The jammering tewit and grey curlew
Hae ilk ane lovers around to flee,
An' please their hearts wi' their whillie-la-lu;
But there's naething to wheedle or sing to me.

Quo' I, my sweet, my innocent flower, The matter's as plain as plain can be, That this heart o' mine, it was made for yours, An' yours was made for lovin' o' me. The lassie she lookit me in the face, And a tear o' pity was in her e'e, For she thought I had lost a sense o' grace, An' every scrap o' fair modesty.

The lassie she thought an' thought again, An' lookit to heaven if aught she saw, For she thought that man was connectit wi' sin, And that love for him was the worst of a'. She lookit about, but she didna speak, As lightly she tript out ower the lea; But there was a smile on her rosy cheek That tauld of a secret dear to me.

The lassie gaed home to her lonely dell, It never was lovelier to her view, An' aye she thought an' thought to hersel, An' the man she thought she began to ruc. If ilk sweet thing has a mate o' its ain, Wi' nature's law I e'en maun gang; I never was made for living my lane, The laddie was right an' I was wrang.

O Nature! we a' maun yield to thee; Your regal sway gainsay wha can? For you made beauty, an' beauty maun be The polar star o' the heart o' man. There's beauty in man's commanding frame; There's beauty in earth, in air, in sea; But there never was beauty that tongue could name Like the smile of love in a fond young e'e.

James Hogg.

# 96. THE FORSAKEN.

O, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer:
Forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me.
But ah! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Mrs. Opie.

# 97. LOVE.

CAN I forget a time of generous bliss,
Of trembling hope and boundless happiness,
When neither self nor sorrow durst assail?
That day I'll sing till my remembrance fail!
When winter's stern and sullen reign was o'er,
And the slow wave fell lighter on the shore;
When spring-tide lengthened far the jocund eve,
And the red sun still lingered o'er the wave;
When little wild birds sought the forest land,
And poured their lays so melting and so bland,
All grew enchantment to my youthful view;
The virgin's cheek turned of a rosier hue;
The amber clouds that hung above the west,
The violet's hue, the daisy's snowy vest,

All wore a charm mine eye had never viewed. What could it mean? Was nature all renewed? I saw her new endearing glories well; I looked and sighed, but why I could not tell. Love! What had love to do with earth or sky, Or aught beyond a maiden's blithesome eye? It was not love that I was free to say. Ah me! Too soon she proved her sovereign sway! 'Twas she that lent the beauties to the scene, Painted the clouds and bloomed along the green, Cheered every gambol, warbled from the spray, And called the soul's young visions into play.

Celestial love! When first in Eden's bower
The dire commotions of the soul had power,
When angels turned the pitying eye away
From beauty's fall, and nature's first decay;
When first thy balm the wounded spirit knew,
From heaven descending downward like the dew;
And since that time, if aught may ease the smart
Of future anguish pillow'd on the heart,
It is the transport of thy blissful hour,
When smiles the eye of beauty's sweetest flower.
Oh, when two hearts in each fond hope combine,
Who would at the award of heaven repine;
Or who would change the joys his soul that thrill
For immortality of human ill?

Say lives there, Earth, upon thy teeming breast, One human thing so sordid and unblest As ne'er that highest boon of heaven to know The source, the balm of mortal life below? Whose heart the smiles of beauty never moved? Who ne'er as husband nor as parent loved? No blessed spirit e'er that face shall greet, For angel fellowship and heaven unmeet.

Gem of the soul! O be thy treasures mine! Thy draughts of rapture from the spring divine; The half-assenting lip, averted eye,
And moistened glowing cheek in mine to lie;
The cordial link, the soul's eternal spring,
Lightening the woes that round our nature cling.
Our present joys, our happiness to be
In earth and heaven, must emanate from thee.

Thou art that feeling, generous and refined,
The hallowed scion grafted on the mind,
That in its blossom, though with blush repressed,
Verges to beauty or congenial breast;
But heaven-deserted, still its tendrils spread
Round nature's bosom, the living and the dead,
Till at the last, the sun and stars above,
Tis grafted in the fields of light and love,
In that blest land from whence its being came,
To bloom through all eternity the same.

James Hogg.

# 98. THE FORSAKEN. .

FARE thee well! 'Tis meet we part,
Since other ties and hopes are thine;
Pride that can nerve the lowliest heart.
Will surely strengthen mine!
Yes, I will wipe my tears away,
Repress each struggling sigh;
Call back the thoughts thou ledd'st astray,
Then lay me down and die!

Fare thee well! I'll not upbraid Thy fickleness or falsehood now; Can the wild taunts of love betrayed Repair one broken vow? Fare thee well! On yonder tree
The leaf is fluttering in the blast,
Withered and sere—a type of me,
For I shall fade as fast:
Whilst many a refuge still hast thou
Thy wandering heart to save
From the keen pangs that wring mine now;
I have but one—the grave!

# 99. THE MADNESS OF LOVE.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he, The youth who fondly sits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while Softy speak and sweetly smile.

Twas this deprived my soul of rest, And raised such tumults in my breast; For while I gazed in transport tost, My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glowed, the subtle flame Ran quick through all my vital frame; O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung; My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled; My blood with gentle horrors thrilled; My feeble pulse forgot to play; • I fainted, sank, and died away.

Sappho.

# 100. HYMN TO VENUS.

O VENUS! beauty of the skies, To whom a thousand temples rise, Gaily false in gentle smiles Full of love-perplexing wiles! Oh, goddess! from my heart remove The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard A song in soft distress preferr'd, Propitious to my tuneful vow, Oh, gentle goddess, hear me now; Descend, thou bright immortal guest, In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove, And all the golden roofs above, The car thy wanton sparrows drew, Hovering in air they lightly flew; As to my bower they wing'd their way, I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismist (while you remain), Bore back their swifty car again; Then you, with looks divinely mild, In every heavenly feature smil'd? And ask'd what new complaints I made, And why I called you to my aid.

Sappho.

#### 101. HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

H E never said he loved me, Nor hymned my beauty's praise; Yet there was something more than words In his full, ardent gaze: He never gave his passion voice; Yet on his flushing cheek I read a tale more tender far Than softest tones could speak!

He never said he loved me;
Yet when none else were nigh,
How could I hear, and doubt the truth?
His low unbidden sigh,
The throbs of his tumultuous heart,
That faint sweet breath above;
What for me could syllable so well
The tale of hope and love?

He never said he loved me;
He silent worship vowed,
The deep devotion of his soul
He never breathed aloud;
Though if he raised his voice in song,
As swelled each tenderer tone,
It seemed as if designed to reach
My ear and heart alone!

He never said he loved me;
Yet the conviction came,
Like some great truth that stirs the soul
Ere yet it knows its name:
Some angel-whisper of a faith
That long defied our ken,
And made us almost feel that life
Had scarce begun till then!

And have I said I love him?
Alas for maiden pride,
That feeling he hath ne'er revealed,
I have not learned to hide!
And yet clairvoyant Love informs
His votaries' hearts so well,
That long before 'tis time to speak
There's nothing left to tell.

Alaric A. Watts.

#### 102. THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

BY all the sweet saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright As the depths of spring skies in their noontide array; Whose every soft feature is gleaming in light, Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day;

Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace;
Whose innocent heart, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshrouds;
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow like the moon breaking forth from the clouds:

With a bosom whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay a look, will awaken its sighs;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

In my moments of mirth, and glitter, and glee,
When my soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I quaff is a bumper to Fanny.

But when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief, And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling, From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen. And when sorrow and joy are so blended together
That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;
When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather,
I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both.

'But since I must fix or on black eyes or blue, Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse; Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose.'

Thus murmured a Bard, predetermined to marry,
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place.

So trusting that Fortune would favour the brave,
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay;
Lively Fanny declared he was somewhat too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a little too gay.

A. A. Watts.

# 103. I WILL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

I WILL never love thee more,
Though I loved thee once so well:
Why, a prodigal the store
Of my bosom's inmost cell,
Should waste on one who ne'er
Won a truthful heart before?
Let who will thy favour share,
I will never love thee more!

I will never love thee more!
Wherefore to an idol bow,
Why a deity adore,
Heartless, hollow, cold as thou?

Fools the facile smiles may win,

That 'twas mine to win of yore;

Worship misapplied is sin,

I will never love thee more!

I will never love thee more,

Though I loved thee once so well;

Love's illusive hour is o'er,

Take then, take my last farewell!

Should thy practised wiles again

Touch some truthful bosom's love,

Be the thought not stirred in vain,

Why I ne'er can love thee more.

A. A. Watts.

# 104. A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

I'LL not believe I am not loved,
Although his words are few;
The deepest streams have ever proved
As cold and silent too.

He never said my form was fair,
My cheek might shame the rose;
And yet the smile that others share
O'er him a shadow throws.

Wit's arrows pass him harmless by, A Cymon's self might move; Each shaft directed by a sigh,— The eloquence of love.

And when I sing the stirring songs
That charm all other ears,
His trembling voice his purpose wrongs,
He cannot praise—for tears.

But should another claimant rise, And gentle words bespeak, The lightning flashes to his eyes, The heart-blood to his cheek!

I know I rule his bosom's chords,
A despot on my throne;
When will he give his feelings words,
And take me for his own?

A. A. Watts.

### 105. THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

G of forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air,
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath passed away!
It hath passed away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and, like her, be free! With thy radiant wing, and thy glowing eye; Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky, And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?

Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?

Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,

Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not, but she is gone! Her step from the dance, her voice from the song, And the smile of her eye from the festal throng; She hath left her dwelling lone. When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing shore;
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Even so with the loved one flown!
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us, but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain!
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in her Eastern bowers;
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour All fragrant things on the land's green breast, And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed; But it wins her back no more!

Mrs. Hemans.

#### 6. THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN TO HER LOVER.

OH! lost to faith, to peace, to heaven!
Canst thou a recreant be
To Him whose life for thine was given,
Whose cross endured for thee?
Canst thou, for earthly joys, resign
A love immortal, pure, divine,—
Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,
And cleave unchanged to me?

Thou canst not, and 'tis breathed in vain,
Thy sophistry of love!
Though not in pride or cold disdain
Thy falsehood I reprove.

Inly my heart may bleed; but yet Mine is no weak, no vain regret; Thy wrongs to me I might forget; But not to Him above.

Cease then! thy fond, impassioned vow,
In happier hours so dear,
(No virgin pride restrains me now)
I must not turn to hear!
For still my erring heart might prove
Too weak to spurn thy proffered love,
And tears, though feigned and false, might move,
And prayers, though insincere.

But no! the tie so firmly bound
Is torn asunder now;
How deep that sudden wrench may wound,
It recks not to avow.
Go thou to fortune and to fame;
I sink to sorrow, suffering, shame,
Yet think, when glory gilds thy name,
I would not be as thou.

Thou canst not light or wavering deem
The bosom all thine own;
Thou know'st in joy's enlivening beam,
Or fortune's adverse frown,
My pride, my bliss, had been to share
Thy hopes—to soothe thine hours of care—
With thee the martyr's cross to bear,
Or win the martyr's crown.

'Tis o'er! but never from my heart
Shall time thine image blot;
The dreams of other days depart,—
Thou shalt not be forgot;
And never in the suppliant sigh,
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky,
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remembered not!

Farewell! and oh! may He whose love
Endures, though man rebel,
In mercy yet thy guilt remove,
Thy darkening clouds dispel!
Where'er thy wandering steps decline;
My fondest prayers—nor only mine,—
The aid of Israel's God be thine,
And in His name—farewell!

Rev. Thomas Dale.

#### 107. THE LAST SEPARATION.

WE shall not rest together, love!
When death has wrenched my heart from thine,
The sun may smile thy grave above,
When clouds are dark on mine.
I know not why—since in the tomb
No instinct fires the silent heart—
And yet it seems a thought of gloom,
That we should ever part;—

That, journeying through the toils once past,
Thus hand in hand, and side by side,
The rest we reach should at the last
The weary ones divide;
That the same breezes should not sigh
The self-same funeral boughs among, —
Nor o'er some grave at daybreak die
The night-bird's lonely song.

A foolish thought! for we are not
The things that rest beneath the sod;
The very shapes we wore forgot,
When near the smile of God.
A foolish thought—yet human, too!
For love is not the soul's alone;
It winds around the form we woo—
The mortal we have known!

The eyes that speak such tender truths.

The lips that every care assuage—

The hand that thrills the heart in youth,
And smooths the couch in age,—

With these—THE HUMAN—human love
Will twine its thoughts and weave its doom,
And still confound the life above
With death beneath the tomb!

And who shall tell, in yonder skies,
What earthlier instincts we retain —
What link to souls released supplies
The old material chain?
The stars that pierced this darksome state
May fade in that meridian shore,—
And human love, like human hate,
Be memory, and no more.

We will not think it—for in vain

Were all our dreams of heaven could show.

Without the hope to love again

What we have loved below!

But still the heart will haunt the well,

Wherein the golden bowl lies broken,—

And treasure, in the narrow cell,

The past's most holy token!

Or wherefore grieve above the dead?
Why bid the rose-tree o'er them bloom?
Why fondly deck their dismal bed,
And sanctify the tomb?
Tis through the form the soul we love,
And hence, the thought will chill the heart,
That, though our souls may meet above,
Our forms shall rest apart!

Lord Lytton.

#### 108. WOMEN.

YE are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dewdrops whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast.
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorn'd by the bays or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

# 109. THE LOVER'S VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER HE BE REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sunne dothe parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolve the yse;
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene;
In presence prest of people mad or wise:
Set me in low or yet in high degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest daye;
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;
In lustie youth, or when my heeres are graye:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or els in hell;
In hyll or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell;
Sicke or in health, in evil fame or good,
Hers will I be; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chaunce be naught.

Earl of Surrey.

#### 110. INVOCATION TO LOVE.

SPIRIT of beauty, that in upper air
Thy wings in dews of Eden steepest,
Oh hear!
Where'er
Thy throne thou keepest,
Or far or near,
In ether pure, or mid the cloudlands fair!

Cast down thine alien bow,
Which first unto thy faltering hand was given,
When thy young form the Grecian father drew,
In ages long ago;

Ere yet, by *thee* inspired, he knew To robe thee, mercy-like, in hues of heaven, Or paint thee meek in humanising woe.

Spirit divine! Wherever shine

Those stars—those soul-awakening eyes of thin Whose bluer orbs make the blue sky seem pale Till, envy-filled, she draws a veil Of earth-born clouds before our mortal view.

Look down—look down!
Thou gentlest Love! art mortal too
—In all save death.

Thy brows are girt with an immortal crown;
And, though thou feelest every sigh
That hovering waits on human breath,
Thou canst not die!

Oh! bend thine eyes upon the weeping earth.
Which since its earliest birth,
Like a poor orphan, fuller sorrow fears,
Hath walked in tears!

Thou art an orphan, Love!
Thy history's page was yet unrolled,
When, in that dim tale of old,

They gave thee Beauty for thy mother; There dwelleth not another Like unto thee, in all those worlds above-Thou standest as thou ever stood'st-alone!

Homeless thou art. Save in the universal heart Of man, whose soul adopts thee for its own. Some unimagined being was thy sire-Some glorified and crowned spirit, From whom thou dost inherit Thy deep devotion's heavenly fire. Thy mother, born where humbler planets roll, Lent thee thy soft humility of soul!

Unchanged, unfaded by the passing hours, Sweet spirit, thou art ours

In woe or weal;

Thou knowest, and canst feel, How many pangs our bosom-shrine surround; All ties.

All human sympathies, Keep thee for ever to that altar bound.

> If 'neath the holy light of day, Thou sportest with the child at play, Thou fillest up the little space Between it and its mother's face, Till it can nor feel nor see Aught on earth, save her and thee; While, as she smooths its clustering hair, Her tears fall on thee unaware!

Before thy throne the poet kneels in prayer; He hears thy footstep in the softening shower, Thy voice amid the storm, And sees thy form

In every flower! And we who walk in darkness--we too feel Thy chastening presence round us steal. Ah! who our wounds should heal,

If thou wert far?

And if, alas! we blindly war In an unnatural, unholy strife, With thee, our strength, our fountain and our life, 'Tis but thy mortal part which we would cast Back in the dark and perishable past.

Yet pardon, mighty Love!
In that our human hearts are anguish-riven.
In vain

We burst our chain; Thou reignest still, whose kingdom is above; Conquered on earth, but glorified in heaven.

Miss E. L. Montagu.

# 111. HOW BY A KISS THE LOVER FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE that gave the bee so feate a grace
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spyder out of the same place
To fetch poyson by strange alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case
With one kiss, by a secret operation,
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change whereof I leave my heart behinde.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

# 112. THE FIRST.

THE first, the first! Oh, nought like it
Our after years can bring,
For summer hath no flowers so sweet
As those of early spring.
The earliest storm that strips the tree,
Still wildest seems and worst;
Whate'er hath been again may be,
But never as at first;

For many a bitter blast may blow
O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
Between us and the grave.
But darker still the spot appears
Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unblighted years—
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy, perchance 'twas vain,
Yet, that brief lightning o'er,
The heart indeed may hope again,
But can rejoice no more.
Life hath no glory to bestow
Like it—unfallen, uncursed;
There may be many an after-glow,
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on
Through manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
The morning stars of life.
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
Though long and fondly nursed,
Yet still they want the fearless faith
Of those that bless'd us first.

Its first love deep in memory
The heart for ever bears;
For that was early given and free,
Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be Death hath buried deep,
It may be Fate hath cursed,
But yet no later love can keep
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
The lights or shadows cast
Upon the dawning of our day
Are with us to the last.

118

But ah! the morning breaks no more
On us, as once it burst;
For future springs can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first.

Frances Brown.

# 113. LOVE'S GIFT.—THE RUBY AND THE PEARL

R UBY, a gem of the Sylphic race,
Glowing with ardour, and beaming with grace,
From whose eye shot a radiance, chaste, brilliant, and
warm,

The mellow of splendour, the softness of charm, Enamour'd became of a graceful girl, Of earthly mould, and he named her Pearl.

And, O, that maiden was lily fair, Perfect her form as true Cerites are. And, O, how modest that maid serene! And, O, how polish'd that maiden's mien: Pure as polish'd that graceful girl; And Ruby he glowed for the lovely Pearl.

Still as he hover'd the maiden nigh, And caught the mild ray of her chasten'd eye, His ardour while gazing on one so meek Reflected a blush on her maiden cheek; Ah! 'twas not the blush of a graceless girl, That tinted the cheek of the lovely Pearl.

He seem'd a sun, as the sun seems oft, Ruby red, with mild beams of gold; And she like the moon beam'd rays as soft As brighten the revels that fairies hold; And Ruby he sighed for that graceful girl, While artlessly listen'd the lovely Pearl. He sung, 'O I am a spirit of air, A mortal thou, as refined as fair, And sylphs may celestial converse hold With the pure and the lovely of mortal mould; And worthy art thou, O graceful girl, The love of the Ruby, O beauteous Pearl.

'I'll build for thy beauty a jessamine bower, Type of thyself that virgin flower, And the leaves of that flower shall be emblems seen Of constancy, grac'd by the emerald's green; O bless that bower, thou graceful girl, Where Ruby shall listen to lovely Pearl.

'I'll weave thee a wreath of the golden ray, And thy tresses shall diamond stars display; The nymphs of the ocean thy birth shall tell, And, O, thou shalt ride in their cars of shell; In the grots of coral, O graceful girl, Shall Ruby beam light for the lovely Pearl.'

The virgin, she listen'd to love's soft lay,
To love as pure as the moonbeam's ray;
But O, she had sisters, alike the whole
In face and in form, and in softness and soul;
And meeting alone each graceful girl,
Ruby fancied that each was his lovely Pearl.

And every virgin the sylph had seen,
And every virgin the sylph had won;
Every sister his song had been,
And ear to his praises refused him none;
But meeting together each graceful girl,
Ruby glow'd for all round as his lovely Pearl.

The power of witchery saw the scene, The spirit of spite was fill'd with spleen; By magic art in a golden spell She bound them for ever and aye to dwell; With the Ruby she fired ev'ry graceful girl,
And surrounded he stood by each lovely Pearl.
And Love he wept, and the sylphs complain'd,
But the witching spirit her spell maintain'd;
Love called it a ring, and resolved it should prove
A type of the pure and the ardent love;
And love's gift, in a ring, to a graceful girl,
Is ruby encircled by lovely pearl.

C. Dibdin.

#### 114. DREAMS.

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet, When absent souls in fancy meet.

I DREAMT that at even a white mist arose
Where the hedgerow brambles twist;
I thought that my love was a sweet wild rose,
And I the silvery mist!
And sweetly I beaded her pale red charms
With many a diamond speck;
And softly I bent up my wat'ry arms,
And hung round her beautiful neck.
O me! what a heavenly berth!
I revell'd all night
Till the moon came bright,
Then sank at her feet down again in the earth.

I dreamt that my love was a sweet wild pea,
All cover'd with purple bloom;
And I, methought, was an amorous bee
That lov'd the rich perfume.
Large draughts of nectar I sat to sip
In a bean-leaf just below;
I breathed her breath, and I kissed her lip,
And she was as white as snow.
O me! what a beautiful task!
For there I lay
Till eve grew grey,
While she in the sun's bright gleam did bask.

Again—I was where the pale moon did line
The forest with silver bright;
I thought my love was a wild woodbine,
And I a zephyr light.
'Welcome,' said I, 'where the bramble weaves
Around üs a guard of thorns;'
And sweetly I tangled myself in her leaves
And fann'd her red-streaked horns;
By the music of which we led
A gay dance about,
Till old night came out
To rock us to sleep in his dusky bed.

#### FROM THE ARABIC OF TOGRAL

PHOU sleep'st while the eyes of the planets are watching, Regardless of love and of me. sleep: but my dreams, at thy lineaments catching, Present me with nothing but thee.

hou art chang'd, while the colour of night changes not Like the fading allurements of day; am changed, for all beauty to me seems a blot While the joy of my heart is away.

#### 115. FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever, Still for ever, fare thee well! Even though unforgiving, never 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee Where thy head so oft hath lain, While that placid sleep came o'er thee Which thou ne'er canst know again! Though the world for this commend:

Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee
Sounded on another's woe.

Though my many faults defaced me, Could no other arm be found Than the one which once embraced m To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not, Love may sink by slow decay, But by sudden wrench believe not Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own its life retaineth;
Still must mine, though bleeding, b
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

There are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wakes us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather, When our child's first accents flow, Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!' Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me,

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither—yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken:
Pride, which not a world can bow,
Bows to thee, by thee forsaken;
E'en my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle— Words from me are vainer still, But the thoughts we cannot bridle Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,

Torn from every nearer tie,

Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—

More than this I scarce can die.

Lord Byron.

#### 116. LOVE.

THERE is a love that towers o'er time,
That knows no bound of space or clime,
Of nature matchless and sublime,
And such I felt for thec.

Whence were the tears that dimm'd my eye, Wherefore the deep and sacred sigh, And whence the blush of crimson dye Whene'er I thought on thee? Mine was a love that speech o'erpast, And proof to sorrow's bitterest blast; The hope it cherish'd first to last Was ever bent on thee.

Oh! waste of fondness! shall the snow That, high on Hecla's frozen brow, Feels not the sun's Promethean glow Be emblem meet of thee.

Ah yes! too late conviction brings Home to my soul her piercing stings, And sickening hope no longer clings To aught that looks like thee.

But far more cruel 'tis to find Thou dost not bear that lofty mind— That spirit—soaring o'er its kind, That once seemed lodged in thee.

And as the ling'ring beams of day
With faint and fainter radiance play,
The enchanted vision sinks away,
That owed its spell to thee.

Farewell—for ever from my heart I bid its worshipp'd idol part; And wheresoe'er or whose thou art, 'Tis nothing now to me.

### 117. THE KEEPSAKE.

OH! know'st thou why, to distance driven, When friendship weeps the parting hour, The simplest gift that moment given, Long, long retains a magic power? Still, when it meets the missing view,
Can half the theft of time retrieve,
The scenes of former bliss renew,
And bid each dear idea live?

It boots not if the pencill'd rose, Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye, Or India's sparkling gems enclose The talisman of sympathy?

'Keep it—yes, keep it for my sake!'
On fancy's ear still breathes the sound;
Ne'er time the potent charm shall break,
Nor loose the spell Affection bound.

### 118. LINES BY ---

O lady! I have seen thee often,
But never knew thee half so fair;
I've marked the moon thy beauty soften,
And loved thee gilding fashion's glare.

And now, beside this lamp alone,
Why beams that eye so bright to me;
Why hast not so on others shone,
Why were they so unbless'd by thee?

Another's eye as dark as thine
Hath flash'd a soul perhaps as high,
And others' locks as lovely twine
On brows would soothe as deep a sigh:

As snow-surpassing bosoms heave
With words as sweet and tones as swelling;
As heaven-descended footsteps leave
As warm a heart, as sad a dwelling.

Thee or thine I deem they are not;
I'm bound to thee, none can unbind;
For all but for thyself I care not,
Thyself alone—thyself of mind.

Lov'st thou me, loveliest lady? say!
Thou dost—thou dost—that blessed tear,
That blush, oh tell me! yet delay,
'Tis what I dare not hope to hear.

Yes! now I know that look of light;
'Tis love, forgotten be it never;
It turns to day my life of night;
Oh live! oh live! that look for ever!

# 119. LOVE'S LAST LETTER.

то ——

I CANNOT enter death's dark gloom, And the lone gliding spectres see That knell me to an early tomb Without one tender thought of thee:

Thee, on whose breast in scorn of death
I could have laid my aching head,
And caught thy lips' reviving breath
That could have kept me from the dead.

And were they vain—the vows, the sighs,
We bade the conscious heavens attest,
When, smiling under kinder skies,
You said I should be truly blest?

How have the fancied forms of bliss Misled my steps, beguil'd my heart! They show me now a dark abyss, And cry, ' Prepare with life to part.' Thee too they show me, beauteous maid, Lov'd, courted, prais'd by happier men; Oh hide me in death's murkiest shade, Lest my eyes meet the sight again;

Lest my fond heart, whose ebbing tide Should feel the force of love divine, Still flow with fires unsanctified, And forfeit mercy's smile for thine.

No hoarded treasures I possess'd, No titled name, no pageantry, But there was beating in my breast, A heart that could have died for thec.

For thee, for thee alone I prayed;
Thou wert my soul's delighted choice,
By meek simplicity arrayed,
And guided by her artless voice.

I thought thou would'st not, love! have scorn'd
The humble lot which thy dear smile
So sweetly would have long adorned,
And cheer'd my hours of anxious toil.

Thou should'st have been where'er I went,
The jewel of my doating breast;
And when a pang thy bosom rent,
I would have sooth'd it, love! to rest.

Thy lover, though thy husband I,
And thou the still endearing wife,
No happier pair beneath the sky
E'er pulled the thornless rose of life.

But fate a dreadful gulf has thrown Between thee and my sickening heart; It yawns for me, for hope is flown, And life is fluttering to depart. And friends—for here profession ends,
And all the flowers of speech are gone—
Fictitious flowers, fictitious friends,
That fly the death-bed sad and lone.

Oh, when like these the Graces fly,
And Joy has ceas'd her song of glee,
And thus thou lay'st thee down to die,
What will thy heart's emotions be?

Who then, when thoughts thou canst not shun,
Shall all thy broken vows renew,
Will soothe thee as I would have done,
And watch as I was wont to do?

But blessed, blessed may'st thou be
When I, alas! am lowly laid,
And may no tender thought of me,
Lov'd fair! thy smiling prospects shade.

The flowers we rear'd will bloom as gay,
The walks we lov'd appear as green,
And vernal suns to gild thy way
Shall shine, as if I ne'er had been.

Carey.

#### 120. SONNET.

NE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
'Vain man,' said she, 'that dost in vain essay
A mortal thing so to immortalise;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.'

Not so, quoth'I; let baser things devise,
To die in dust, but you shall live by tame;
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
And in the heavens write your glorious name;
Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

Edmund Spenser.

### 121. TO LADY IRWIN.

7HY will Delia thus retire. And languish life away? While the sighing crowd admire, 'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea; All these dismal looks and fretting Cannot Damon's life restore, Long ago the worms have eat him, You can never see him more. Once again consult your toilet, In the glass your face renew, So much reading soon will spoil it, And no spring your charms renew. I, like you, was born a woman, Well I know what vapours mean; The disease, alas! is coming, Single, we have all the spleen. All the morals that they tell us Never cur'd the sorrow yet; Choose among the pretty fellows One of humour, youth, and wit; Prithee, hear him every morning For at least an hour or two, Once again at night returning, I believe the dose will do.

Lady M. W. Montague.

#### 122. THE ANSWER.

'HO' Delia oft retires, Tis not from spleen or hate. No lovers she desires Nor envies others' fate. Tho' her Damon's dead; 'tis true. Yet he lives in Delia's heart: None a constancy can show, Where a virtue has no part. Should she consult her toilet, Alas! she'll quickly find Her face there's nought can spoil it, So she'll improve her mind. If the morals that they tell us Cannot cure us of despair, I believe the pretty fellows Will bring us only double care. 'Tis our interest then to shun 'em, Since their practice it is such, They who venture boldly on 'em Often find one dose too much. Lady Irwin.

#### 123. LOVE.

O HAPPY love! where love like this is found,
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Robert Burns.

### 124. LOVE.

HEY sin who tell us love can die. With life all other passions fly: All others are but vanity. In heaven ambition cannot dwell, Nor avarice in the vaults of hell: Earthly these passions of the earth: They perish where they have their birth;-But love is indestructible. Its holy flame for ever burneth; From heaven it came, to heaven returneth; Too oft on earth a troubled guest, At times deceived, at times opprest, It here is tried and purified. Then hath in heaven its perfect rest: soweth here with toil and care, But the harvest time of love is there.

Southey.

#### 125. LOVE.

IN peace, love tunes the shephed's reed; In war, he mounts the warrior's steed; In halls, in gay attire is seen; In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove, And men below, and saints above:

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Scott.

# 126. LOVE.

TRUE love, the gift which God has given
To man alone, beneath the heaven.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly:

It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silken link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

Scott.

#### 127. THE MOSSY SEAT.

THE landscape hath not lost its look;
Still rushes on the sparkling river;
Nor hath the gloominess forsook
These granite crags, that frown for ever;
Still hangs around the shadowy moss,
Whose sounds but murmur solitude;
The raven's plaint, the linnet's song,
The stork-dove's coo, in grief repining,
In mingled echoes, steal along;
The setting sun is brightly shining,
And clouds above, and hills below,
Are burning in his golden glow.

It is not meet, it is not fit,

Though fortune all our hopes have thwarted,
Whilst on the very stone I sit

Where first we met and last we parted,
That absent from my soul should be
The thought that loves and looks to thee,
Each happy hour that we have proved,
While love's delicious converse blended,
As 'neath the twilight star we roved,
Unconscious where our progress ended;
Still brings my mind a soft relief,
And bids it love the 'joys of grief.'

What soothing recollections throng,
Presenting many a mournful token,
That heart's remembrance to prolong,
Which then was blest—but now is broken!

I cannot—Oh! hast thou forgot
Our early loves—this hallowed spot?
I almost think I see thee stand!
I almost dream I hear thee speaking!
I feel the pressure of thy hand;
Thy living glance in fondness seeking—Here all apart, by all unseen—
Thy form upon my arm to lean!

Though beauty bless the landscape still,
Though woods surround, and waters lave it,
My heart feels not the vivid thrill
Which long ago thy presence gave it.
Mirth—music—friendship, have no tone
Like that which with thy voice hath flown!
And memory only now remains
To whisper things that once delighted.
Still—still I love to tread these plains—
To seek this sacred haunt benighted—
And feel a something sadly sweet
In resting on this MOSSY SEAT.

J. Moir.

## 128. THE LAST TEAR.

SHE had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her lilied cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like the lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
O' the western cloud that veils the April even.
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
That widen'd as the shower cleared off from heaven;
Her heart woke—a sudden beam of soul
Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.

# 129. STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON READING ROMEO AND JULIET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

OF love and sorrow, 'tis a peerless tale!
Then press it softly to thy gentle breast;
I'll share the fear that makes thy pure cheek pale;
I'll guess the wish that may not be confessed.
Unhappy pair! and yet to them was given
That earthly joy which tasteth most of heaven.
Oh! sweet and bitter, let our mixt tears flow,
Where on the grave of Love the drooping violets grow.

To mortals there is given a fleeting life:

A life!—Ah! no; a wild, vain, hurrying dream—
A tempest of pride, passion, sin, and strife—
A deep, dark, restless, ever foaming stream,
Where fortune lifts us high, or sinks us low.
We feel the motion, know not where we go;
Love only, like the oil upon the sea,
Gives to man's tossing soul repose and liberty.

'Tis true, that they who love, are seldom born
To a smooth destiny. Love buds in peace,
But foulest wizards in the air have sworn
To blast its beauty ere the leaves increase.
The lovers dare not look—fiends watch their eyes;
They dare not speak—fiends intercept their sighs;
A spell is on them, mute, o'er mastering;
Dumb sorrow o'er them waves her dark depressing wing.

But let the faint heart yield him as he may,
Danger sits powerless on Love's stately breast;
The lovers shrink not in the evil day;
They are afflicted; but are not opprest.
To die together, or victorious live—
That first and holiest vow, 'tis theirs to give;
United!—Though in fetters, they are free!—
They care not, though the grave their bridal bed should be

It may be that if love's expanding flower
Is forced to close before the storm's keen breath,
That closing may protract the blooming hour
Which is so short in all that suffers death.
The silence, and the sorrow, and the pain
May nourish that which they attack in vain.
The lonely flame burns longest—humble sadness
Is kindlier to Love's growth than free unvaried gladness.

But oh! how glorious shone their ruling star,
Which carried them with budding loves to heaven;
Whom angels welcomed in bright realms afar,
With a full cup, which scarce to taste was given,
While any remnant of terrestrial sin
Had power to stain the holy draught within!
They died:—Young Love stood by them calmly sighing,
And fanned, with his soft wing, the terrors of the dying.

Read not of Juliet and her Romeo,
With tragic trembling and uplifted hair;
Be mild, fair maid, and gentle in thy woe,
As in their death were that most innocent pair.
Upon the tomb o' the Capulets there gleams
No torchlight; but a moon of tender beams.
Then hate not love, because a Juliet died,
But seek to sleep, like her, by a true lover's side.

## 130. SAPPHO.

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L OOK on this brow! the laurel wreath Beamed on it, like a wreath of fire; For passion gave the living breath, That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow! the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For from these lips were uttered sighs,
That more than fever scorched the frame,
And tears were rained from these bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved! she felt the lightning-gleam, That keenest strikes the loftiest mind; Life quenched in one ecstatic dream, The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,
The last deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride;
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed the tide,
The whole concentred strife of Love.

Dr. Croly.

### 131. LOVE.

N AY, pray thee let me weep, for tears
Are love's most fitting offerings—
I'll weep his smiles, I'll weep his sighs,
But, more than all, I'll weep his wings.
I'll weep his smiles, for first they taught
My young heart what his sighs could be;
I'll weep his wings, for they have borne
Away the truth you plighted me.

## 132. THE FORSAKEN HEART.

MY heart is like a lonely lyre, Whose melody hath died away: The flame of a neglected fire, Burning away.

And thou art as the careless fingers,
Which tore those tuneless strings away;
The gale, which as the last spark lingers,
Wastes it away.

The world, the senseless world, remembers
The music which hath passed away:
Its tears have steeped the cold, cold embers;
But thou art gay.

# 133. LINES SENT WITH AN HOURGLASS TO A LADY ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

YES, all things fade away
That the soul cherishes and seeks on earth;
Fair flowers! that do but bloom their summer's day,
And are forgot—their being and their birth.

Youth hath its favoured hour
Of fancies and high hopes, and dazzling dreams;
It flies—and with it all the glittering dower
That to young bosoms the securest seems.

And manhood's hour comes next,

Fevered and filled with the world's active thoughts;

Schemes and ambitions, till the spirit vexed,

Finds that its hour hath fled—and left it nought!

Shortest and last is thine,
Wasted on vain regrets and memories—Age!
For while thy retrospects too brightly shine,
The sand ebbs out. So doth thy pilgrimage.

Thus pleasure hath its hour!
And grief, and pain, and peril have no more;
Hatred and love, but the same transient power,
Time but remains—ruling as heretofore.

On, conqueror of the earth!

And fold not yet thy world-destroying wing;

Still reign—while, scattering man's work and worth,

Omnipotent o'er each created thing.

Thy end will come, Oh Time!
When thou, a conqueror, shall conquered be;
Thyself, thy victories, and thy power sublime,
No more remembered in eternity.

#### 134. TO LOUISA.

IF memory ever should whisper the name
Of one who hath loved thee, not wisely, but well,
And dwelt on thy charms with that passionate flame
Which none but the soul of a poet can tell,—

Remember his heart was not tempered like those Who have never awoke to the exquisite touch, Which passion imparts to the bosom that glows, Till its error in love is in loving too much.

Remember, if fondness seduced him too far,

The language that broke from thine eloquent eye:

For who could be blind to so brilliant a star,

If it beamed but on him, though a thousand were by?

And remember, whilst others are bound by its spell,
With what ills and what anguish his spirit must cope,
Who breathes thee this wild and eternal farewell;
They hope while they love, but he loves without hope!

# 135. WITH A WHITE ROSE.

'rom a Lover of the house of York to his Mistress of the house of Lancaster.

IF this pale rose offend thy sight, Go place it in thy bosom fair, Twill blush to find itself less white, And turn Lancastrian there.

## 136. THE CHARM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WIND the spell, bind the spell; What is in it? Fond farewell! Wreathed with drops from azure eyes, Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it in the maiden's soul! Suns may set and years may roll; Yet, beneath the tender twine All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep, But the spell's as strong as deep! Anguish, distance, time are vain, Death alone can loose the chain.

# 137. LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

CANNOT stain this snowy leaf 1 Without a sigh of pensive grief; As musing on my days gone by, And those that still before me lie. I read a mournful emblem here, That few could read without a tear! For, as my musing eyes I cast Upon the pages that are past, I search them all, but search in vain, To find even one without a stain! But what has been, is not to be, The happy future yet is free; Far as my forward eye can go, The future still is white as snow; So free from stains, so free from cares, The tainted past it half repairs! It is a goodly sight—but oh! Too well within this heart I know That thy fair future, at the last, Shall be itself a tainted past. Walter Paterson.

138. SILENT LOVE.

OH! I could whisper thee a tale
That surely would thy pity move;
But what would idle words avail
Unless the heart might speak its love?

To tell that tale my pen were weak; My tongue its office too denies: Then mark it on my varying cheek, And read it in my languid eyes.

## 139. THE INCOGNITA.

· Written under the Portrait of an Unknown Lady.

PON her cheek the eye may trace The lineaments of heavenly grace: A tender blush of rosy light, That wins and then detains the sight. It is not brilliant; no, nor gay; It is not pleasure's dazzling ray; It does not wildly flash and burn, Like rich wines in a starry bowl; But softly beams and shines, as roll Sweet waters from a crystal urn. It makes, albeit he strove in vain, The gazer turn to gaze again. It seems to speak in pensive tone Of childhood's happier moments flown; Of loss of hopes too dearly prized, Dreams of delight unrealised. And all the waning fears that wring A woman's heart in love's first spring.

On her smooth brow her chestnut hair Descends, and makes a twilight there; As softly shadowed and as sweet As that when light and darkness meet. On that pure tablet grief hath laid Her hand, but not one furrow made: On that unsullied page, as yet, No impress of her seal is set. From those rich tresses to the view That dark eye takes a darker hue: Full, glossy, brilliant, there the mind Sits like a deity enshrined; Within its pupil works a spell Which fills the mind, we know not why, With scenes on which our thoughts would dwell, Of vanished hours of bliss gone by.

We gaze and grieve, and still we gaze, Upon that soul-appealing token; And mourn that Time can never raise One flower like that his touch has broken.

#### 140. THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THE music ceas'd, the last quadrille was o'er, And one by one the waning beauties fled; The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor, The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I, a melancholy single man, Retired to mourn my solitary fate. I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love and Hymen's joys, Of happy moments and connubial blisses; And then I thought of little girls and boys, The mother's glances and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all in sweet perspective sitting, In winter's eve, around a blazing fire, The children playing and the mother knitting, Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was chang'd. In came the baker's bill; I stared to see the hideous consummation Of pies and puddings that it took to fill The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating: legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host;
To see them you'd have thought each tiny glutton
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smok'd upon the platter;
The ponderous sirloin rear'd its head in vain;
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the school bill: board and education
So much per annum; but the extras mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation;
And every little bagatelle was counted!

To mending tuck; a new Homeri Ilias;
A pane of glass; repairing coat and breeches;
A slate and pencil; binding old Virgilius;
Drawing a tooth; an open draft and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,
The social converse and the dreamy Sunday,
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.

Then Kate began to scold—I stampt and swore,
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream;
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.

#### 141. THE SONG OF THE ZEPHYRS.

O'ER the lofty swelling mountain,
O'er the running summer fountain —
By the towering forest waving,—
By the brook the willows laving,
Wafting odorous airs along,
We hear the mellow-breathing song.

Little wanton, wingèd rovers,
Oft we tread the walks of lovers;
Witness smiles with passion glowing,
Souls with tenderness o'erflowing,
Vows that, faultering on the tongue,
Mingle with our breezy song!

Oft we fan the flame that rushes O'er the maiden's cheek in blushes: Softly to her swain revealing, All the luxury of feeling, In her bosom—though so strong— Gentle as her airy song!

Oft we in our sportive duty,
Kiss the dimpling cheek of beauty—
And on soft ethereal winglets—
Wanton in her sunny ringlets—
Breathing, as we dance along,
Liquid notes, of rapturous song!

When care's ever-rising bubble, Clouds the wanderer's soul with trouble, We, sweet pleasure's viewless minions, Fan his brow with balmy pinions, Chasing sorrow's shade along, With our spirit-stirring song.

While the sweets of eve diffusing, Oft we meet the poet musing, Mark his eye, sublime of glancing, With erratic thought entrancing! Catching inspiration strong From our soul-enchanting song.

Oft we wast the pious whispers
Of the saints low-breathing vespers—
Sighs of love—and tears of sorrow,—
For our sweetest strains we borrow,
Blowing on our wings along
All the ecstasy of song.

### 142. LOVE.

OH! not when hopes are brightest,
Is all love's sweet enchantment known;
Oh! not when hearts are lightest,
Is all fond woman's fervour shown.
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
And the cold world is clothed in gloom:
When summer friends forsake us
The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,
That lures astray with treacherous spark;
Love is no transient taper,
That lives an hour and leaves us dark,
But, like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens
When all beside is chill below.

Pringle.

#### 143. SONG.

'TWAS sweet to look upon thine eyes,
As they looked answering to mine own;
Twas sweet to listen to thy sighs,
And hear my name on every tone.

'Twas sweet to meet in yon lone glen,
While smiles the heart's best sunshine shed:
'Twas sweet to part, and think again
The gentle thing that each had said.

But all this sweetness was not worth
The tears that dimmed its after light;
Love is a sweet star at its birth,
But one that sets in deepest night.

L. E. L.

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### 144. LOVE'S LAST WORDS.

L IGHT be around thee, hope be thy guide,
Gay be thy bark and smooth be the tide,
Soft be the wind that beareth thee on,
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wanderings done.

Bright be the hearth, may the eyes you love best Greet the long-absent again to his rest; Be thy life like glad music which floateth away, As the gale lingering over the rose-tree in May.

But yet while thy moments in melody roll, Be one dark remembrance left on thy soul, Be the song of the evening thrice sad on thine ear— Then think how your twilights were passed away here.

And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be Light as the dream of the morning to thee! One fond, faint recollection, one last sigh of thine, May be granted to love so devoted as mine.

L. E. L.

# 145. DOMESTIC LOVE.

OMESTIC love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lonely cottage walls
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide,
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed,
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When moon her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fli

O love of loves! to thy white hand is given Of earthly happiness the golden key!
These are the joyous hours of winter even, When the babes cling around their father's knee. And thine the soul, that on the midnight sea, Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home, Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see. Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come, And on its altar closed, for ever closed, thy plume.

\*\*Dr. Crolv.\*\*

## 146. LOVE.

A WAKE, my harp, some joyful measure!
No longer breathe a pensive strain;
Be, like my soul, attuned to pleasure,
And never mourn again.

Awake, my harp, some joyful measure!
'Twas love that taught thy strings to move;
And love now fills my soul with pleasure;
Then hymn the charms of love!

O Love! some call thy musings folly, Some call thee cruel, base, and blind; But thou, methinks, art pure and holy, Exalted,—raised,—refined.

And some there are who can dissemble
The raptures of thy ardent flame;
And some poor maidens start and tremble,
If they but hear thy name.

But though thy charms were all illusion, Such dear deceits I still would seek; Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion, Thy looks that more than speak. Thou know'st, O Love! how I have blest thee, How oft for thee my heart hath beat; How oft in sorrow I've caress'd thee, And thought my sorrow sweet.

O Love! some call thy musings folly, Some call thee cruel, base, and blind; But thou, methinks, art pure and holy, Exalted,—raised,—refined.

## 147. STANZAS TO A LADY.

A CROSS the waves—away and far, My spirit turns to thee; I love thee as men-love a star, The brightest where a thousand be, Sadly and silently; With love unstained by hopes or fears, Too deep for words, too pure for tears!

My heart is tutored not to weep;
Calm, like the calm of even,
Where grief lies hushed, but not asleep,
Hallows the hours I love to keep
For only thee and heaven;
Too far and fair to aid the birth
Of thoughts that have a taint of earth!

And yet the days for ever gone,
When thou wert as a bird,
Living 'mid flowers and leaves alone,
And singing in so soft a tone
As I never since have heard,
Will make me grieve that birds and things
So beautiful, have ever wings!

And there are hours in the lonely night When I seem to hear thy calls, Faint as the echoes of far delight, And dreamy and sad as the sighing flight Of distant waterfalls;—
And then my vow is hard to keep, For it were a joy, indeed, to weep.

For I feel as men feel, when moonlight falls
Amid old cathedral aisles;
Or the wind plays sadly along the walls
Of lonely and forsaken halls
That we knew in their day of smiles;
Or as one who hears, amid foreign flowers,
A tune he had learned in his mother's bowers.

But I may not, and I dare not weep,
Lest the vision pass away,
And the vigils that I love to keep
Be broken up, by the fevered sleep
That leaves me with the day;
Like one who has travelled far to the spot
Where his home should be—and finds it not!

Yet then, like the incense of many flowers, Rise pleasant thoughts to me; For I know, from thy dwelling in eastern bowers, That thy spirit has come in those silent hours To meet me over the sea; And I feel in my soul, the fadeless truth Of her whom I loved in early youth.

Like hidden streams, whose quiet tone
Is unheard in the garish day,
That utter a music all their own,
When the night-dew falls, and the lady moon
Looks out to hear them play,—
I knew not half thy gentle worth,
Till grief drew all its music forth.

We shall not meet on earth again!—
And I would have it so;
For they tell me that the cloud of pain
Has flung its shadow o'er thy brain
And touched thy looks with woe;
And I have heard that storm and shower
Have dimmed thy loveliness, my flower!

I would not look upon thy tears,
For I have thee in my heart,
Just as thou wert, in those blessed years
When we were, both, too young, for fears
That we should ever part;
And I would not aught should mar the spell,
The picture nursed so long and well;

I love to think on thee, as one
With whom the strife is o'er;
And feel that I am journeying on,
Wasted, and weary, and alone,
To join thee on that shore,
Where thou, I know, wilt look for me,
And I, for ever, be with thee!

T. K. Hervey.

#### 148. LOVE.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own? Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh? Who hath not vowed, with rapture-smitten frame, The power of grace, the magic of a name? There he, perhaps, who barren hearts avow, Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow; There he whose loveless wisdom never failed, In self-adorning pride securely mailed;—

But triumph not, ye peace enamoured few! Fire, nature, genius, never dwelt with you! For you no fancy consecrates the scene Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between; Tis yours, unmoved to sever or to meet; No pledge is sacred and no home is sweet! Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead? No! the wild bliss of nature needs alloy! And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy; And say, without our hopes, without our fears, Without the home that blighted love endears, Without the smile from partial beauty won, Oh! What were man? a world without a sun! Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour, There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy-tinted bower! In vain the viewless seraph lingering there At starry midnight charmed the silent air! In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep, To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep; In vain to soothe the solitary shade, Aërial notes in mingling measure played; The summer wind that shook the spangled tree, The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee; Still slowly passed the melancholy day, And still the stranger wist not where to stray,-The world was sad! the garden was a wild! And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled. Campbell.

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#### 149. LOVE.

HAIL, holy love! thou word that sums all human bliss, Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity, Deepest when most is drawn; emblem of God! O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink! Essence that binds the uncreated Three,

Chain that unites creation to its head, Centre to which all being gravitates, Eternal, ever-growing, happy love! Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all; Instead of law fulfilling every law Entirely blest, because thou seek'st no more, Hop'st not, nor fear'st, but in the present liv'st. And hold'st perfection smiling in thy arms. Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love! On earth mysterious, and mysterious still In heaven! Sweet chord, that harmonises all The harps of paradise, the spring, the well, That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky. Hail love! first love, thou word that sums all bliss, The sparkling cream of all time's blessedness, The silken down of happiness complete! Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy, She gathereth, and selecteth with her hand, All finest relishes, all fairest sights, All rarest odours, all divinest sounds, All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul; And brings the holy mixture home, and fills The heart with all superlatives of bliss! But who would that expound which words transcend, Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene Of early love, and thence infers its worth. Pollok.

150. LOVE.

To sigh, yet feel no pain;
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then thrown it idly by:
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none,

To think all other charms divine But those we just have seen; This is love, careless love, Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one raised flame
Thro' life unchill'd, unmov'd;
To love in wintry age the same
That first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore
To such refin'd excess,
That tho' the heart would break with more,
We could not live with less;
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

T. Moore.

#### 151. CAROLINE.

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild wood scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by;
And with the music of his wing,
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower, Thou spirit of a milder clime! Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower, Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes corne, Sweet comrade of the rosy day, Wasting the wild bee's gentle hum, Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay. Where'er thy morning breath has played, Whatever isles of ocean fann'd, Come to my blossom woven shade, Thou wandering wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and love their sabbath I
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould.

From some green Eden of the deep, Where pleasure's sigh alone is heard, Where tears of rapture lovers weep, Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd.

From some sweet Paradise afar,
Thy music wanders distant, lost;
Where nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh! gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours,
In nature's more propitious home.

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves,

That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,

And let the name be Caroline.

Campbeli

# 152. THE QUARREL OF LOVE AND HY:

WHEN Love and Hymen both were boys, They fix'd a day of smiling weather, To show each other all their toys, And pass an afternoon together. To Hymen's bower young Cupid came, And each with each was quite delighted; Love shot his dart of surest aim, And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen, soon, capricious elf
(Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow),
Told Love, he wished the bow himself,
And then began to pout and bellow.

Love gave his friend the weapon straight, (Young Love is such a cheerful giver!) And thus, for Hymen's torch of state, Chose his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possess'd,
Men neither could nor would resist them;
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,
And Cupid's arrows seldom missed them.

But, changing thus their arms about,
The boys became perplex'd and stupid;
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,
And broke affection's firmest tether:
So now if Love and Hymen meet,
They seldom sojourn long together.

### 153. TO HELEN.

THOUGH my visions of life are soon to depart,
Yet sigh not, dear Helen! thus deeply for me:
The lingering pulsations that throb in my heart
Are only its fond apprehensions for thee.

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Oh, sad are the perils that compass thy way, For a season of sorrow and darkness is nigh: When the glowworm appears, at the close of the day, Her lustre betrays her, and dooms her to die.

For me, love! no sweet wasting odours shall burn, No marble invoke thee to deck it with flowers, My ashes shall rest in a crystalline urn, And that urn be abroad in the sun and the showers. It shall lightly be swept by the cool blowing gale, When the gay-coloured evening shines cheerfully through Around it the shadows of twilight shall sail, And the mists of the morning embalm it in dew.

Sweet girl! may thy relics be laid in that shrine! For though death we are told is unconscious of love, Yet it soothes me to hope they may mingle with mine, As our spirits will mingle for ever above. And if, when the race of our being is run, Any records remain of the loves that we bore, Our story shall be, that in life we were one, And in dying we met to be parted no more. Horace Twiss.

## 154. LOVE AND BEAUTY.

I N courts, where revel reigns, and passionate song Floats like a triumph on the Bacchant's breath, Ah! what hath Love to do, unless prolong Its rare existence to a lingering death? And die it must in war, the soldier saith; Its voice is shiver'd by the trumpet's tone; It sees the fiery fight, and lo! 'tis flown.

th no home upon the weltering seas, if it bideth there, on bitter food, ds alone, trembling at each idle breeze, till 'tis blasted by the battle rude; gentle thing with gentle strength endured; beence killed, by scorn; as often slain boisonous pleasure as the sting of pain.

Love! Beside the fountains and bright fields, running waters and in mossy glades, sting whatever the green quiet yields), le roams from morning till the evening shades all, and the world like a phantæma fades. The re roams he like a Sylvan, whom the air rships—unwing'd, and making all his care.

I here, night and day are his. The radiant sky
Is doubly beautiful, and sun and shower,
and rainbows, which upon the mountains lie,
And twice its common odour, hath the flower,
And doubly fill'd with joy is every hour;
And music hangeth on the winds and floods,
And lingereth in the caves and desert woods.

And in the populous forests thick with life,
Which (deep and cool as Faunus ever knew)
Are haunted only by melodious strife
Of birds or insects, when the year is new,
Feeding upon the fragrant summer dew,
And there the untiring seasons, bring for aye,
To night rich slumber, and fresh life to day.

And beauty, in her own eternal form
(The same that witch'd the Dardæn shepherd young)
Abideth. Art doth never these deform,
The amaranthene hues which life hath flung
O'er lips and cheeks to crimson blushes stung;
But free as is the elemental air,
Nature and Beauty live—and both are fair.

Barry Cernwall.

# 155. LOVE AND REASON.

"TWAS in the summer-time so sweet, When hearts and flowers are both in seaso That—who, of all the world should meet, One early dawn, but Love and Reason.

Love told his dream of yesternight, While Reason talk'd about the weather; The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright, And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew, While Reason like a Juno stalk'd, And from her portly figure threw A lengthen'd shadow as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they passed, Should find that sunny morning chill, For still the shadow Reason cast Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

'This must not be,' said little Love,
'The sun was made for more than you;'
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph adicu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He culled the many sweets that shaded,
And all the fruits, and smelt the flowers,
Till taste was gone, and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parch'd plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,

No more with vivid bloom he smiled;
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

'Oh! take me to that bosom cold,' In murmurs at her feet he said; And Reason oped her garment's fold, And flung it round his fever'd head

He felt her bosom's icy touch, And, soon it chill'd his pulse to rest; For ah! the chill was quite too much, And Love expired on Reason's breast.

T. Moore.

## 156. WHO'LL BUY A HEART?

FROM THE SPANISH.

POOR heart of mine, tormenting heart!
Long hast thou teazed me—thou and I:
May just as well agree to part:
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

Like mendicants from door to door.

Here's prompt possession—I might tell A thousand merits; come and try;—I have a heart—a heart to sell: Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe —
Will no one buy? will no one bid?
It's going now. Yes! it must go!

So littled offer'd—it were well

To keep it yet; but no, not I;

I have a heart—a heart to sell:

Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'.

I would 'twere gone' for I confess I'm tired, and longing to be freed; Come bid, fair maiden, more or less: So good—and very cheap indeed.

Once more—but once—I cannot dwell
So long; 'tis going, going, fie!
No offer! I've a heart to sell.
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'l

John

For, though the sea in cloud-high waves may rise,
Though the storm rage, and felon winds revel,
He knows that sweet star beameth in the skies,
Unchangeable.

Alas! for him, who life's rough sea would try,
Fixing his gaze on meteors blazing far,
Making the changeful beam of beauty's eye
His polar star.

The seaman trusts, indeed, nor trusts in vain,

For constant are the bright-eyed host of heaven,
While the swift changing of the fickle main

To beauty's given.

But thou! who in the pride of beauty brave,
Shinest brighter than the fairest star on high,
Take not thy pattern from the fickle wave,
But from the sky.

## 158. CUPID'S PUNISHMENT AND REVENGE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MENZINI.

L ISTEN, sweet ladies, listen,
Listen while I say
How Love was put in prison,
And bound the other day:
You who jeer and scoff him,
Will joy to hear it of him.

Some damsels had concerted
To take him unespied,
And by their strength exerted,
His hands behind him tied:
His wings of down and feather,
They twisted both together.

Ah! how his grief transcended, May hardly be expressed, And how his tears descended Upon his ivory breast. I tremble while I name it, To think how they o'ercame it.

These cruel, fair murd'resses.
Stript both his feathery wings,
And cropt the golden tresses
He o'er his shoulder flings:
While he still writhed in anguish,
And more and more did languish.

To a huge oak they took him, That spread its arms in air, And then they all forsook him, And left him hanging there. Oh! was not this inhuman, Inflicted, too, by woman?

What would not be the horror,
If love, indeed, were dead!
The world's whole soul were sorrow,
And all its joyance fled:
Air, sca, without his presence,
Would lose their chiefest pleasance.

But his immortal mother
Beheld his agony;
First this band, then the other,
She loosed, and let him free;
And, now his state was changed,
He vow'd to be revenged.

She fill'd his burnish'd quiver
With gold and leaden darts,
And being no forgiver,
With gold he pierced the hearts
Of lovers, hopeless, friendless,
And made their torments endless.

With leaden shaft, not forceless, 'Gainst happy lovers' state,
He aim'd with hand remorseless,
And turn'd their love to hate;
Their hopes, long-cherished, blasting
With hatred everlasting.

Ye fair ones, who so often
At Cupid's power have laughed,
Your haughty carriage soften,
Beware his vengeful shaft;
There lies within his quiver
Or love or hate for ever.

## 159. THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

ADY, one who loves thee well Sent me here with thee to dwell; I bring with me thy lover's sigh, I come with thee to live and die; To live with thee, belov'd, caress'd, To die upon that gentle breast! Sweeter than the myrtle wreath, Of love and joy my blossoms breathe; Love! whose name thy breast alarms, Yet who heightens all thy charms; Who lends thy cheek its orient dyes. Who triumphs in thy laughing eyes! Twas from him I borrow'd, too, My sweet perfume, my purple hue; His fragrant breath my buds exhale, My bloom-ah lady! list my tale, I was the Summer's fairest pride, The nightingale's betrothed bride,1

The loves of the rose and nightingale are a frequent theme among the results. 'You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and research before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.'—Jami.

In Shiraz' bowers I sprang to birth,
When Love first lighted on the earth,
And then my pure inodorous blossom,
Blooming on its thornless tree,
Was snowy on his mother's bosom,
Rising from the emerald sea.
Young Love, rambling through the wood,
Found me in my solitude,
Bright with dew, and freshly blown

And trembling to the Zephyr's sighs!
But, as he stoop'd to gaze upon

But, as he stoop'd to gaze upon The loving gem, with raptured eyes, It chanced a bee was busy there, Searching for its fragrant fare; And Cupid stooping, too, to sip, The angry insect stung his lip,-And gushing from the ambrosial cell, One bright drop on my bosom fell! Weeping, to his mother, he Told the tale of treachery; And she, her vengeful boy to please, Strung his bow with captive bees, But placed upon my slender stem The poison'd sting she pluck'd from them, And none since that eventful morn Has found the flower without a thorn. Yet even the sorrows Love doth send. But more divine enchantment lend. Still in Beauty's sweetest bowers Blooms the Rose, the Queen of flowers. Brightening with the sanguine stains, Borrow'd from celestial veins,-And breathing of the kiss she caught, From Love's own lips, with rapture fraught.

## 160. SIXTEEN.

IN Clementina's artless mien Lucilla asks me what I see, And are the roses of sixteen Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before?
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

Walter Savage Landor.

# 161. FORGET ME NOT.

PORGET me not, when, friends and fortune smiling,
'Mid sweets and flowers thy careless footsteps stray;
When lovers' looks and tender words beguiling,
Would steal thy thoughts from him who wanders far away.
If e'er, thy changeful heart o'er plighted vows prevailing,
Thou hear'st a wretched soul deep in thy breast bewailing;
O think 'tis thine, my love, and dark despair my lot;
Forget me not.

When care and pain, with phantoms dread surrounding,
Appal thy trembling mind, forlorn, oppress'd,
An inward voice, in tender whisper sounding,
Shall soothe thy boding fears, and fortify thy breast;
And round thy weary couch a gentle spirit flying,
Shall breathe these cheering notes in hollow murmurs sighing:
Faint not, dear maid, but think thy lover shares thy lot;—
Forget me not.

When from her clay-built nest, my soul departing,
Prepares her blissful flight to realms on high,
O! should I see one tear of anguish starting,
To catch the falling drops I'd leave my native sky;
Then round thy lovely form a watch incessant keeping,
And every sigh of love in thrilling transports steeping,
I'll snatch thy constant soul, to share in heaven my lot;
Forget me not!

#### 162. THE VALE OF LOVES

I DREAMT that in the Paphian groves,
My nets by moonlight laying,
I caught a flight of wanton Loves,
Among the rose-sheds playing.
Some just had left their silvery shell,
While some were full in feather;
So pretty a lot of loves to sell,
Were never yet strung together;
Come buy my loves, come buy my loves,
Ye dames, and rose-lipp'd misses!
They're new and bright,
The cost is light,
For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Chloris came, with looks sedate,
The coin on her lips was ready;
'I buy,' quoth she, 'my love by weight,
Full grown, if you please, and steady.'

# Dictionary.

'Let mine be light', said Fanny, 'pray;
Such lasting toy rends one:
A light little love that will last a day—
To-morrow I'll sport a new one.'
Come buy my loves, come buy my loves,
Ye dames, and rose-lipp'd misses!
There are some will keep,
Some light and cheap,
At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned prue took a pert young thing,
To divert her virgin muse with,
And sometimes pluck a quill from his wing,
To indite her billetdoux with.
Poor Chloe would give for a well-fledged pair
Her only eye, if you'd ask it;
And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,
For the youngest love in the basket.

But one was left when Susan came,
One worth them all together;
At sight of her dear looks of shame,
He smiled, and pruned his feather.
She wish'd the boy, 'twas more than whim—
Her looks, her sighs, betray'd it;
But kisses were not enough for him,
I ask'd a heart, and—she paid it!
Good-bye, my loves; good-bye, my loves;
'Twould make you smile t've seen us,
First trade for this
Sweet child of bliss,
And then nurse the boy between us.

T. Moore.

## 163. MATILDA.

I F chance some pensive stranger thither led,
His bosom glowing from romantic views,
The gorgeous palace or proud landscape's hues,
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed?
'Tis poor Matilda!—to the cloister'd scene
A mourner beauteous, and unknown, she came,
To shed her secret tears, and quench the flame
Of hopeless love! Yet was her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle.
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend,
Like that which spake of a departed friend;
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!
Ah! be the spot by passing pity blest
Where hush'd to long repose the wretched rest.

W. L. Bowles.

#### 164. TO A LADY IN ILLNESS.

NEW to the world when all was fairy ground,
And shapes romantic stream'd before my sight,
Thy beauty caught my soul, and tints as bright
And fair as fancy's dreams on thee I found.
In cold experience, when my hopes were drown'd,
And life's dark clouds o'erveil'd in mists of night
The forms that wont to fill me with delight,
Thy view again dispell'd the darkness round.
Shall I forget thee when thy pallid cheek,
The sighing voice, wan looks, and plaintive air,
No more the roseate hue of health bespeak?
Shall I neglect thee as no longer fair?
No, lovely maid? If in my heart I seek,
Thy beauty deeply is engraven there.

Sir Egerton Bridges.

## 165. NORWEGIAN LOVE-SONG.

FROM THE DANISH OF HEIBERG.

THE bright red sun in ocean slept;
Beneath a pine tree Gunild wept,
And eyed the hills with silver crowns,
And listened to each little sound
That stirred on high.

'Thou stream,' she said, 'from heights above, Flow softly to a woman's love! As on thy azure current steering, Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing, The sounds of love.'

Ere chased the moon the night-cloud pale, He sought the deer in distant dale; 'Farewell,' he said, 'when evening closes Expect me where the moon reposes,

In yonder vale.'

'Return, return, my Harold dear!
This wedded bosom pants with fear;
By woodland foe I deem thee dying;
U, come! and hear the rocks replying
To Gunild's joy.'

Then horns and hounds came beating wide;
'Tis he! 'tis he!' fair Gunild cried;
'Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry!'
And rocks and mountains answered high,
''Tis he! 'tis he!'

Walker.

OVE! our being's waking blis Spiritgarb of happiness; Heaven's halo sent to shine O'er a world no more divine! Nature's heart, whose choicest mea Beats in time to promised pleasure Drop to drop within the ocean;

Star to star in heaven above,
Moving with harmonious motion
Round the sun they love;
Brotherhood and sympathy
Are the laws that flow from thee.
Love! that art within the mind
Of our erring, hapless kind,
Even this—a recollection
Of a holier affection.

Born in heaven; fairest then, With the silver chaplets round it, Of the singing stars that bound it, Then nestled on its father's breast, With angel-wings to shade its rest,—

Reflected last on men.
Ere then, as rich as thought, as fair
As minstrel dreams, its speech was pi
Its kindred sweet, those forms that bl
This world with their rare loveliness,
And felt the sense, with music flung
From harps unearthly, spirit-strung.
What if it fell to mix with men,
And none must feel it pure again.

The minstrel's magic melody.
In such soft numbers move;
But liker still, for that they be
Themselves the brood of Memory,
Those recollected distant chants
Of homes for which the Switzer pants,
That raise beneath the tropics glow
His old familiar Alpine snow.

Latham.

## 167. A LOVER.

RABIAN fiction never filled the world. With half the wonders that were wrought for him. Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring; Life turn'd the meanest of her implements Before his eyes to price, above all gold; The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine: Her chamber window did surpass in glory The portal of the dawn; all paradise Could, by the simple opening of a door, Let itself in upon him; - pathways, walks, Swarm'd with enchantment, but his spirit sank, Surcharg'd within him—overblest to move Beneath a sun that walks a weary world To its dull round of ordinary cares;-A man too happy for mortality. Wordsworth.

#### 168. SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

S HE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn From May-time and the cheerful dawn—A dancing shape, an image gay, To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food—
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth.

# 169. SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways, Beside the springs of Dove, A maid, whom there were none to praise, And very few to love. A violet, by a mossy stone,

Half hidden from the eye!

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

No. She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be; But she is in her grave, and, oh, The difference to me.

W. Wordsworth.

#### 170. INCOGNITA.

I MAGE of one, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious;—now no more
On land or ocean seen.
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass,
Many as fair as thou might be:
But oh! not one,—not one like thee.

Thou art no child of fancy;—thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow
Wreath'd with luxuriant hair.
Lips of morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoyed the sun,
Thou art the image of but one.

And who was she in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once-resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

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Of gentle blood;—upon her birth
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth
That frolic round the child.
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung:
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record which hath told
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her dates, 'twere vain to guess;
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face—
One passion's changing colour mix,
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs alike in vain,
Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
Lull'd in oblivion all.
With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal mind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she?—Ask yon agèd tree,
Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
Awoke her here at dawn;
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd:
If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The dead are like the stars by day, Withdrawn from mortal eye; But not extinct, they hold their way In glory through the sky: Spirits from bondage, thus set free, Vanish amidst immensity, Where human thoughts, like human sight, Fail to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,—
Could I explore that round,—
In bliss, or woe, there is a place,
Where she might still be found;
And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below.

An angel in that glorious realm,
Where God himself is king;
But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing;
Nor dare imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book
Wherein eternity unrolls
The judgment on departed souls.

Of her of whom these pictured lines A faint resemblance form; Fair as the second rainbow shines Aloof amid the storm; Of her this 'shadow of a shade,' Like its original must fade, And she, forgotten when unseen, Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then perchance, this dreaming strain
Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue.
When that the meteor of my fame
Lost the vain lips of my name
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With one who lived of old, my song
In lonely cadence rose;
To one who is unborn, belong
The accents of its close:
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader! if I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest:
If not,—and I have lost my way—
There part we; go not thou astray.
No tomb, no verse, my story tell!
Once, and for ever, fare thee well.

Fames Montgomery.

## 171. TO IANTHE.

THILE the winds whistle round my cheerless room, And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom: While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands, The ripening harvest of the hoary sands: Alone and destitute of every page That fires the poet, or informs the sage, Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove, Rest upon past, or cherish promised love? Alas! the past I never can regain, Wishes may rise, and tears may flow in vain. Fancy, that shows her in her early bloom, Throws barren sunshine o'er the unvielding tomb. What then would passion, what would reason do? Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue. There will I sit, till heaven shall cease to lour, And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour! Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea, Think of my love, and bid her think of me. Walter Savage Landor.

#### 172. THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and, yet now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet could not speak.
Alas! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!

I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart;—for years
Wept he as bitter tears!

'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer.

'These may she never share!'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, oh! pray, too, for me!

Walter Savage Landor.

#### 173. WOMAN.

AIREST and loveliest of created things, By our great Author in the image form'd Of his celestial glory, and design'd To be man's solace. Undefiled by sin How much dost thou exceed all earthly shapes Of beautiful, to charm the wistful eye, Bland to the touch, or precious to the use! His treasure of delight, while the fresh prime Adorns his forehead with the joy of youth; His comfort in the winter of the soul! Chaste woman, thou art e'en a brighter gem To him who wears thee than e'er shone display'd Upon the monarch's diadem; a charm More sweet to lull all sorrow, than the tint Of spring's young verdure in the dewy morn, Or music's mellow tones, which floating come Over the water like a fairy dream! Thou hangest as a wreath, upon his neck, More fragrant the rose, in thy pure garb Of blushing gentleness. Thou art a joy More sprightly than the lark in vernal suns Raising his throat to heaven, or forest call By blithesome Dryads blown; a faithful stay; In all the world's mischances a helpmate For man in sickness, and decay, and death. Thou art more precious than an only child In weary age begotten, a clear spring Amid the desert, an unhoped-for land To baffled mariners, or dawn of day To who has press'd all night a fever'd couch. Oh, wherefore, best desired, and most beloved Of all heaven's works, oh, wherefore wert thou made To be our curse as well as blessing ! lured From thy first shape of innocence to become A thing abased by guilt, and more deform'd As thine original glory was more bright!

William Herbert.

# 174 OH NO! NOT EVEN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

H no! not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to reason's vow;
And though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now!

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire;
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core
That then but sparkled on my brow,
And though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

Thomas Moore.

# 175. THE BROKEN APPOINTMENT.

I SOUGHT at morn the beechen bower,
Thy verdant grot.
It came—it went—the promised hour;
I found thee not.
Light Zephyrs from the quivering boughs
Soon brush'd the transient dew,
Then first, I fear'd that Love's own vows
Were transient too!

At eve I sought the well-known stream Where, wont to rove, We breathed so oft, by twilight gleam, Our yows of love: I stopp'd upon the pleasant brink
And saw the wave glide past;
Ah me! I could not help but think
Love glides as fast.

Then, all along the moonlight glen,
So soft, so fair,
I sought thy truant steps again:
Thou wert not there.
The clouds held on their busy way
Athwart the waning moon;
And such, I said, Love's fitful ray,
And wanes as soon.

Oh! I had cull'd for thee a wreath
Of blossoms rare;
But now each floweret droops beneath
The chill night-air.
'Tis past, long past our latest hour,
And yet thou art not nigh,
Oh! Love, thou art indeed a flower
Born but to die.

John Kenyon.

#### 176. OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful heart's now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light

Of other days around mc.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose lights are fled,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
Thomas Moore.

# 177. EPIGRAM.

H OW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive,
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love is like a torch, which if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts.
Exposed to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

William Walsh.

# 178. TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM FONTENELLE.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd, And panting for breath the coy virgin pursu'd, When his wisdom, in manner most ample exprest The long list of graces his godship possest: I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays; Not for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays: I'm the god of the harp,—stop, my fairest—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of physic below.
At the dreadful word physic the nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.
Thou fond god of wisdom, there alter thy phrase,
Bid her win the young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And my life for 't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

Thomas Tickell.

## 179. ON HIS MISTRESS DROWNED.

S WEET stream, that dost with equal pace
Both thyself fly and thyself chase,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.

Then go, and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine;
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
In the glory of her bud
Has pass'd the fatal flood.
Death by this only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of Love;
Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

Sprat, Bishop of Rochester.

# 180. TO A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY WHO TALKED TOO MUCH.

WHILE raptur'd on your charms I gaze, You talk so loud and long, I find you, angel in your face, But woman in your tongue.

When taken captive by your eyes, What pains I might endure! But happily your tongue supplies To beauty's wounds a cure.

If lovers, then, you would pursue,
Ah! learn your power to prize,
Nor by your idle tongue undo
The conquests of your eyes.

#### 181. THE RIGHTS OF MEN.

TO A LADY.

WHILE others, Delia, use their pen To vindicate the rights of men, Let us, more wise, to bliss attend:
Be our's the Rights which they defend.
Those eyes that glow with love's own fire, And what they speak so well inspire;
That melting hand, that heaving breast,
That rises only to be prest;
That ivory neck, those lips of bliss
Which half invites the offer'd kiss;
These, these—and Love approves the plan—I deem the dearest Rights of Man.

H OW clear the sky! how soft the garden Breathing along the dewy vale! For lo! the wintry winds are fled. No more the stream at random strays, But in its native channel plays, And flowers enamel all the mead. Even furious storms subside, but you The plaintive measure still renew,

Of Helia's absence still complain. Cease, tuneful boy! nor feed your woe, For absence may a cure bestow,

When sighs and tears and vows are va Nay, heaven forbid your gentle heart Should with the generous passion part

Should cease to love and to admire. The muse more liberal maxims knows, And if she promises repose,

'Tis by fulfilling your desire.

If e'er your melting suit inclined
Her fearful, amiable mind,

Absence will wake the latent flames More than your soft persuasive tales; Absence with magic power prevails,

And all her timid wildness tames. Believe the muse; even now she glows, Feels and commiserates your woes;

Her coyness gentle love disarms. Surprise her with your amorous haste, Go clasp her to your eager breast

# 183. TO A LADY,

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion sends his foe one glove;
But I, who have a double share
Of softer passion, send a pair.
Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel
That I invite you to a duel;
Ready to meet you, face to face,
At any time, in any place;
Nor will I leave you in the lurch
Tho' you should dare to name the church.
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
The ring and licence are my arms;
With these I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer tho' I die.

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

## 184. CUPID AND FOLLY.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CUPID, e'er deprived of sight
Young and apt for all delight,
Met with Folly on the way.
As idle, and as fond of play,
In gay sports the time they pass;
Now run, now wrestle on the grass;
Their painted wings then nimbly ply,
And ev'ry way for mast'ry try:
Till a combat does arise,
Who has won th' appointed prize.
Gentle Love refers the case
To the next that comes in place,
Trusting to his flatt'ring wiles,
And softens the dispute with smiles.

But Folly, who no temper knows, Words pursues with hotter blows: Till the eyes of Love were lost, Which has such pain to mortals cost. Venus hears his mournful cries, And repeats them in the skies, So Jupiter in council set. With peers for the occasion met. In her arms the boy she bears, Bathing him in falling tears; But whilst his want of eyes is shown, Secures the judges by her own. Folly to the board must come. And hear the trial and the doom; Which Cytherea loudly prays May be as heavy as the case, Which, when all was justly weigh'd, Cupid's wings now useless made, That a staff his feet must guide, Which would still be apt to slide; This decree at last was read-That Love by Folly should be led. Anne, Countess of Winchils.

185. SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me,
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;
To kneel, to languish, to implore,
And still though she disdain, adore;
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise,
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,
Tho' heaven and earth thy passion crost;
Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain:
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears;
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,
Tho' she were fonder and more true
That any nymph old poets drew,
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms:
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthral,
Thou never yet his power hast known;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure;
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most:
For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never hope a curc.
Miss Aiken.

#### 186. I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground Not panteth so for summer rain, As I for one soft look of thine, And yet—I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now— Each one, perhaps, surpassing me; But who doth feel a thousandth part Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look
Who round the wild world laugh and rove,
I only think—how sweet 'twould be
To die for thy sweet love.

Barry Cornwa

#### 187. BY A LOVER.

BY every sweet tradition of true hearts,
Graven by time, in love with his own lore;
By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,
Wherein love died, to be alive the more;
Yea, by the sad impression on the shore
Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear
That coast for ever, where the billow's roar
Moaneth for pity in the poet's ear;
By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear
That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall;
By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear
That sigh'd around her flight, I swear by all.
The world shall find such pattern in my act,
As if love's great example still were lacked.

Thomas Hoc

# 188. VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S 'SHERLOCK UPON DEATH.'

M ISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by, His doctrine is deceiving; For whilst he teaches us to die, He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know Too soon, without a master; Then let us only study now How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest, With mutual inclination; Share then my ardour in your breast, And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live, And that you deny, To me at least your Sherlock give, 'Tis I must learn to die.

# 189. SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

"TWAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd, With evening chat and sober reading tir'd; There melancholy, pensive, and alone, She meditates on the forsaken town; On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping heal, She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

'Ah, what avails it to be young and fair, To move with negligence, to dress with care; What worth have all the charms our pride can boast. If all in envious solitude are lost?

Where none admires 'tis useless to excel; Where none are beaus 'tis vain to be a belle. Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown; Both most are valued when they best are known. With every grace of nature, as of art, We cannot break one stubborn country heart. The brutes, insensible, our power defy: To love exceeds a squire's capacity. The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere: That is our heaven, and we are angels there. In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove: The court of Britain is the court of love. How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd, How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd, At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see The homage due to empire paid to me! When every eye was fixed on me alone, And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown: When rival statesmen for my favour strove, Less jealous in their pow'r than in their love. Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die, Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky; Lost is the dear delight of giving pain, The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain. In stupid indolence my life is spent, Supinely calm and dully innocent. Unblest I wear my useless time away; Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day; Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer, For dulness ever must be regular. Now with mamma at tedious whist I play; Now without scandal drink insipid tea; Or in the garden breathe the country air, Secure from meeting any tempter there; From books to work, from work to books, I rove, And am (alas!) at leisure to improve! Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead? Were eyes so radiant only made to read? These fingers, at whose touch even age would glow, Are these of use for nothing but to sew?

Pure living nature never could design
To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
Let me revisit the dear town again,
Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own pow'r could gain.'

## 190. FORBIDDEN LOVE.

I LOVE thee! Oh the strife, the pain,
The fiery thoughts that through me roll!
I love thee; look—again, again!
O stars! that thou could'st read my soul;
I would thy bright, bright eye could pierce
The crimson folds that hide my heart;
Then would'st thou find the serpent fierce
That stings me—and will not depart.

Look love upon me, with thine eyes;
Yet no—men's evil tongues are nigh.
Look pity, then, and with thy sighs
Waste music on me—lest I die!
Yet love not! sigh not! turn (thou must)
Thy beauty, from me sweet and kind;
Tis fit that I should turn to dust—
To death; because, I am not blind

I love thee—and I live! The moon
Who sees me from her calm above,
The wind who weaves her dim soft tune
About me, know how much I love!
Naught else, save night and the lonely hour,
E'er heard my passion wild and strong:
Even thou yet deem'st not of thy power,
Unless—thou read'st aright my song.

Barry Cornwall.

#### 191. ARIADNE.

A FRAGMENT.

THE moist and quiet moon was scarcely breaking, When Ariadne in her bower was waking; Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o'er head, waiting the sun,
Seem'd answering another distant one.
She waked, but stirr'd not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full seas
The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'ernight,
The happy thought of the returning light,
The sweet, self-will'd content, conspired to keep
Her senses lingering in the field of grief;
And with a little smile she seemed to say,
'I know my love is near me, and 'tis day.'

Leigh Hunt.

#### 192. TO MARY.

IT is not alone while we live in the light
Of friendship's kindling glance,
That its beams so true, and so tenderly bright,
Our purest joys can enhance:
But that ray shines on through a night of tears,
And its light is round us in after years.

Nor is it while yet on the listening ear
The accents of friendship steal,
That we know the extent of the joy so dear,
Which its touching tones reveal:
'Tis in after moments of sorrow and pain
Their echo surpasses in music's strain.

Though years have roll'd by, dear Mary! since we Have look'd on each other's face,
Yet thy memory is fondly cherish'd by me,
For my heart is its dwelling-place;
And if on this earth we should meet no more,
It must linger there still until life is o'er.

The traveller who journeys the live-long day,
Through some enchanting vale,
Should he, when the mists of evening are gray,
Some neighbouring mountain scale,
Oh! will he not stop, and look back to review
The delightful retreats he has wander'd through?

So I, who have toil'd up life's steep hill, Some steps since we parted last, Often pensively pause, and look eagerly still On the few bright spots I have pass'd; And some of the brightest, dear Mary, to me, Were the lovely ones I enjoyed with thec.

I know not how soon dark hours may shade
The valley of years gone by,
Or how quickly its happiest haunts may fade
In the mists of an evening sky;
But till quench'd in the lustre of life's setting sun,
I shal! look back at times as now I have done.

Bernard Barton.

#### 193. LOVE.

THERE is a flower that never changeth hue;
In vain the angry winds its leaves assail,
Triumphant over time, in every vale
It lifts its hopeful head, glistening with dew.
The maiden rears it in her own sweet looks,
The youth conjures it in the summer shade,
Pictures its image as by murmuring brooks
He flies from scenes that his chaste dreams invade.

The very fields its presence own in spring;
The hills re-echo with a song of gladness;
The heavens themselves their store of tribute bring,
And in this flower all things renounce their sadness.
O Love! where is the heart that knows not thee?
Thou only bloomest everlastingly.

Edward Moxon.

#### 194. CANZONET.

MAIDEN! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast;
Why should horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

Maiden! once gay pleasure knew thee,
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep;
Love has been a felon to thee,
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep.
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

Henry Kirke White.

# 195. TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what truth might well have said:
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lonely laid?

By many a shore and many a sea Divided, yet beloved in vain; The past, the future fled to thee, To bid us meet-no-ne'er again. Could this have been: a word, a look, That softly said, 'We part in peace,' Had taught my bosom how to brook, With fainter sighs thy soul's release. And, didst thou not, since Death for thee Prepared a light and pangless dart, Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see. Who held and holds thee in his heart? Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here? Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye In that dread hour ere death appear, When silent sorrow fears to sigh. Till all was past! But when no more Twas thine to reck of human woe, Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er, Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow. Shall they not flow, when many a day In these, to me, deserted towers, Ere call'd but for a time away, Affection's mingling tears were ours? Ours too the glance none saw beside; The smile none else might understand; The whisper'd thought of hearts allied, The pressure of the thrilling hand.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;
The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.

If rest alone be in the tomb,

I would not wish thee here again;
But if in worlds more blest than this

Thy virtues seek a fitting sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,

To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me—too early taught by thee!

To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;

It fain would form my hope in heaven!

Byron.

### 196. TO MARY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's bless'd—and 'twill impart Some pangs to view his happier lot: But let them pass—Oh! how my heart Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs, Its father in its face to see; But then it had its mother's eyes, And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Vet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face, Yet meet with no confusion there; One only feeling couldst thou trace: The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream Remembrance never must awake: Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream? My foolish heart, be still, or break.

Byron.

## 197. THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WITH laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry!
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chanting glad nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy, like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love.
Now years have given my Mary's face

Now years have given my Mary's face A thoughtful and a quiet grace; Though happy still—yet chance distress Hath left a pensive loneliness. Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams, And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams; Thy smiles, slow kindling now and mild, Shower blessings on a darling child; Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread, As if round thy hush'd infant's bed; And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone That tells thy heart is all my own, Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years, With the wife's love, the mother's fears! Bý thy glad youth, and tranquil prime / Assured, I smile at hoary time! For thou art doom'd in age to know The calm that wisdom steals from woe; The holy pride of high intent, The glory of a life well spent, When earth's affections nearly o'er, With peace behind, and faith before, Thou renderest up again to God, Untarnish'd by its frail abode, Thy lustrous soul: then harp and hymn, From bands of sister seraphim, Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye Open in immortality!

John Wilson.

## 198. LOVE'S ARTIFICE.

I SAID it was a wilful, wayward thing,
And so it is, fantastic and perverse,
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out,
Where least you dream 'twould seek the nectarous store:
And 'tis an arrant masker, this same love,
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears

To hide his own! Looks a proud Spaniard now; Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next; And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then Gay Frenchman; by and by Italian, at All things a song; and in another skip, Gruff Dutchman; still is love behind the mask! It is a hypocrite! looks every way But that where lies its thoughts. 'Twill openly Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on: Shows most like hate e'en when it most is love. Would fain convince you it is very rock, When it is water; ice when it is fire, Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat, Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is; Holds up its head, purses its brows and looks Askant with scornful lip, hugging itself, That it is high disdain-till suddenly It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs, Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses That it is love, true love,—nothing but love!

James Sheridan Knowles.

#### 199. ARTIFICE DISOWNED BY LOVE.

I CANNOT think love thrives by artifice, Or can disguise its mood, and show its face. I would not hide one portion of my heart Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right, Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was, Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except Myself would I be loved. What were 't to me My lover valued me the more, the more He saw me comely in another's eyes. When his alone the vision I would show Becoming to? I have sought the reason oft,

They paint love as a child, and still have thought It was because, true love, like infancy, Frank, trusting, unobservant of its mood, Doth show its wish at once, and means no more!

\*\*James Sheridan Knowles.\*\*

## 200. LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle,
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven, And the waves clasp one another; No sister flower would be forgiven If it disdain'd its brother; And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea; What are all these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

201. OH, MY LOVE HAS AN EYE OF THE SOFTEST BLUE.

H, my love has an eye of the softest blue, Yet it was not that that won me; But a little bright drop from her soul was there, Tis that that has undone me. I might have pass'd that lovely cheek, Nor perchance my heart have left me; But the sensitive blush that came trembling there, Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip, Yet how from that thought to sever? But there was a smile from the sunshine within, And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
The elegant form that haunts me;
'Tis the gracefully elegant mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted;
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth
Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her;
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm, warm heart, I adore her.

Charles Wolfe.

# 202. IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULD'ST HAVE DIED.

IF I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side
That thou could'st mortal be!
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er—
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene;
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse 1 have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou ait,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.
Charles Wolfe

#### 203. LOVE.

THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all We can desire, O Love! and happy souls, Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall, Catch thee and feed from thine o'erflowing bowls. Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew. Thou art the radiance which when ocean rolls Investeth it; and when the heavens are blue Thou fillest them; and when the earth is fair The shadows of thy moving wings imbue Its deserts and its mountains; all they wear.

Beauty like some bright robe thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men, and as soft air
In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men; and age implorest
That which from thee they should implore; the weak
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
The strong have broken; yet where shall any seek
A garment, whom thou clothest not.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

### 204. TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

S HALL we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
Where the moon is rising bright?
Oh, I'll whisper then
In the cool night air,
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh;
And the beauty more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen.

Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
How they toss and roar and leap?

Those boiling waves,
And the storm that raves
At night o'er their foaming crest,
Resemble the strife
That from earliest life
The passions have waged in my breast.

Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove,
When the moon's shining bright,
And I'll whisper there
In the cold night air.
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

## 205. LOVE AN EVIL

WHY, I could give you fact and argument, Brought from all earth, all life, all history, O'erwhelm you with sad tales, convictions strong, Till you could hate it, tell of gentle lives, Light as the lark's upon the morning cloud, Struck down at once by the keen shaft of love; Of maiden beauty, wasting all away Like a departing vision into air, Finding no occupation for her eyes But to bedew her couch with midnight tears, Till death upon its bosom pillow'd her; Of noble natures sour'd; rich minds obscur'd; High hopes turn'd blank, nay, of the kingly crown, Mouldering amid the embers of the throne; And all by love! We paint him as a child, When he should sit a giant on his clouds, The great disturbing spirit of the world. George Croly.

## 206. SOVEREIGNTY OF LOVE.

SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief! O balm! All records, saving thine, come cool and calm, And shadowy through the mist of passed years; For others, good or bad, hatred and tears Have become indolent, but touching thine, One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine, One kiss brings honeydew from buried days. The woes of Troy lowers smothering o'er their blaze, Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades, Struggling, and blood, and shricks all dimly fades Into some backward corner of the brain; Yet in our very souls, we feel amain The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet. Hence pageant history! hence gilded cheat! Swart planet in the universe of deeds; Wide sea that one continuous murmur breeds Along the pebbled shore of memory; Many old rotten timber'd boats there be Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride And golden-keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry. But wherefore this? What care though owl did fly About the great Athenian admiral's mast? What care though striding Alexander past The Indus with his Macedonian numbers? Though old Ulysses tortur'd from his slumbers The glutted Cyclops, what care? Juliet leaning Amid her window flowers, sighing, weaning Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow Doth more avail than these; the silver flow Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen, Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den, Are things to brood on with more ardency Than the death-day of empires.

John Keats.

## 207. SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet;
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart,
Where sorrow is unknown;
I saw her but a moment—
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her, leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again.
I saw her but a moment—
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
The once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted,
Yet methinks I see her now—
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

#### 208. LOVE.

Lives not within the humour of the eye;
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer—and so be
Amongst the perishable things that die.
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay,
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time,
Its boughs own no December, and no May,
But bears its blossom into winter's clime.

Thomas Hond.

## 209. FAIR INES.

OH! saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
— If it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you lov'd so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

Thomas Hood.

# 210. THE DEAREST.

OH! that from far-away mountains
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains,
Rising from jewell'd caves,
1 could call a fairy bird,
Who, whene'er thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest!

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white,
And should bring from the sun's dominions
Eyes that would give thee light.
Thou shouldst see that he was born
In a land of gold, and sworn
To be thy servant, dearest!

Oft should he drop on thy tresses
A pearl, or diamond stone,
And would yield to thy light caresses
Blossoms in Eden grown;
Round thy path his wings would shower,
Now a gem, and now a flower,
And dewy odours, dearest!

He should fetch from his eastern island The songs that the Peris sing, And when evening is clear and silent, Spells to thy ear would bring; And with his mysterious strain Would entrance thy weary brain, Love's own music, dearest!

No Phœnix, alas! will hover,
Sent from the morning star,
And thou must take of thy lover
A gift not brought so far.
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
Ah! receive, and treasure long,
A heart that loves thee, dearest! John Sterling.

It looketh to the stars, and dreams of he It nestles 'mid the flowers, and sweetens Love is aspiring, yet is humble, too,—With sweet heart-homage which del ht That which it worships; yet is fain to wi The idol to its lone, and lowly home Of deep affection. 'Tis an utter wreck When such hopes perish. From that me Has in its depths a well of bitterness, For which there is no healing.

# 212. WEAKNESS ENDS WITH

I SAY not regret me;
You will not regret;
You will try to forget me,
You cannot forget;
We shall hear from each other,
Ah, misery to hear
Those names from another
Which once were so dear!

But deep words shall sting thee,
That breathe of the past;
And many things bring thee
Thoughts fated to last;
The fond hopes that control

Of the chain that once bound me
The memory is mine;
But my words are around thee,
Their power is in thine:
No hope, no repentance,
My weakness is o'er,
It died with the sentence,—
I love thee no more!

L. E. L.

## 213. THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

THOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are, When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy. Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?

Tell me, beloved eyes!

Was it from you lone orb, that ever by
The quiet moon, like Hope on Patience, hovers;
The star to which hath sped so many a sigh,
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to lovers?
Was that your fount, sweet eye?

Ye sibyl books, in which the truths foretold
Inspire the heart, your dreaming priest, with gladness;
Bright alchemists, that turn to thoughts of gold
The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness,
Teach only me, sweet eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how at length to gain
The cell where love, the sleeper, yet lies hidden,
Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain,
Be every answer, save your own, forbidden—
Feelings are words for eyes!

Lord Lytton.

Others fade in their noon,
And few linger till eve:
Oh! there breaks not a heart
Bu leaves some one to grieve;
And the fondest, the purest,
The truest that met,
Have still found the need
To forgive and forget!
Then ah! though the hopes
That we nourish'd decay,
Let us love one another
As long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy, Though all be decay'd, That it seem'd to clasp fondly In sunlight and shade; As leaves droop in sadness, Still gaily they thread, Undimm'd midst the blighted, The lonely, the dead. But the mistletoe clings To the oak, not in part, But with leaves closely round it-The root in its heart Exists but to twine it,-Imbibe the same dew, Or to fall with its loved oak, And perish there too.

Though the false wing of pleasure May change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth
Into particles break,
There are some sweet affections
That wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer
When sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet,
Though all else pass away;
Thus let's love one another
As long as we stay.

Charles Swain.

## 215. LOVED ONCE.

I CLASS'D and counted once Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day. The jarring yea and nay, The fall of kisses upon senseless clay.

The sobb'd farewell, the greeting mournfuller,—
But all those accents were
Less bitter with the leaves of earth's despair
Than I though these,—' Loved once.'

And who saith 'I loved once?'
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee;
Love through eternity—
Who by 'to love,' do apprehend 'to be.'

Not God called love his noble crown-name, casting A light too broad for blasting!

The great God, changing not for everlasting,
Saith never, 'I loved once.'

Nor ever 'I loved once'
Wilt thou say, O meek Christ, O victim-friend!
The nail and curse may rend,
But having loved, Thou lovest to the end.

This is man's saying! impotent to move
One spheric star above.

Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love,
With his 'no more, and 'once.'

How say ye, 'We loved once,'
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow.
Mourners without that snow?
Ah, sweetest friend and would ye wrong me so?

And would ye say of me whose heart is known,
Whose prayers have met your own:
Whose tears have fallen for you; whose smiles have shown
Your words—'We loved her once?'

Could ye 'We loved her once'
Say cold of me, when dwelling out of sight?
When happier friends aright
(Not truer) stand between me and your light?

When like a flower kept too long in the shade, Ye find my colours fade, And all that is not love in me decay'd, Say ye, 'We loved her once?'

Will ye 'Who loved her once'
Say after, when the bearers leave the door,
When having murmur'd o'er
My last 'Oh say it not,' I speak no more?

Not so—not then—least THEN! when life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given,—
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say not, 'We loved them once.'

Say never, 'We loved once:'
God is too near above, the grave below:
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls for saying so.

The mysteries of life and death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no charge to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that word of 'once'
Is humanly acceptive—kings have said,
Shaking a discrown'd head,
'We ruled once;' idiot tongues, 'We once bested.'

Cripples once danced i' the vines, and warriors proved,
To nurse's rocking moved:
But Love strikes one hour—Love! Those never loved
Who dream that they loved once.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

# 216. THE JE NE SÇAIS QUOI.

A SONG.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now, And Celia has undone me! And yet I'll swear I can't tell how The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her hair, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common
And all her sense is only that,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm: 'Twas both, perhaps, or neither; In short, 'twas that provoking charm Of Celia altogether.

W. Whitchead.

## 217. SONNET.

#12 V

THERE'S not a fibre in my trembling frame
That does not vibrate when thy step draws near;
There's not a pulse that throbs not when I hear
Thy voice, thy breathing, nay thy very name.
When thou art with me every sense seems dull,
And all I am, or know, or feel is thee.
My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,
And my bewilder'd spirit seems to swim
In eddying whirls of passion dizzily.
When thou art gone there creeps into my heart
A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:
The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,
And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again.
Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone;
And suddenly I wake—and am alone.

Frances Kemble Butler.

#### 218. TO A LADY,

WHO SENT COMPLIMENTS TO A CLERGYMAN UPON THE TEN OF HEARTS.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear: Old English services are more sincere; Instead Ten Hearts, the tythe is only mine: Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

### 219. STANZAS.

BECAUSE from all that round thee move, Planets of beauty, strength, and grace, I am elected to thy love, And have my name in thy embrace, I wonder all men do not see The crown that thou hast set on me.

Because, when prostrate at thy feet,
Thou didst emparadise my pain,—
Because thy heart in mine has beat,
Thy head within my hands has lain,
I am transfigured by that sign,
Into a being like to thine.

The mirror from its glossy plain Receiving, still returns the light, And being generous of its gain, Augments the very solar might: What unreflected light would be, Is just thy spirit without me.

Thou art the flame whose rising spire
In the dark air sublimely sways,
And I the tempest that swift fire
Gathers at first, and then obeys:
All that was thine ere we were met
Have I by right inherited.

Is life a stream? Then from thy hair One rosebud in the current fell, And straight it turn'd to crystal there, As adamant immovable: Its steadfast place shall know no more The sense of after and before.

Is life a plant? The king of years
Is mine, nor ill nor good can bring;
Mine grows no more, no more it fears
Even the brushing of his wing,
With sheathed scythe I see him go,
I have no flowers that he can mow.

Lord Houghton.

## 220. ON A FAN

LAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ.
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Diverts its wanton motion so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow:
Gives coolness to the matchless dame:
To every other breast a flame.

Bishop Atterbury.

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#### 221. A ROUND OF DAYS.

I SANG to my heart in the sunshine of May,
And the garrulous bird on the sycamore spray
Sang to his mate in the nest;
'Sweetheart, the daffodil blooms on the lea,
The blossoms are thick upon bramble and tree;
And all through the long, merry year we will be
Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'

I sang to my heart in the burning July,
And the golden-haired sun in a sapphire sky
Uplifted his fiery crest;
And the thousand-tongued land was melodious with song—
'Oh, the world shall be merry, the days shall be long,
And love in the sunshine is valiant and strong—
Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'

I sang to my heart in the wane of the year,
And the glare of the sunset hung lurid and drear
Far down in the sorrowful west;
The nest was forsaken, the sparrow had fled,
The music was hushed and the blossoms were dead;
But a voice through the silence and solitude said—
'Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'

And still sings that voice in the wind and the snow,
The is light after darkness, and joy after woe,
And the love that is tried is the best;
I care not though tempest be black in the sky,
Though the bird may be fickle, and blossoms may die,
What matter? My darling shall find me for aye
Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'

## 222. A LOVE SONG.

DEAR Kate, I do not swear and rave,
Or sigh sweet things as many can;
But tho' my lip ne'er plays the slave,
My heart will not disgrace the man.
I prize thee, ay, my bonnie Kate,
So firmly fond this breast can be,
That I would brook the sternest fate
If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow:
For human lot, and mortal strife
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.
But when the clouds of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine,
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance
The murmurs of dissent may rise;
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light our eyes.
But we must learn to check the frown,
To reason rather than to blame:
The wisest have their faults to own,
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate, For such an honest strain as this: I love thee dearly, but I hate The puling rhymes of 'kiss' and 'bliss.' There's truth in all I've said or sung; I woo thee as a man should woo; And though I lack a honey'd tongue, Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

Eliza Cook.

## 223. VOLTAIRE TO THE PRINCESS AMELIA OF PRUSSIA.

COME truth we may descry S Even in the greatest lie. To-night I dreamt I sat Enthron'd in regal state; To love you then I dar'd, Nay more, that love declar'd, And when I woke, one half I still retain'd, My kingdom vanish'd, but my love remain'd.

#### 224. THE TRIUMPH OF INDIFFERENCE.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

'HANKS, dear coquet! indulgent cheat! Kind heaven, and your more kind deceit, At length have set me free; No more I sigh and doat and pine, All care without and calm within, In peace and liberty.

Cupid no more has power to scorch,
Time sure has robb'd him of his torch,
Ne'er was a cooler creature;
That name no more has such eclat,
No more my heart goes pit-a-pat,
At sight of each dear feature.

I sleep at night and sometimes dream,
Nor you the fond vexatious theme;
I wake nor think about you;
I meet, I leave you, meet again,
But feel no mighty joy or pain,
Or with you, or without you.

Leave then those little torturing arts.
You practice on complying hearts,
They're all vain in, believe me;
Whether those eyes look kind or weep,
The pouting or the smiling lip,
Will neither please nor grieve me.

From those despotic looks no more (Once tyrants of each fickle hour)

I date my grief and joy,
May, though you frown, looks sweetly clad,
And dull December's mighty sad,
Though you stand smiling by.

Yet still (for I am quite sincere)
You're mighty pretty,—true, my dear;
But, like your pretty sex,
Youv'e here and there, and now and then
A failing; for, like other men,
1 now can spy defects.

Yet once with coward fondness curs'd,
My poor weak heart I fear'd would burst
At thought of separation:
But now despise my feeble chain,
And bless the salutary pain
That cur'd me of my passion.

Impatient of his iron cage,
The bird thus spends his little rage,
And 'scapes with shatter'd wings,
But soon with new-fledg'd pinions soars,
And hast'ning to his native bowers,
A joyful welcome sings.

Fond female vanity will say,
These long harangues, they sure betray
A heart that's hankering still:
This passion so proclaim'd in song,
This tale so pleasing to the tongue,
Does it not touch the will?

Lovers, like soldiers, Fanny, dwell
With pleasure on the horrid tale,
When all the danger's o'er:
Like other slaves from fetters free,
We smile with anxious joy to see
The chains which once we wore.

In kind indulgence to a heart Engag'd in so serene a part, This sweet revenge I write; Rail, weep, be woman all, for I Lull'd in indifference, defy Your fondness or your spite.

A frail, false maid I lost; but you A man, kind, generous, and true; Which fortune is the worse? Try all love's mighty empire round, A faithful lover's seldom found; A jilt's a common curse.

## 225 ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

DOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER MANNER OF EXPRESSION.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream Adown the smiling valley stray; Would art attempt, or fancy dream, To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair, In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow, Not all thy art, nor all thy care Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey, again, that verdant hill
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Construct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,

To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose.

And oh! may Laura, ere she try,

With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the woodlark's tuneful throat, Can every study'd grace excel; Let art constrain the rambling note, And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease.

By no pedantic rules confin'd:

For Laura's voice is form'd to please,

So Laura's words be not unkind.

### 226. THE POET TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

JONDER not, faithless woman, if you see Yourself so chang'd, so great a change in me; With shame I own it, I was once your slave, Ador'd myself the beauties which I gave, For know, deceiv'd, deceitful, that 'twas I Gave thy form grace, and lustre to thine eye; Thy tongue, thy fingers, I their magic taught, And spread the net in which myself was caught. So pagan priests first form and dress the wood, Then prostrate fall before the senseless god: But now, curst woman, thy last sentence hear;-I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it disappear, I'll strip thee of thy borrow'd plumes, undress, And show thee in thy native ugliness. Those eyes have shone by me, by me that chin, The seat of wanton cupids long has been. Ye fires go out, ye wanton cupids, fly-Of every beam disarm her haggard eye,— 'Tis I recall ye; my known voice obey, And nought of beauty but the falsehood stay.

# 227. TO A LADY, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WRITTEN IN A VERY FINE HAND.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wondering eyes command
The beauteous work of Chloe's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see displayed
The exactest image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style through every line
That, like each letter exquisitely fine.
See, with what art the sable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain,

Thus o'er the meadows wrapp'd in silver snow, Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow; Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck The ivory plain of Chloe's lovely neck.

See, like some virgin whose unmeaning charms Receive new lustre from fond love's alarms, The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast, By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd, At every touch more animated grows, And with new life and new ideas glows; Fresh beauties from the kind impressions gain, And shines each moment brighter from its stain.

Let mighty love no longer boast his darts, That strike unerring aim'd at mortal hearts: Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do, Wound full as sure, and at a distance too. Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands, From pole to pole you send your great commands. To distant climes in vain the lover flies, Your pen o'ertakes him if he 'scapes your eyes; So those who from the sword in battle run But perish victims to the distant gun. Beauty's a short-lived blaze, a fading flow'r, But these are charms no ages can devour; These, far superior to the brightest face, Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space. When that fair form, which thousands now adore, By years decayed, shall tyrannise no more, These lovely lines shall future ages view, And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you. How oft do I admire with fond delight The curious piece, and wish like you to write? Alas, vain hope! that might as well aspire To copy Paulo's strokes, or Titian's fire; Even now your splendid lines before me lie, And I in vain to imitate them try; Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art, To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

# 228. AN ELEGY WRITTEN ON VALENTINE MORNING.

HARK, through the sacred silence of the night, Loud Chanticleer doth sound his clarion shrill, Hailing with song the first pale gleam of light That floats the dark brow of you eastern hill.

Bright star of the morn, oh! leave not yet the wave
To deck the dewy frontlet of the day,
Nor thou, Aurora, quit Tithonus' cave,
Nor drive retiring darkness yet away.

Ere these my rustic hands a garland twine, Ere yet my tongue indite a simple song, For her I mean to hail my valentine, Sweet maiden, fairest of the virgin throng.

Sweet is the moon, and sweet the gentle breeze. That fans the fragrant bosom of the spring. Sweet chirps the lark, and sweeter far than these, The gentle love-song gurgling turtles sing.

Oh, let the flower be fragrant as the morn, And as the turtle's song my ditty sweet, Those flowers my woven chaplet must adorn, That ditty must my waking charmer greet.

And thou, blest saint, whom choral creatures join,
In one enlivening symphony to hail,
Oh! be propitious, gentle valentine,
And let each holy, tender sigh prevail.

Oh! give me to approach my sleeping love,
And strew her pillow with the freshest flowers:
No sigh unhallow'd shall my bosom move,
Nor step profane pollute my true love's bowers.

At sacred distance only will I gaze,

Nor bid my unreproved eye refrain;

Meanwhile my tongue shall chaunt her beauty's praise,

And hail her sleeping with the gentlest strain.

Awake, my fair, awake! for it is time;
Hark! thousand songsters rise from yonder grove,
And rising carol this sweet hour of prime,
Each to his mate a roundelay of love.

All nature sings the hymencal song,
All nature follows where the spring invites;
Come forth, my love! to us these joys belong,
Ours is the spring, and all her young delights.

For us she throws profusely forth her flowers, Which in fresh chaplets joyful I will twine, Come forth, my fair! oh do not lose these hours, But wake, and be my faithful valentine.

Full many an hour, all lonely have I sigh'd, Nor dared the secret of my love reveal, Full many a fond expedient have I tried, My warmest wish in silence to conceal.

And oft to far retired solitude,
All mournfully my slow step have I bent,
Luxurious there indulg'd my musing mood,
And there alone have given my sorrows vent.

This day resolv'd I dare to plight my vow,
This day, long since the feast of love decreed,
Embolden'd will I speak my flame, nor thou,
Refuse to hear how sore my heart does bleed.

Yet if I should behold my love awake,
Ah! frail resolves, ah whither will ye fly?
Full well I know I shall not silence break,
But struck with awe almost for fear shall die.

Oh no. I will not trust a faltering speech,
In broken phrase an awkward tale to tell:
A tale whose tenderness no love can reach,
Nor softest melody can utter well.

But my meek eye, best herald to my heart,
I will compose to soft and downcast look,
And at one humble glance it shall impart
My love, nor fear the language he mistook.

For she shall read (apt scholar at this love)
With what fond passion my true bosom glows,
How hopeless of return I still adore,
Nor dare the boldness of my wish disclose

Should she then smile, yet ah! she smiles on all,

Her gentle temper pities all distress;
On every hill, each vale, the sunbeams fall,

Each herb and flower, each tree and shrub, they bless.

Alike all nature grateful owns the boon,
The universal ray to all is free;
Like fond Endymion, should I hope the moon,
Because among the rest she shines on me.

Hope, vain presumer! keep, oh keep away:
Ev'n if my woe her gentle bosom moves,
Pity some look of kindness may display,
But each soft glance is not a look of love.

Yet heavenly visitant, thou dost not quit

Those bowers where angels sweet division sing,
Nor deignest thou on mortal shrine to sit

Alone, for round thee ever on the wing.

Glad choirs of loves attend, and hovering wait

Thy mild command; of these thy blooming train,
Oh bid some sylph in morning dreams relate,

Ere yet my love awake, my secret pain.

# 229. TO A LADY GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA.

VENUS, most histories agree,
Sprung from the ferment of the sea;
Yet I confess I'm always loth
To think such beauty was but froth,
Or that the ocean, which more odd is,
Should from a bubble spawn a goddess.
Tho' hence, my Laura, learned fellows
Of such its wondrous power still tell us,
That every mother brings her daughter
To dip in this specific water,
Expecting from the briny wave
Charms which it once to Venus gave.

These charms, my Laura, strive to gain, And that you may not bathe in vain, I'll here, as well as I am able, Give you a moral to this fable.

Would you a goddess reign o'er all? From the wide flood its virtues call, Free from each stain thy bosom keep, Clear be it as this azure deep, Which no capricious passion knows, But only ebbs, and only flows; Tho' sometimes ruffled, calmed as soon, Still constant to its faithful moon, At whose approach with pride it swells, And to each shore its true love tells, Heedless of every change of weather That wafts a straw, or coxcomb feather, Which only on the surface play, And unobserv'd are wash'd away. Reflect that lodg'd within its breast The modest pearl delights to rest, While every gem to Neptune known, Is there with partial bounty sown. In years, thus ever may retrace Each sparkling charm, each blushing grace: 230

To these let judgment value give,
And in that seat of Beauty live!
This moral keep before your eyes;
Plunge—and a new-born Venus rise.

George Keate.

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## 230. TO A LADY.

PRESENTED WITH A RING, BEARING A HEART WITH THIS MOTTO—"STOP THIEF."

SOON as I saw those beauteous eyes,
You play'd a roguish part,
You first enthrall'd me by surprise,
Then robb'd me of my heart.
Since thus you now may boast of two,
Disputing is in vain;
Render to me your own in lieu,
Or give me mine again.
If not, then you're by all confest
The masterpiece of nature,
I'll paint you to the world at best
A double-hearted creature.

## 231. LOVE ELEGY.

AREWELL that liberty our fathers gave:
In vain they gave, their sons received in vain:
I saw Neæra, and her instant slave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart, Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame, No healing joy relieves his constant smart, No smile of love rewards the loss of fame. Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more, On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone, Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar, And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adjeu, ye muses, or my passion aid:
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,

Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere:

I only sing, one cruel maid to gain;

Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in loveless innocence I'll pine, Since guilty presents win the greedy fair, I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine, But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I loved a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:
Nor worth, nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise, who first the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still, who seas and mountains crossed,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise, '
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight:
Their hearts secure in trifles, love despise:
"Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thought beneath a heavenly face?
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

## The Lovers'

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Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear.

Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,

Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,

The forward lover,—hence this angry song.

Hammond.

## 232. LOVE ELEGY.

WHEN young life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
I saw along the extended plain
Joy after joy, successive rise.

And Fame her golden trumpet blew, And Power display'd her gorgeous charms, And Wealth engag'd my wandering view, And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms.

To each by turns my vows I paid, As Folly led me to admire; While Fancy magnified each shade, And Hope increas'd each fond desire.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream; And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun, Where few can reach their purpos'd aim, And thousands daily are undone.

And Fame I found was empty air,
And Wealth had terror for her guest,
And Pleasure's path was strewn with care,
And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chase, I gave it o'er, And in a far sequester'd shade, To Contemplation's sober power My youth's next services I paid. There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene, And oft indulgent to my prayer, With mirthful eye and frolic mien The Muse would deign to visit there.

There would she oft delighted rove
The flower enamell'd vale along,
Or wander with me through the grove,
And listen to the woodlark's song;

Or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recall past ages from the tomb,
And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,
One wish alone my soul could frame,
And Heaven bestowed, to crown the rest,
A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy, and truth,
And worth, unconscious of a stain,
He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,
The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew;
No cares did then my peace destroy;
Time brought new blessings as he flew,
And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost, Soon did the sad reverse appear; Love came like an untimely frost, To blast the promise of my year.

3

I saw young Daphne's angel form, (Fool that I was, I bless'd the smart,) And while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm, The dear infection seiz'd my heart. She was, at least in Damon's eyes, Made up of loveliness and grace, Her heart a stranger to disguise, Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her speak, to see her move, (Unhappy I, alas! the while,) Her soul was joy, her look was love, And heaven was open'd in her smile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers, She listened to the tender strain, She heard my sighs, she saw my tears, And seem'd at length to share my pain.

She said she loved, and I, poor youth!
(How soon, alas, can Hope persuade!)
Thought all she said no more than truth,
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings, With her I sate the livelong day, And said and look'd such tender things As none beside could look or say.

How soon can fortune shift the scene, And all our earthly bliss destroy? Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast, My soul's chief blessing, and my pride, In one sad moment all were lost, And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.

O who, that heard her vows erewhile,
Could dream these vows were insincere?
Or who could think that saw her smile,
That fraud could find admittance there?

Yet she was false—my heart will break!

Her frauds, her perjuries were such;

Some other tongue than mine must speak,

I have not power to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
Oh shun her paths, the traitress shun!
Her voice is death, her smile is fate,
Who hears or sees her is undone.

And when Death's hand shall close mine eye,
(For soon I know the day will come,)

O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
And grave these lines upon my tomb!

#### THE EPITAPH.

Consign'd to dust, beneath this stone, In manhood's prime is Damon laid: Joyless he lived, and died unknown, In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the muse, but lov'd in vain— 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on; He saw young Daphne on the plain: He loved, believed, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm, (Sad meed of unexampled truth,)
And sorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid;
O greet his ashes with a tear!
May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,
And grant that peace he wanted here.

Michael Woodhull.

## 233. A BIRTHDAY OFFERING TO A YOUNG LADY.

FROM HER LOVER.

RE this short winter's day be gone,
My MARY-ANNE is twenty-one.
Of days still shorter just a Lent,
Patch'd up from different years, is spent,
Since her devoted fairly reckon'd
The close of year the thirty-second.
Bending beneath the weight of years,
Full as infirm as he appears,
What can a wornout lover do,
With twenty-one at thirty-two?
For such a phrenzy no defence is—
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceived by some fond notion, Embraced in rapture of devotion, (I quote such fancies to expose them) She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom: And chooses an antique—the rather With better grace to call him father!

Perhaps—but fiction be suppressed, While real joy expands my breast, My faithful flame her heart approves, And oh! transporting thought! she loves.

When souls by impulse sympathetic, By intuition most prophetic, By feelings which they cannot smother, Leap at first glance to meet each other, When each itself in th' other traces, What matter for their different cases? Of kin, perhaps in pre-existence, Without dull Reason's slow assistance, They recollect the happy union, And long to recommend communion. I must confess that such attraction For ease, convenience, satisfaction,

Were best, if on deliberation.

It met with Reason's approbation:

Not as of absolute dominion,

To rule by dint of dark opinion;

Not as a lord of sovereign sway,

Whom love must worship and obey;

But merely as the herd inferior

May judge the arts of powers superior;

As my poor intellect, or thine,

May scan authority divine—

In short, I'd have our simple love,

Not against reason, but above.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather, Hung in one room by chance together, To airs melodious tune their voices, While each the other's ear rejoices; If, without half a note erroneous, The song be perfectly harmonious, What matter for the former ages Of bills, of feathers, and of cages?

Dean Swift, whose talent lives no more, His Stella sung at forty-four, And breath'd an idle wish to split In twain her beauty, years, and wit. Of half her charms he made a proffer For youth; but Time disdain'd his offer. Far happier I, who well could spare Of each accomplishment a share, Yet leave an ampler store of charms, To bring Elysium to my arms; Am not reduced those charms to barter, And cry to heedless Time for quarter. Fly, sluggard, on thy swiftest wing, My charmer yields not All till spring! Then, firm in Constancy's reliance,

I bid thy cruel scythe defiance;
Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,
Thou canst but separate below;
Thy first can but for moments sever,
Thy second reunites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage By silent sap diverting age, By subtile secret slow approaches, As mildew in the blade encroaches, Thou hop'st, malignant fiend! to tame The ardour of love's fiercest flame; Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast, Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past; Can years, while sense remains, destroy The memory of transcendent joy? Can years bright innocence impair? Can years make virtue look less fair?

But beauty by thy influence curst,
May sicken—tyrant, do thy worst!
I know thy power, and am prepar'd
To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.
Though body, mind, thou canst control,
Own thy survivor in the soul;
Whose perfect bliss is not enjoyed,
Till thou art utterly destroyed.

Ee'n here, as health and beauty fail, White lilies o'er the rose prevail, Long ere thy menac'd ills can harm; Though every hour should steal a charm, Long ere, by twenty stars a day, The spangled heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,
As years their empire slowly gain,
While my ideas, in the race
Observe a due-proportion'd pace,
And limbs grow cold, and senses falter,
I shan't perceive her senses alter.
When age her dimpled cheek beguiles,
And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,
And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,
I'll think her handsome as their mother,
I'll think her handsome as their mother.
When steady to his barbarous plan
To spoil my lovely MARY ANNE,
The savage, unrelenting creature
Has robb'd her face of every feature,

And, to conception's merely common, My charmer seems a plain old woman, Still in my heart she'll hold her throne, Still in my eyes be twenty-one.

George Canning.

## 234. LOVE IN PLEASURE.

WHEN pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
And the gay hours on downy wings advance,
Oh! then, 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance
The raptur'd soul by intermingling glance
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,
Led by the hand of love, to weave the dance,
Or unmolested crop Life's fairy flowers,
Or bask in Joy's bright sun through calm unclouded hours.

Mrs. Tighe.

# 235. LOVE IN PAIN.

WHEN vex'd by cares and harass'd by distress,
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,
Let love, consoling love! still sweetly bless,
And his assuasive balm benignly shed:
This downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread,
Shali lull thy weeping sorrows to repose.
To love the tender heart hath ever fled,
As on its mother's breast the infant throws
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

Mrs. Tighe.

With joy I see th' approaching day Which gives me all that's dear.

What though no jewels grace my br (She owes no charms to them,) Yet virtue in her bosom dwells— There glows the brightest gem.

There white rob'd innocence appears
Fair Peace in smiles array'd,
And sweet Content in humble guise,
Adorn the lovely maid.

Oh! born to bless me with thy love, My dear, my joy, my life— Soon will those tender names unite In that dear name of wife.

Thee meek-eyed gentleness adorns, With modest virtue join'd, Thy decent form, and humble micn, Bespeak a spotless mind.

On these I build my hopes of peace, On these bright charms of thine: How shall I bless that happy hour That makes thee ever mine.

# 237. THE FORCE OF LOVE.

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still;
Roll it down, it never stops
Till within the vale it drops;
So are all things prone to love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream, Up ascends the lambent flame, Smoke and vapour mount the skies, All preserve their unities. Nought below and nought above, Scem averse, but prone to love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
O the orient rays of light,
Bid Dan Phoebus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline.
Tis as vain below, above,
To impede the course of love.

Salamanders live in fire, Eagles to the skies aspire, Diamonds in their quarries lie, Rivers do the sea supply. Thus appears, below, above, A propensity to love.

Metals grow within the mine, Luscious grapes upon the vine, Still the needle marks the pole, Parts are equal to the whole. 'Tis a truth as clear that love Quickens all below, above. Man is born to live and die, Snakes to creep and birds to fly, Fishes in the waters swim, Doves are mild, and lions grim. Nature thus, below, above, Pushes all things on to love.

Does the cedar love the mountain? Or the thirsty deer the fountain? Does the shepherd love his crook? Or the miller court the brook? Thus by nature all things move, Like a running stream, to love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
Does the miser doat on gold?
Seek the birds in spring to pair?
Breathes the rosebud scented air?
Should you this deny, you'll prove
Nature is averse to love.

When young maidens courtship shun, When the moon outshines the sun, When the tigers lambs beget, When the snow is black as jet, When the planets cease to move, Then shall nature cease to love.

Abraham Cowley.

# 238. THE CAUSE OF INCONSTANCY.

How have I heard the fair lament
Man's falsehood, and their wretched fate;
How few are with their spouse content,
Or constant to their sighing mate.

How seldom souls below are join'd,
For one another form'd above;
How seldom pairs of hearts we find,
By heaven ordain'd for mutual love.

Thus man's inconstant soul we blame, In want of knowledge or of thought, When all the while 'tis in the frame Of both their bodies lies the fault.

When Jove had made this little ball
For four-legg'd beasts, and creeping things,
At length he form'd, to govern all,
A two-legg'd creature without wings.

Millions of these he made at once, To save himself all farther trouble: And men and women, for the nonce, By pairs, like tallies, he made double.

Then from Olympus' dreadful top, Well shaken in a bag together, He toss'd them down, and let them drop Just as it pleas'd the wind or weather.

Some fell in Asia, some in Greece, In England some, and some in Spain; But seldom two of the same piece In the same climate met again.

Hence men who, grown to riper years, Remembering this their former making. Hunt up and down to find their peers, And women, too, in the same taking.

Some prove too short, and some too tall, This is too big, and that too little: A fault they're sure to find in all, Few ever tally to a tittle. By chance a pair may meet and love, And spend their lives in bliss together, But when they're tumbled from above It must be mighty temperate weather.

From hence the murmuring fair may see Men's hearts are not to blame a bit, Our souls would never disagree If all our bodies did but fit.

# 239. A WOMAN'S LOVE.

IT is a fearful thing To love as I love thee; to feel the world-The bright, the beautiful, the joy-giving world— A blank without thee. Never more to me Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now I have no hope that does not dream for thee; I have no joy that is not shar'd by thee; I have no fear that does not dread for thee; All that I once took pleasure in-my lute Is only sweet when it repeats thy name; My flowers, I only gather them for thee; The book drops listless down, I cannot read, Unless it is to thee; my lonely hours Are spent in shaping forth our future lives, After my own romantic fantasies. He is the star round which my thoughts revolve L. E. L. Like satellites.

#### 240. LOVERS.

THE rolling wheel that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizzling drops that often do rebound,
Firmest flint doth in continuance wear.

Yet cannot I, with many a drooping tear
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
And when I weep, she says tears are but water;
And when I sigh, she says I know the art;
And when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
While she as steel and flint doth still remain.

Spenser.

# 241. LOVERS' QUARRELS.

THEY never lov'd as thou and I,
Who minister'd the moral,
That aught which deepens love can lie,
In true love's lightest quarrel.
They never knew in times of fear
The safety of affection,
Nor sought when angry fate drew near
Love's altar for protection.
They never knew how kindness grows
A vigil and a care;
Nor watch'd beside the heart's repose
In silence and in prayer.

Lord Lytton.

# 242. THE SOUL'S SEARCH FOR LOVE.

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wondering half, when ripe to crown the whole.
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;—

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing,
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

Mrs. Brooks.

#### 243. LOVE.

H<sup>E</sup> stood beside a cottage lone, And listened to a lute, One summer eve, when the breeze was gone And the nightingale was mute. The moon was watching on the hill, The stream was staid, and the maples still, To hear a lover's suit, That-half a vow and half a prayer-Spoke less of hope than of despair: And rose into the calm, soft air, As sweet and low As he had heard—O, woe! O, woe! The flutes of angels, long ago! 'By every hope that earthward clings. By faith that mounts on angel-wings, By dreams that make night-shadows bright. And truths that turn our day to night, By childhood's smile and manhood's tear, By pleasure's day and sorrow's year,

By all the strains that fancy sings, And pangs that time so surely brings,— For joy or grief, for hope or fear, For all hereafter as for here, In peace or strife, in storm or shine, My soul is wedded unto thine!'

And for its soft and sole reply, A murmur, and a sweet, low sigh, But not a spoken word; And yet they made the waters start Into his eyes who heard, For they told of a most loving heart, In a voice like that of a bird;— Of a heart that loved, though it loved in vain, A grieving, and yet not a pain,-A love that took an early root, And had an early doom: Like trees that never grow to fruit, And early shed their bloom,-Of vanished hopes and happy smiles, All lost for evermore: Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,

# 244. KISSES.

But never came to shore!

#10

My blood is wild unrest;
With what a passion pants yon eager star
Upon the water's breast!
Clasp'd in the air's soft arms the world doth sleep:
Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands;
With what an hungry lip the ocean deep
Lappeth for ever the white-breasted sands;
What love is in the moon's eternal eyes,
Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight skies.

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow,
Filled with as tender light
As yon low moon doth fill the heavens now,
This mellow autumn night!
On the late flowers I linger at thy feet,
I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim;
I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim!
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
Full-juiced and mellow, leaneth to the taker's reach.

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave,
It floods my shoulders o'er;
Another yet! Oh, as a weary wave
Subsides upon the shore,
My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears,
My heart like moon-charmed waters, all unrest,
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
Doth faint upon thy breast!
I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet
With thy rich tears. One kiss, sweet, sweet. Another yet!

Alexander Smith.

#### 245. A PRUDENT CHOICE.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny, Whose beauty was the ready penny, I choose her, says he, like old plate, Not for the fashion, but the weight.

# 246. A LOVER'S FANCY.

SWEET Heaven! I do love a maiden, Radiant, rare, and beauty laden: When she's near me, heaven is round me, Her dear presence doth so bound me! I could wring my heart of gladness,
Might it free her lot of sadness;
Give the world and all that's in it
Just to press her hand a minute!
Yet she weeteth not love her;
Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O! to live and linger near her,
And in tearful moments cheer her!
I could be a bird to lighten
Her dear heart,—her sweet eyes brighten:
Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
Give my life up on her bosom!
For my love's withouten measure,
All its pangs are sweetest pleasure.
Yet she weeteth not I love her,
Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

Gerald Massey.

# 247. LOVE.

O LOVE! love! love!
Its glory smites our gloom,
And flower-like, flusht with life, the heart
Doth burgeon into bloom.
Sweet as the sunshine's golden kiss,
That crowns the world anew:
Sweet as in Roses' heart of bliss,
Soft, summer-dark, drops dew.

O love! love! love! May make the brave heart ache: Pulse out its lavish life, and leave It mournfully to break! But! O how exquisite it starts
The thoughts that bee-like cling,
To drain the honey from young hearts,
And leave a bleeding sting!

O love! love! love!

Its very pain endears;

And every wail and weeping brings

Some blessing on our tears!

Love makes our darkest days. Sweet dove

In golden suns go down,

And still we'll clothe our hearts with love,

And crown us with love's crown.

Gerald Massey.

#### 248. FEMALE FAITH.

SHE loved you when the sunny light Of bliss was on your brow; That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night, And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone Taught every heart to thrill; The sweetness of that tongue is gone, And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the blight of time hath swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart Of fortune's smile could boast; She saw that smile decay—depart— And then she loved you most. Oh, such the generous faith that glows In woman's gentle breast; 'Tis like the star that stays and glows Alone in night's dark vest.

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

L. E. L.

# 249. A LOVER DROPPING ASLEEP IN THE MIDST OF HAPPY THOUGHTS.

IS sweeter than all else below. The daylight and its duties done, To fold the arms for rest and so Relinquish all regards but one: To see her features in the dark: To lie and meditate once more Some grace he did not fully mark, Some tone he had not heard before: Then from beneath his head to take Her notes, her picture, and her glove, Put there for joy when he shall wake, And press them to the heart of love: And then to whisper 'wife,' and pray To live so long as not to miss That unimaginable day Which farther seems the nearer 'tis: And still from joy's unfathom'd well To drink in sleep, while on her brow Of innocence ineffable The laughing bridal roses blow. Coventry Patmore.

# 250. CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek, (but none know how)
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin,—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes:
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall alas! become of me?
John Lylye.

# 251. ON SILENCE IN LOVE.

SILENCE in love betrays more woe Than words, though ne'er so witty; A beggar that is dumb, you know, Deserves a double pity.

Sir Henry Wotton.

# 252. LOVE'S COMPLIMENTS.

HER stature like the tall straight cedar-trees,
Whose stately bulks do fame th' Arabian groves;
A pace like princely Juno, when she braved
The Queen of Love'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and courtesy;
A face like modest Pallas when she blush'd;

A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge. A lip, sweet ruby-red, graced with delight; A cheek wherein, for interchange of hue, A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose; Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights, When chilling frost doth chill the azure sky; Her hair, of golden hue, doth dim the beams That proud Apollo giveth from his coach; A foot like Thetis when she tripp'd the sands To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps; A piece, despite of beauty, framed To show what Nature's lineage could afford.

Robert Greene.

# 253. MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flash fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight Into life's jostle, He meets at the very gate Business and bustle; He thinks not of her within, Silently sighing, He forgets in that noisy din That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth;
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light sitteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth.

Mary Anne Browne.

# 254. WOMAN'S LOVE.

WHEN man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek,
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair, And holds his feeble hand, She watcheth ever there His wants to understand; His yet unspoken will She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him where the moon
Is bright o'er dale or hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden bowers
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darken'd room,
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth—
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still she must regret,—
She never can forget.

Mary Anne Browne.

255. EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie As much virtue as could die, Which, when alive, did vigour give To as much beauty as could live.

Ben Jonson.

# 256. THE CURE OF LOVE.

WHEN, Chloe, I confess my pain,
In gentle words you pity show;
But gentle words are all in vain:
Such gales my flame but higher blow.
Ah, Chloe! would you cure the smart,
Your conquering eyes have keenly made.
Yourself upon my bleeding heart,
Yourself, fair Chloe, must be laid.
Thus, for the viper's sting we know
No surer remedy is found,
Than to apply the torturing foe,
And squeeze his venom on the wound.

Dr. Kenrick.

# 257. SONG.

ARD is the fate of him who loves, Yet dares not tell his trembling pain, But to the sympathetic groves. But to the lonely, listening plain. when she blesses next your shade, Oh! when her footsteps next are seen, In flowery tracts along the mead, n fresher mazes o'er the green. The gentle spirits of the vale, To whom the tears of love are dear. From dying lilies waft a gale, And sigh my sorrow in her ear. Oh tell her what she cannot blame, Though fear my tongue must ever bind: Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame Is as her spotless soul refin'd. Not her own guardian angel eyes With chaster tenderness his care, Not purer her own wishes rise, Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

Thomson.

# 258. ANACREONTIC.

WAS in a cool Aonian glade, The wanton Cupid, spent with toil, Had sought refreshment from the shade. And stretch'd him on the mossy soil. A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found The subtle traitor fast asleep: And is it thine to snore profound, She said, yet leave the world to weep? But hush—from this auspicious hour. The world, I ween, may rest in peace, And robb'd of darts, and stripp'd of power, Thy pecvish petulance decrease. Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw, And this thy vile artillery hide-When the Castilian fount she saw, And plung'd his arrows in the tide. The magic fount-ill-judging maid! Shall cause you soon to curse the day You dar'd the shafts of love invade, And gave his arms redoubled sway. For in a stream so wondrous clear, When angry Cupid searches round, Will not the radiant points appear? Will not the furtive spoils be found? Too soon they were; and every dart Dipt in the muse's mystic spring, Acquir'd new force to wound the heart. And taught at once to love and sing.

Then fare ye well, ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to swell the lyre;
And echo asks no sweeter song.

Shenstone.

# 259. SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears
With its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At a distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart.
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

Parnell.

# 260. TO A LADY HALF-MASKING HERSELF, WHEN SHE SMILED.

SO, when the sun with his meridian light
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight,
We thank the officious cloud, by whose kind aid
We view his glory soften'd by a shade.

# 261. LOVE LIKE AN APRIL DAY.

THE lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow;
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?
Love is an April's doubtful day:
Awhile we see the tempest low'r,
Anon the radiant heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flowers that hang their languid heads,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.
The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note express
The joy I feel, when thou art kind.

Shenstone.

#### 262. THE CONDITION OF A LOVER.

ROM place to place forlorn I go,
With downcast eyes in silent shade;
Forbidden to declare my woe;
To speak, till spoken too, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief, My soft consenting looks betray. He loves, but gives me no relief; Why speaks he not who may?

Sir Richard Steele.

# 263. THE SELF-EXAMINATION BY A LADY.

HY throbs my heart when he appears? From whence this tender sigh? Why are my eyes dissolv'd in tears, When he's no longer nigh? Where are my wonted pleasures fled? Nor books, nor lyre can please;— That lies untouch'd, and these unread, All occupations teaze. One loved idea still employs All hopes, and all desires; Walks are insipid, music's noise And conversation tires. But when Philander speaks, 'tis then I all attention pay; And fondly wish the power to pen Whate'er he deigns to say. O with what skill I strive to hide The joy my bosom feels, When he, oft seated by my side, To me his thoughts reveals. Wit, sense, and genius, then conspire Each faculty to seize; And while I fondly thus admire, I lose the power to please. A pause ensues; his eyes still speak, As waiting a reply: My words in falt'ring accents break, Or on my lips they die. Oh, were Philander once to bear In all my wishes a part; And softly whisper in my ear The secrets of his heart, What pleasure thro' each sense would glide, What transport should I feel; Oh, say my heart, thus sweetly tried,

Couldst thou thy joys conceal?

# 264. SONG.

OME, gentle God of soft desire!
Come and possess my happy breast:
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's madness drest;
But come in friendship's angel guise:
Yet dearer thou than friendship art.
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart.
O come with goodness in thy train,
With peace and pleasure void of storm,
And would'st thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

Thomson.

# 265. THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY.

LINES TO MRS. LLOYD.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene.
From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride;
These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain
Of vice, coquet, affected, pert and vain;
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd.
Then call'd the happy composition Lloyd.

Swift.

# 266. A REQUEST.

I DID but look and love a while,
'Twas but for half an hour,
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.
To sigh and wish is all my ease:
Sighs which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
But cannot warm your heart;
Oh! would you pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

Thomas Otway.

# 267. A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN SPRING.

A SK not the cause why sullen Spring So long delays her flowers to bear; Why warbling birds forget to sing, And winter-storms invert the year: Chloris is gone, and Fate provides To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye,
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

Great God of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where hast thou plac'd such power before?
Thou should'st have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall:
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim of mankind.

J. Dryden.

#### 268. MY LOVE.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the downs of turtle dove,
Gentle as air, when Zephyr blows:
Refreshing as descending rains
To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon.
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philoinel in shady bowers
Of verdant spring her notes renews.
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary, as the season's rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies.
No change in love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time with stealing pace
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow:
Ev'n marble towers and walls of brass,
In his rude march he levels low;
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,

The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart

To mingle with the blest above,
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the soul,

Twin-born from heav'n together came:

Love will the universe control,

When dying seasons lose their name.

Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,

When time and death shall be no more.

S. Booth.

# 269. THE TRUE LOVER.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind, And plighted an eternal vow; So alter'd are thy face and mind, 'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Nugent.

# 270. CUPID'S PASTIME.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain, That went to seek his straying sheep, Within a thicket in a plain Espied a dainty nymph asleep. Her golden hair o'erspread her face. Her careless arms abroad were cast: Her quiver had her pillow's place, Her heart lay bare to every blast. The shepherd stayed and gaz'd his fill: Nought durst he do, nought durst he say; Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will, Did guide the god of love that way. The crafty boy thus sees her sleep Whom if she wak'd he durst not see; Behind her closely seeks to creep, Before her nap should ended be. There come he steals her shafts away. And puts his own into their place, Nor dares he any longer stay, But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace. Scarce was he gone but she awakes, And spies the shepherd standing by: Her bended bow in haste she takes And at the simple swain lets fly. Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart, That to the ground he fell with pain, Yet up again forthwith he starts And to the nymph he ran amain. Amazed to see so strange a sight, She shot a shot, but all in vain: The more his wounds the more his might, Love yielded strength amidst his pain. Her angry eyes were great with tears, She blames her hand, she blames her skill, The bluntness of her shafts she fears, And try them on herself she will. Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft, Each little touch will pierce thy heart: Alas! thou know'st not Cupid's craft,— Revenge is joy, the end is smart; Yet try she will, to pierce some bare; Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand Was that fair breast, that breast so rare

That made the shepherd senseless stand.

She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste to
Though mountains meet not, lovers me
What other lovers do, did they;
The god of love sate on a tree,
And laughed that pleasant sight to see.

Reliques of Ancient 1

# 271. A HUE AND CRY AFTER

# First Grace.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen this the Called love, a little boy, Almost naked, wanton, blind:
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' runaway.

# Second Grace.

She that will but now discover Where that winged wag doth hover, Shall to-night receive a kiss, How or where herself would wish; But who brings him to his mother, Shall have that kiss and another.

#### Third Grace.

He hath marks about him plenty, You shall know him among twenty

# First Grace.

At his sight the sun hath turned, Neptune in the waters burned; Hell hath felt a greater heat, Love himself forsook his seat. From the centre to the sky Are his trophies raised on high.

# Second Grace.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip, He will leap from lip to lip, Over liver, lights, and heart, But not stay in any part; And if chance his arrow misses, He will shoot himself in kisses.

# Third Grace.

He doth bear a golden bow, And a quiver hanging low, Full of arrows that out-brave Dion's shafts, where, if he have Any head more sharp than other, With that first he strikes his mother.

#### First Grace.

Still the fairest are his fuel;
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood.
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

#### Second Grace.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet, Seldom with his heart do meet, All his practice is deceit. Every gift it is a bait, Not a kiss but poison bears, And most treason in his tears.

# Third Grace.

Idle minutes are his reign, When the straggler makes his gain, By presenting maids with toys, And would have ye think them joys: 'Tis the ambition of the elf, To have all childish as himself.

#### First Grace.

If by these ye please to know him, Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

#### Second Grace.

Though ye had a will to hide him, Now, we hope, you'll not abide him.

#### Third Grace.

Since you hear his falser play, And that he's Venus' runaway.

Ben Jonson

# 272. TO THE LASSES.

I HAVE seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just,
That a wife makes a man either blessed or curst;
I declare I will marry as soon as I find,
Mark me well, ye young lasses, a maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miss, who advice will despise, Nor the girl that's so foolish as to think herself wise, Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind: Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude who in public will never be free, Yet in private for ever a toying will be, Nor coquette that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind: Not one of these three is the maid to my mind. Nor she who for pleasure her husband will slight, Nor the positive dame who thinks always she's right, Nor she who a dupe to the fashion's inclined: Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

But the fair, with good nature, and carriage genteel, Who her husband can love and no secrets reveal, In whose breast I may virtue with modesty find: This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

Thomson.

# 273. SONG.

'OME, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled By cruel beauty's pride, Bring each a garland on his head, Let none his sorrows hide; But hand in hand around me move, Singing the saddest tales of love; And see, when your complaints ye join, If all your wrongs can equal mine. The happiest mortal once was I. My heart no sorrows knew; Pity the pain with which I die, But ask not whence it grew. Yet if a tempting fair you find, That's very lovely, very kind, Tho' bright as heaven, whose stamp she bears, Think of my fate, and shun her snares. Thomas Otroay.

# 274. THE CHOICE.

A MAN that's neither high nor low In party, nor in stature; No noisy fool, nor fickle beau, That's used to cringe and flatter. And let him be no learned fool
That nods o'er musty books;
Who eats, and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs my words and looks.
Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd;
Always have something smart to say,
But silent, if requir'd.

# 275. TO A LADY,

WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

LOWERS to the fair: to you these flowers I bring, And strive to greet you with an earlier spring. Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you, Emblems of innocence and beauty too. With flowers the graces bind their yellow hair, And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear. Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew, In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew. To loftier forms are tougher tasks assigned, The shelt'ring oak resists the stormy wind, The tougher yew repels invading foes, And the tall pine for future navies grows: But this soft family, to cares unknown, Were born for pleasure and delight alone, Gay without toil, and lovely without art, They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart. Nor blush, my fair, to own your copy these: Your best, your sweetest empire, is to please.

Aikin.

# 276. ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thraldom cease,
If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace,
Since for the pleasures of an hour
We must endure an age of pain,
I'll be this bashful thing no more:
Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,
Now falsehood, a more cruel guest.
O! for the peace of human kind
Make women longer true, or sooner kind;
With justice or with mercy reign,
Or Love! or give me back my heart again.

Granville, Lord Lansdowne.

# 277. ON A YOUNG LADY'S REFUSAL TO SHOW HER HAND.

N O argument could Fanny move:
With strong reluctance still she strove
Her lovely hand to hide.
The case was plain; she was afraid,
That, plac'd in view, it might be said,
Twas by her hand they died.

# 278. A DIRGE.

Bow the head, thou lily fair, Bow the head in mournful guise: Sickly turn thy shining white, Bend thy stalk, and never rise! Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose, Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay! Spread them wide on the cold earth, Quickly let them fade away!

Fragrant woodbine, all untwine, All untwine from yonder bower,
Drag thy branches on the ground,
Stain with dust each tender flower!

For woe is me, the gentle knot That did in willing durance bind My Emma to her happy swain,— By cruel death is now untwined.

Her head with dim, half-closed eyes, Is bowed upon her breast of snow, And cold and faded are those cheeks That wont with cheerful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice, That wont to breathe the sounds of love, And lifeless are those beauteous limbs, That with such ease and grace did move.

And I of all this bliss bereft, Lonely and sad must ever moan, Dead to each joy the world can give, Alive to memory alone.

Aikin.

279. THE RECONCILEMENT.

A SONG.

COME, let us now resolve at last, To live and love in quiet: We'll tie the knot so very fast, That time shall ne'er untie it. The truest joys they seldom prove, Who free from quarrels live; 'Tis the most tender part of love Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took No pleasure nor no rest: And when I feign'd an angry look, Alas! I loved you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find,
How blest will be our fate.
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure, never is too late.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

#### 280. FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song, To whom my sweetest joys belong, And who the happy pairs Whose yielding heart and joining hands Find blessings twisted with their bands, To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If theirs be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To chill embraces move;
So too rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy.
On Etna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T' improve this burning joy.

Nor the dull pair, whose marble forms

None of the melting passions warms,

Can mingle hearts and hands.

Logs of greenwood, that quench the coals,

Are married just like stoic souls,

With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless.
As well may heavenly comforts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold To jarring souls of angry mould, The rugged and the keen. Samson's young foxes might as well In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell, With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind:
For love abhors the sight.
Loose the fiery tiger from the deer;
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves.
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

# 281. ON A LADY, STUNG BY A BEE.

To heal the wound the bee had made Upon my Delia's face; Its honey to the wound she laid, And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound Suck'd both the sweet and smart; The honey on my lips I found, The sting went through my heart.

# 282. ON A GENTLEMAN'S OMITTING TO SUBSCRIBE HIS NAME IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

TIS true, I did forget my name,
But many a man hath done the same
In circumstance like mine.
Alas! my crazy head's too prone
Not only to forget my own,
But ev'ry name, but thine.

Howe'er, the means are in your power
To make me bless it ev'ry hour:
(Dear charmer, then abet it!)
Do but unite your name with mine,
I then shall think it half divine,
And never more forget it.

# 283. LOVE'S DISPOSITION.

L OVE still has something of the sea.
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give his thoughts repose.

.. .....pcata 10au

One while they seem to touch the Then straight into the main Some angry wind, in cruel sport, The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear.
Which if they chance to 'scape
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come, And are so long withstood; So slowly they receive the sum, It hardly does them good.

Tis cruel to prolong pain, And to defer a joy; Believe me, gentle Celemene Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fear Perhaps would not remove,
And, if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

S

They freely can their thoughts explain,
But ours must burn within;
We have got tongues and eyes in vain,
And truth from us is sin.
Then equal laws let justice find,
Nor either sex oppress;
More freedom give to womankind,
And give to mankind less.

### 285. THE FRANK LOVER.

TOT, Chloe, that I'm not sincere, Or am less apt to rove, That I a heart so constant bear, So faithful in its love. Indeed my Chloe like the rest, From fair to fair I'd range, But that it's more my interest, Still to love on than change. All charms which others recommend In thee alone I find; Beauty and temper kindly blend The handsome and the kind. Then why should I inconstant prove? Why other nymphs pursue? When here I have all I could lose, Tis prudence to be true.

### 286. TO STELLA,

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-PURSE OF, HER OWN WEAVING.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite To make thy curious net delight; In vain the varied work would shine If wrought by any hand but thine. Thy hand, that knows the subtler art
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread not by me the loving coin,
Thy nets may catch but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Ah, Stella! was it thus decreed,
The heart, once caught, should ne'er be freed?

Johnson.

### 287. TO A FAIR ONE.

\* Po

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please, Forgive a wand'ring youth's desire; Those charms, those virtues, when he sees, How can he see, and not admire?

While each the other still improves, The fairest face, the fairest mind, Not with the proverb he that loves, But he that loves you not, is blind.

#### 288. TO ARDELIA.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1770.

WELCOME to the new-born year! Lo! it comes by hope attended; Future seasons too appear, And with future pleasures blended.

Mark, Ardelia, mark their brow,
With how sweet a smile they greet us!
O may ever time, as now,
With so kind an aspect meet us!

Doom'd with thee my course to bend, Every path of life's inviting; Thou my wife, companion, friend, All is sunshine, all delighting.

Unregarded seasons roll'd

Ere my choice had thee selected;

Now the happiness unfold,

Not a moment flies neglected.

Tis not fortune, 'tis not state,
'Tis not what the world so prizes,
In the mind can bliss create;
Far above such toys it rises.

'Tis the joy exalted hearts
Feel, while each to each a blessing,
And by all endearing arts
Ever still their love expressing.

Such the pleasure we partake, And if lengthen'd years be given, Virtue, join'd with peace, shall make Home a temporary heav'n.

Keate.

### 289. CANZONETTA.

So slept the sea within its silver bed,
To the scarce-breathing gale
The silken sail
With venturous hands I spread,
And saw the rocks, and pass'd, yet felt no fear:
All danger distant seem'd, which was, alas! too near.

l.ove, calm deceiver, seated by my side,

His secret fraud enjoy'd,

Too oft employ'd,

In sport my bark to guide.

We reach'd the port: the little pilot smil'd.

Can love deceive, I said, and kiss'd the laughing child.

He clapp'd his wings, and lightly thro' the air
Flew from my longing eyes;
The storms arise,
And back my vessel bear.
Secure what port can hapless lovers meet?
We blame the winds and seas, yet clasp the dear deceit.

Marriott.

### 290. SONG.

To the tune of the Spanish Song, 'Si tú, Señora, no dueles de mí.'

FAIR! O sweet! when I do look on thee, In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
This you hear is not my tongue,
Which once said what I conceived;
For it was of one bereaved
With a cruel answer stung.
No! though tongue to roof be cleaved,
Fearing lest he chastised be,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
Just accord all music makes,
In thee just accord exalteth,
Where each part in such peace dwelleth,
One of other beauty takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

3

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee, In whom all joys so well agree, Heart and soul do sing in me. They, that heaven have known, do say That who to that grace obtaineth,
To see what fair sight there reigneth,
Forced are to sing alway.
So then, since that heaven remaineth
In thy face, I plainly see,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee, In whom all joys so well agree, Heart and soul do sing in me.

Sweet! think not I am at ease
For because my chief part singeth;
This song from death's sorrow springeth,
As do swans in last disease;
For no dumbness us death bringeth.
Stay, to true love's melody,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

Sidney.

### 291. THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, Oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they then have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes, That I may know and see thy lies, And may laugh and joy, when thou Art in anguish, And dost languish For some one That wilt come, Or prove as false as thou dost now.

Donne.

## 292. THE EFFECT OF COQUETRY.

7HEN tortur'd by the cruel fair, And almost mad with wild despair, My fleeting spirits rose, One cordial glance restores her slave, Redeems me from the gaping grave, And soothes my soul to love.

Thus on a sea of doubt I'm tost, Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast; What wretch can long endure Such odd perplexing pangs as these, When neither mortal the disease Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant, since to save or kill, Depends on thy capricious will, This milder sentence give! Reverse my strange untoward fate! Oh! let me perish by thy hate, Somerville. Or by thy kindness live!

## 293. TO CHLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilst thou weepest, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee;
The cheerful birds no longer sing,
Each droops his head and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrow in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
They hear thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart, obdurate against love!
Strange tears, whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast, on which they fall.

Prior.

### 294. RIVALS.

OF all the torments, all the cares, With which our lives are curst, Of all the plagues the lover bears, Sure, rivals are the worst. By partners, in each other kind, Afflictions easier grow; In love alone we hate to find Companions of our woe.

Sylvia for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope,
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

Walsh.

## 295. TO MISS LUCY F----

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy;
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time by joy, succeeding joy.

But when the cares that interrupf our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count as I do now.

## 296. ODE, ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

----

OFROM thy kindred early torn, And to thy grave untimely born, Vanished for ever from my view, Thou sister of my soul, adicu!

Fair! with my first ideas twined, Thine image oft will meet my mind, And while remembrance brings you near, Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head, Before we dwell among the dead! Scarce in the years of manly prime, I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedim the eye! What deaths we suffer ere we die! Our broken friendships we deplore, And loves of youth that are no more. No after-friendship e'er can raise The endearments of our early days, And ne'er the heart such fondness prove As when it first began to love.

Logan.

## 297. THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

ONCE more, among those rich and golden strings, Wander with thy white arm, dear lady, pale!

And when at last from thy sweet discord springs

The aërial music,—Like the dreams that veil

Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,

O, let the passion and the time prevail!

O, bid thy spirit through the mazes run!

For music is like love, and must be won.

Barry Cornwall.

## 298. ONLY TELL HER THAT I LOVE.

ONLY tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate,
Some kind planet from above
May, perhaps, her pity move.
Lover's on their stars must wait.
Only tell her that I love.

Why, oh, why, should I despair?
Mercy's pictured in her eye;
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome hope, and welcome fear;
She's too good to let me die:
Why, oh, why should I despair?

Cutts.

299. CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

A S Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of love,
Some shape the bow or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care Thus Hymen with assuming air Addrest the God. Thou purblind chit Of awkward and ill-judging wit, If matches are no better made. At once I must forswear my trade; You send me such ill-coupled folks, That 'tis a shame, to sell them jokes. They squabble for a pin, a feather, And wonder how they came together. The husband's sullen, dogged, shy, The wife grows flippant in reply: He loves command, and due restriction, And she as well likes contradiction. He never slavishly submits, She'll have her will, or have her fits; He this way tugs, she t'other draws, The man grows jealous, and with cause; Nothing can save him but divorce, And here the wise complies of course.

3

When, says the boy, had I to do With either your affairs or you? I never idly spend my darts. You trade in mercenary hearts, For settlements the lawyer's feed: Is my hand witness to the deed? If they like cat and dog agree, Go, rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appeared, and said: 'Tis true In marriage, gold is all their view; They seek not beauty, wit, or sense, And love is seldom the pretence. All offer incense at my shrine, And I alone the bargain sign. How can Belinda blame her fate? She only ask'd a great estate. Doris was rich enough, 'tis true, Her lord must give her title too, And ev'ry man, or rich or poor, A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears, Must still be coupled with its cares.

Gay.

## 300. DELIA.

A PASTORAL

THE gentle swan with graceful pride Her glossy plumage laves, And sailing down the silver tide Divides the whispering waves.

The silver tide, that wand'ring flows, Sweet to the bird must be, But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows. As Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood On yonder fruit tree sung, And still the pendent nest she view'd, That held her callow young.

Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be,
But not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
Were natives of the dale,
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale.

My vital bloom would thus repose,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fall'n snow, So white the beauteous pair. The birds to Delia I'll bestow, They're like her bosom fair.

When in their chaste connubial love My secret wish she'll see, Such mutual bliss, as turtles prove, May Delia share with me.

Cunningham.

## 301. LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sank so low as to love one which did scorn;
But since this god produc'd a destiny,
And that vice-nature custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not so much,
Not he in his young godhead practis'd it:
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives; correspondency
Only his subject was: it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove;
To rage, to lust, to write, and to commend,
All is the purlewe of the god of love.
Oh! were we waken'd by this tyranny,
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
As tho' I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see;
Falsehood is more than hate, and that must be
If she, whom I love, should love me.

Ponne.

### 302. INWARD WORTH.

A ND when thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight
To fetch it from thee; and do therefore wait
Close at thy lips, and, snatching it from thence,
Bear it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
Fair goddess, since thy feature makes thee one,
Yet be not such for these respects alone,—
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true.

Carcus.

## 373. TO A LADY SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

So smooth and clear the fountain was, In which his face Narcissus shy'd, When, gazing in that liquid glass, He for himself despair'd and died: Nor, Chloris, can you safer see Your own perfection here than he. The lark before the mirror plays,
Which some deceitful swain has set:
Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays,
To die deluded in the net.
Love may such frauds for you prepare,
Yourself the captive and the snare.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
Those graces, op'ning in their bloom,
Think how disease and age pursue
Your riper glories to consume:
Then, sighing, you will wish your glass
Could show to Chloris what she was.

Let pride no more give nature law,
But free, like youth, your power enslaves:
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw
Reflected in the crystal waves,
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

No longer let your glass supply
Too just an emblem of your breast,
Where oft to my deluded eye
Love's image has appeared imprest,
But play'd so lightly in your mind,
It left no lasting print behind.
Fenton.

304. I DIE, DEAR LIFE.

I DIE, dear life! unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers,
Or there be silver-drops in Iris' showers,
Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven;
And if displeas'd ye of the match remain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

### 305. LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

N O warning of th' approaching flame, Swiftly, like sudden death, it came: Like travellers, by lightning kill'd, I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd, Is with a mind as nobly grac'd, The case, so shining to behold, Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before I add a thousand graces more, And fancy blows into a flame The spark that from the beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought. By my own image I am caught: Pygmalion so with fatal art Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

Granville, Lord Lansdowne.

### 306. SONG.

H IGH state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart!
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire:
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me wave!
Girt me in possessing
So matchless a blessing!
That empire is all I would have.

Love's my petition, All my ambition: If e'er you discover So faithful a lover, So real a flame, I'll die, I'll die. So give up my game.

Dryden.

### 307. O SACRED BLUSH.

SACRED blush, empurpling cheeks, pure skies
With crimson wings, which spread there like the morn:
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes;
O tongue in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were born;
And you, her words—words! no, but golden strains,
Which did enslave my cars, ensnare my soul;
Were image of her mind,—mind that contains
A power, all power of senses to control,
So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

### 308. YOU BID ME WRITE.

YOU bid me write: but how can I
Write if Pegasus won't fly?
You bid me write, my charming dove!
What can I write, if not of love?
My heart's all love, and all my care
Is how to please my charming fair.

I'll sing of war: what's war to me?
Or what, my fair! is war to thee?
I'll sing of plains where shepherds rove,
But then, alas! I'll sing of love.
My mind's all love, my care's repaid
If I but please my lovely maid.

Whene'er I wander thro' the shade,
Or hie across the sunny glade,
Whene'er I seek the pleasing grove,
My thoughts are all engaged by love;
Whate'er I say, whate'er I do,
My thoughts, dear maid, are love and you.

Green.

## 309. FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

IN vain I every art essay
To drive corroding cares away,
They still infest my mind:
Parted from you, whom I adore,
Each moment seems a heavy hour,
Thou best of womankind!

Full sixteen years are past and gone, Since we by Hymen were made one, In pleasing fetters join'd: The god of love has since that time Attended us from clime to clime Most faithfully and kind.

How desert every place to me,
Where I cannot my angel see,
Sweet comforter divine:
In infancy we both join'd hands,
The gods propitious bless'd the bands
With auspices benign.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The gentleman, when married, was seventeen; the lady fifteen.

The censuring crowd may think it odd
That I to you should write an ode,
My own long-wedded mate:
Though 'tis outre', I'll freely own,
Nay, must confess, 'tis not the ton,
No—nor the etiquette.

Yet will I this old track pursue:
I'll ever doat and write on you,
Thus daily growing fonder:
Till my last gasp your praise I'll chant,
Tho' all the world should laugh and tau
And modern husbands wonder.

# 310. THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

H E woos me with those honied words.
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear.
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade:
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing

And often in my eye he looks
Some answering love to see,—
In vain! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last;
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb
And, as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glow for him.

Mrs. Embury.

### 311. LOVELY THOU ART!

OVELY thou art! ay, lovely
n spirit and in form,
A sunbeam gleaming o'er life's tears,
A rainbow through the storm
A snowdrop 'mid earth's darker hues
Unwarm'd by flattery's breath
A harp tone flung from cherub hands,
Wringing out joy from death.

Lovely thou art! ay, lovely;
And sorrow, changed with thee.
As if magician changed, becomes
A pleasure unto me.

Life's sky, though clothed with tempest clouds,
Grows bright when thou art nigh;
And tears e'er turn to smiles beneath
Thine angel-gifted eye.

Julia H. Scott.

### 312. WEDDED LOVE.

OME, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let thy spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great:
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife—
For deemest thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?

The eagle-like ambition, nursed From childhood in her heart, had first Consumed, with its Promethean flame, The shrine—than sunk her soul to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers:
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won;
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove
In fond, undying, WEDDED LOVE.

Anna Peyre Dinnics.

# 313. WE'LL NEVER PART AGAIN.

A ND say'st thou so? And canst thou lift
That veil in mercy cast
Between thy destiny and thee,
The future and the past?

Say, is it passion's breathing vow? Or friendship's promise given? Or utterance of paternal love, The purest under heaven?

Oh! if thy other self be now Beside thee—if thy own
That one loved hand may clasp; thy ear
Drink in that one loved tone;

Enjoy the fleeting hour—forget

That earth has change or pain But dare not whisper in thy bliss,

'We'll never part again.'

B. W. Day

Love's roses droop ere morn hath fled; The violet smiles through tears; The tall tree scatters to the blast The brightest leaf it bears.

Each day, each hour, love's nearest ties
The hand of death may sever;
And they who live and love the best
Fate oft divides for ever.

The friend so closely link'd to thee, By faith so fondly plighted— The world's cold cautions intervene. And ye are disunited.

The most impassion'd love that warms
The purest, truest heart,
Or time, or grief, or wrong may change,
And break the links apart.

Thy children, o'er their opening minds Watch, watch with heart untired; The ceaseless vigil keep, by hope, By love, by heaven inspired.

Oh! beautiful the daily toil

To work that priceless mine!
But decmest thou its golden ore
Refined shall still be thine?

Dreamer! those laughing boys that round
Thy hearth unconscious play—
The still small voices in their hearts
Are whispering, 'Come away!'

Though warmly smile beam back to smile,
And answering heart to heart,
They meet in gladness who too oft
Have only met to part.

Then bind not earthly ties too close,

But Hope let Heaven sustain;

There, and there only, mayst thou say,

'We'll never part again.'

Anna Maria Wells.

## 314. PLL SING TO HIM.

I SING to him! I dream he hears
The song he used to love,
And oft that blessed fancy cheers
And bears my thoughts above.
Ye say, 'tis idle thus to dream—
But why believe it so?
It is the spirit's meteor gleam,
To sooth the pang of woe

Love gives to nature's voice a tone
That true hearts understand,—
The sky, the earth, the forest lone
Are peopled by his hand;
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill
While gazing on a flower,
And from the gently whispering rill
Are heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherish'd name,
And long-lost scenes arise;
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same;
The same hope's kindling skies;
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree,
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,
My buried love, with thee;

O, these are all before me, when In fancy's realms I rove; Why urge me to the world again? Why say the ties of love, That death's cold cruel grasp has riven,
Unite no more below?
I'll sing to him, for, though in heaven,
He surely heeds my wo!

Sarah Joseph

## 315. LOVE IN ABSENCE.

I MISS thee each lone hour, Star of my heart! No other voice hath power Joy to impart.

I listen for thy hasty step, Thy kind sweet tone; But silence whispers me, Thou art alone!

Darkness is on the hearth— Naught do I say; Books are but little worth— Thou art away!

Voices, the true and kind, Strange are to me; I have lost heart and mind, Thinking of thee.

Julia H. Sa

## 316 HOW HAVE I THOUGHT OF THE

H OW have I thought of thee? as flies
The dove to seek her mate,
Trembling lest some rude hand has made
Her sweet home desolate:
Thus timidly I seek in thine
The only heart that throbs with mine.

•

How have I thought of thee? as turns
The flower to meet the sun,
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,
It be not shone upon:
Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see
The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee? as dreams
The mariner of home,
When doomed o'er many a weary waste
Of waters yet to roam:
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee? as kneels
The Persian at the shrine
Of his resplendent god, to watch
His earliest glories shine
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,
My soul's own radiant deity.

Emma C. Embury.

### 317. LOVE ME STILL.

WHEN 'mid the festive scene we met,
To joyous bosoms dear,
Though other voices fall more sweet
Upon thy listening ear
Yet scorn not thou my ruder tone,
Oh! think my heart is all thine own,
And love me still.

When o'er young beauty's cheek of rose
Thine eye delighted strays,
Half proud to watch the blush that glows
Beneath thine ardent gaze,
Oh! think that but for sorrow's blight
My faded cheek had yet been bright,
And love me still.

Emma C. Embury.

### 318. LOVE DEAD.

The lady sent him an image of Cupid, one wing veiling his face. He was pleased thereat, thinking it to be Love sleeping, and betokening the tenderness of the sentiment. He looked again, and saw it was Love dead and laid upon his bier.

THIS morn with trembling I awoke,
Just as the dawn my slumber broke:

Flapping came a heavy wing, sounding pinions o'er my head, Beating down the blessed air with a weight of chilling dread—

Felt I then the presence of a doom That an evil occupied the room—And I dared not round the bower, Chilly in the grayish morning, Dared not face the evil power, With its voice of inward warning.

Vain with weakness we may palter—
Vainly may the fond heart falter,

Came there upon my soul, dropping down like leaden weight.

Burning pang or pressing pang, which I know not, 'twas so great:

Life hath its moments black unnumbered, I knew not if mine eyes had slumbered, Yet I little thought such pain Ever to have known again—
Love dies, too, when faith is dead, Yesternight faith perished.

I knew that love could never change—
That love should die seems yet more strange—
Lifting up the downy veil, screening love within my heart,
Beating there as beat my pulse, moving like myself a part—
I had kept him cherished there so deep,

Heart-rocked kept him in his balmy sleep,
That till now I never knew
How his fibres round me grew—
Could not know how deep the sorrow
Where hope bringeth no to-morrow.

I struggled, knowing we must part,
I grieved to lift him from my heart,
Grieving much and struggling much, forth I brought him
sorrowing.

Drooping hung his fainting head—all adown his dainty wing.
Shrieked I with a wild and dark surprise,
For I saw the marble in Love's eyes—
Yet I hoped his soul would wait
As he oft had waited there—
Hovering, though, at heaven's gate—
Could he leave me to despair?

Unfolded they the crystal door,
Where Love shall languish never more —
Weeping love, thy days are o'er, Lo! I lay thee on thy bier,
Wiping thus from thy dead cheek every vestige of a tear!

Love has perished—hist, hist! how they tell, Beating pulse of mine, his funeral knell! Love is dead, ay, dead and gone, Why should I be living on;—Why be in this chamber sitting, With but phantoms round me filting?

Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

## 319. HOW SHALL I WOO THEE?

H OW shall I woo thee, tell me, how? With looks and words of gladness? Then gaze not on my pale, pale brow, Nor note my tones of sadness.

How shall I woo thee? with a smile That speaks the bosom dear? Look not upon mine eyes the while, Nor mark the starting tear.

How shall I woo thee? with the bright And blessed words of joy? Drive from my heart its long, long night, Its early life's alloy. How shall I woo thee, tell me, how? Will sorrow make thee mine? Can the sad heart I bring thee now Find favour at thy shrine.

How shall I woo thee? with a gleam
That glitters but to die,
Fleet as the summer's moonlight beam
Upon an evening sky?

How shall I woo thee? as the night Woos with its silver dew The faithless flowers, that burst to light Beneath the sun's bright hue?

IIow shall I woo thee, tell me, how?
If thou hast aught of care
To dim the glory of thy brow,
Let me thy sadness share.

How shall I woo thee? with a strain Like that of other times, And seek through memory's cares again Hope's sweet delusive chimes?

How shall I woo thee, tell me, how?
Can sorrow make thee mine?
For a sad heart hath come to bow,
And worship at thy shrine.

Catherine H. Esling.

### 320. BLESS THEE.

I MAY not break the holy spell
Thy beauty wove around me,
Till time shall loose the silver cord
That long to earth hath bound me.
I see thee smile on loftier ones,
And mark the proud caress thee,
Yet when my lips would ope to curse.
They never fail to bless thee.

One memory round me everywhere;
One task in silence set me—
Thee ever, ever thinking on
And striving to forget thee.
And though the ever-goading thought
To madness thus oppress me,
I may not curse, I cannot hate—
My heart still whispers, 'Bless thee!'
Mary E. Hewitt.

## 321. THE LAST CHANT OF CORINNE.

BY that mysterious sympathy which chaineth
For evermore my spirit unto thine;
And by the memory that alone remaineth,
Of that sweet hope that now no more is mine;
And by the love my trembling heart betrayeth,
That born of thy soft gaze, within me lies
As the lone desert bird, the Arab sayeth,
Warms her young brood to life with her fond eyes.

Hear me, adored one! Though the world divide us,
Though never more my hand in thine be prest,
Though to commingle thought be here denied us,
Till our high hearts shall beat themselves to rest;
Forget me not! forget me not! oh, ever!
This one, one prayer my spirit pours to thee:
Till every memory from earth shall sever,
Remember, oh, beloved! remember me!

And when the light within my eye is shaded,
When I, o'erwearied, sleep the sleep profound,
And, like that nymph of yore who droop'd and faded,
And pined for love, till she became a sound;
My song, perchance, awhile to earth remaining,
Shall come in murmur'd melody to thee,
Then let my lyre's deep, passionate complaining,
Cry to thy heart, Beloved, remember me!

Mary E. Hewitt.

### 322. SILENT LOVE.

A H! let our love be still a folded flower,
A pure moss rose-bud blushing to be seen,
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour
When souls may meet with not the day between.

Let not a breath of passion dare to blow Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart! Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow, Profane the dewy freshness at its heart!

Be thou content, as I, to know, not see,

The glowing life, the treasured wealth within,

To feel our spirit-flower still fresh and free,

And guard its blush, its smiles, from shame and sin.

Ah! keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn— Once the rose blooms—its balmy soul will fly, As fled of old, in sadness yet in scorn, Th' awaken'd God from Psyche's daring eye.

Frances S. Osgood.

### 323. THE WIFE.

She flung her white arms around him: 'Thou art all that this poor heart can cling to!'

I WOULD have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee and know
I should not be 'alone.'

I could—I think I could—have brook'd
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst look'd
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been 'alone.'

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away
Unnumber'd, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be 'alone.'

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
'Earth may not claim thee longer;'
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone:
It must not be: we may not part;
I could not live 'alone.'

Anna Peyre Dinnies.

### 324. SONNET.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile earth with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

Or if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Shakspeare.

### 325. A SONG.

YES! 'lower to the level'
Of those who laud thee now!
Go! join the joyous revel,
And pledge the heartless vow!
Go! dim the soul-born beauty
That lights that lofty brow!
Fill, fill the bowl! let burning wine
Drown, in thy soul, love's dream divine!

Yet when the laugh is lightest,
When wildest grew the jest,
When gleams the goblet brightest,
And proudest heaves thy breast;
And thou art madly pledging
Each gay and jovial guest,—
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—
The shade of love's departed hours.

And thou shalt drink in sadness
From all the splendour there,
And curse the revel's gladness,
And hate the banquet's glare;
And pine, 'mid passion's madness,
For true love's purer air,
And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee,
For one unsullied sigh from me!

Yet deem not this my prayer, love,
Ah, no! if I could keep
Thy alter'd heart from care, love,
And charm its griefs to sleep,
Mine only should despair, love,
I—I alone would weep!
I—I alone would mourn the flowers,
That fade in love's deserted bowers.

Frances S. Osgood.

## 326. MY WIFE.

MY life is a fairy's gay dream,
And thou art the genie whose wand
Tints all things around with the beam,
The bloom of Titana's bright hand.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in my eyes never shone,
But ere it was breath'd by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys they have ever been mine, Thy sorrows too often thine own, The sun that on me still would shine, O'er thee throw its shadows alone.

Life's garrand then let us divide,
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,
For one—but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear.

Anna Cora Mowatt.

### 327. SHE LOVES HIM YET.

A SONG.

SHE loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit check;
She loves him yet!
Through all love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Wherever his name is heard;—
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty,
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet;
She'll ne'er forget,
Howe'er his faith may waver,
Through grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favourite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other;
With all her wrongs,
Her life on his love is set.
Oh! doubt no more!
She never can wed another:
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!

Frances S. Osgood.

### 328. LINES.

MUST not grieve, my love! whose eyes should read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile,
The flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while,
And sport, sweet maid! in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Daniel.

### 329. LOVE.

THOU conqueror's conqueror, mighty love! To thee
Their crowns, their laurels, kings and heroes yield!
Lo! at thy shrine great Antony bows the knee,
Disdains his victor wreath, and flies the field!
From woman's lips Alcides lists thy tone,
And grasps the inglorious distaff for his sword!
An Eastern sceptre at thy feet is thrown,
A nation's worshipp'd idol owns thee lord!
And well for Noorjehan his throne became,
When erst she ruled his empire in thy name!

The sorcerer, Jarichas, could to age restore
Youth's faded bloom, or childhood's vanish'd glee;
Magician, Love! canst thou not yet do more?
Is not the faithful heart kept young by thee?
But ne'er that traitor bosom form'd to stray,
Those perjur'd lips which twice thy vows have breathed,
Can know the rapture of thy magic sway,
Or find the balsam on thy garland wreathed.
Fancy or folly may his heart have moved,
But he who wanders never truly loved.

Lucy Hooper.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Emperor Jehangheer was so devotedly attached to his favourite sultana, Noorjehan, that at her solicitation he granted her absolute dominion over his empire for a day.

## 330. A CONFESSION.

THEY are not tears of sorrowing, Then, dearest, chide me not! I weep with very thankfulness, For this, my blessed lot.

I think me of the rose-hued past, And tears will fall like rain; I turn me to my present bliss, And forth they gush again.

The past, the sunny past, was like A glorious dream to me; The earth was as a fairy land, And fairy creatures we.

The hour went by as angels would When forced from heaven to roam; Each gave a blessing as it passed, And hasten'd to its home.

The memories of those vanish'd hours
Throng round me like a spell,
And charm these drops of tenderness
Up from their secret cell.

Yet, love, I would not barter now
The luxury of these tears,
For all the joys that woo my thoughts
Back to those bygone years!

For though my heart, blithe as a bird,
From flower to flower would rove,
It had not known thy tenderness,
It had not felt thy love.

Juliet H. Campbell.

3

# 331. HAST THOU FORGOT ME?

. Thou and I
Have mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
Once flowering—never more!

H AST thou forgot me? Thou who hast departed
Like a glad sunbeam from my yearning sight,
Leaving the spirit worn and broken-hearted,
Where once hope built a temple of delight.
Hast thou forgot me? Thou, unto whose keeping
I gave my every thought of perfect love,
Till on my idol's shrine all treasure heaping,
I scarcely dared to look to heaven above.

Hast thou forgot me? Unto outward seeming
My quivering lip with ready smile is mask'd,
And the warm crimson through my cheek is streaming:
Alas! 'tis from the fever'd heart o'ertask'd.
But could they read, as in a faultless mirror,
The truth my woman's pride would still repress,
Soon would they own themselves to be in error,
And mourn my lot of utter wretchedness.

Hast thou forgot me? Even in youth's glad hours
I trembled 'neath the least glance of thine eye,
And life's gay pathway was bedecked with flowers
And light and fragrance if thou wast but nigh;
Each music-note of bliss to thee was given,
Each joy and grief were told thee, e'en in birth;
Thy presence made my home another heaven—
When thou wast absent 'twas but common earth.

Hast thou forgot me? With what fond endeavour
I hurried on in learning's endless chase;
While wasted health and strength seem'd nought, if ever
I won the dear approval from thy face;
The midnight toil, the strife, the weary vision,
The pining after knowledge, vain and free
I struggled against all, one hope elysian
Sustain'd me—'twas that I might grow worthy thee.

Hast thou forgot me? Like yon flow'ret bending
On fragile stem, beneath the north wind's wrath,
So to the darksome tomb I am descending,
No more to cast a shadow o'er thy path:
A few more months, and then this careworn spirit
Shall gently hush its never-ceasing moan,
And find what long it yearneth to inherit,
The narrow churchyard plot, with weeds o'ergrown.

Hast thou forgot me? Ah! I would not waken
One goading thought, beloved friend! in thee;
Nor brook to have thy slightest feeling shaken
With knowledge of the harm thou brought'st to me.
But oh! forgive, if now, when I am dying,
I breathe this wish, and let it grieve thee not:
That thou wilt seek my grave, and murmur, sighing,
'Though wrong'd, neglected, she was not forgot!'

Mary F. Lee.

# 332. STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BELIEVE me 'tis nothing of jealous pride
That brings these tears I know not how to hide;
I only grieve because—because—I see
Thou find'st not all thy heart demands in me.

:

I only grieve that others, who care less For thy dear love, thy lightest wish may bless; That while to them thou'rt nothing—all to me— They may a moment minister to thee.

Pliant as clouds, that hunt the sun-god still, I'd catch each ray of thy prismatic will; I'd be a flower—a wild sweet flower I'd be, And sigh my very life away for thee.

I'd be a gem, and drink light from the sun, To glad thee with, if gems thy fancy won; Were birds thy joy, I'd light with docile glee Upon thy hand, and shut my wings for thee. Could a wild wave thy glance of pleasure meet, I'd lay my crown of spray-pearls at thy feet; Or could a star delight thy heart, I'd be The happiest star that ever look'd on thee.

If music lured thy spirit, I would take A tune's aërial hearing for thy sake, And float into thy soul, till I could see How to become all melody to thee.

The weed that by the garden-blossom grows Would, if it could, be glorious as the rose; It tries to bloom, its soul to light aspires; The love of beauty every fibre fires.

And I—no luminous cloud fleats by above, But wins at once my envy and my love, So passionately wild this thirst in me, To be all beauty and all grace to thee!

Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak,
With not even power my proud, pure love to speak;
But oh! by all I fail in, love not me
For what I am, but what I wish to be!
Frances S. Osgood.

# 333. LADIES, FLY.

ADIES, fly from love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail,
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair.
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

Carew.

#### 334. ROSALIND.

H OW vainly then do idle wits invent,
That beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temperament,
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous power,
That it can pierce thro' th' eyes into the heart,
And therein stir such rage and restless stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolor's smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are array'd with much more orient hue,
And to the sense most dainty honours yield,
Work like impression in the looker's view?
Or why do not fair pictures like power show
In which ofttimes we Nature see of Art,
Excelled in perfect limning every part?

But ah! believe me, there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the minds of men;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know;
And whoso list the like essaies to ken
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,
That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay,
And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away,
To that they were, even to corrupted clay.
That golden hue, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguished nor decay;
But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire,
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

Spenser.

335. KNOW, CELIA, SINCE THOU ART SO PROUD.

NOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties lived unknown,
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
And with it glow'd the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine:
Thou art my star—shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere,
Light'ning on him who fixed thee there.

Carew.

### 336. TO CELIA.

A SK me no more where Jove bestows, When June is past, the fading rose; For in your beauties orient deep Those flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray The golden atoms of the day; For in pure love Heaven did prepare Those powders to enrich your hair. Ask me no more whither doth haste The nightingale when May is past; For in your sweet dividing throat She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light That downwards fall in dead of night; For in your eyes they sit, and there Fix'd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west The phœnix builds her spicy nest; For unto you at last she flies, And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Carew.

#### 337. TO ALTHEA-FROM PRISON.

WHEN love, with unconfined wings, Hovers within my gates, And my divine Althea brings To whisper at the grates;

When I lie tangled in her hair And fettered to her eye— The birds that wanton in the air Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage; Minds innocent and quiet take That for a hermitage.•

If I have freedom in my love, And in my soul am free— Angels alone, that soar above, Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace.

## 338. OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

F a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dearly love the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives—the lass that I love best!

There wild woods grow, and rivers row, and mony a hill between;

But day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair; I hear her in the tuneful birds, wi' music charm the air; There's not a bonnie flower that springs, by fountain, shaw, or green—

There's not a bonnie bird that sings, but 'minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye western winds, blaw soft among the leafy trees! Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale, bring hame the laden bees!

And bring the lassie back to me, that's aye sae sweet and clean,

At blink o' her nod banish care, sae lovely is my Jean.

3 |

What sighs and vows, among the knowes, hae past between us twa!

How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gaed awa! The powers above can only ken, to whom the heart is seen, That none can be sae dear to me as my sweet lovely Jean.

Robert Burns.

#### 339. SONG.

"IS not the languid brightness of thine eyes
That swim with pleasure and delight,
Not those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light:

'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind, And loves to wanton o'er thy face, Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind, Retiring with insidious grace.

Tis not the living colours over each,
By Nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh-blown rose and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought;
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love
So kindly answering my desire,
That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
That thus have set my soul on fire.

Parnell.

#### 340. TO STELLA.

HER hearers are amazed from whence Proceeds that fund of wit and sense, Which, though her modesty would shroud, Breaks like the sun behind a cloud; While gracefulness its art conceals, And yet through every motion steals. Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind, And forming you, mistook your kind? No! 'twas for you alone he stole The fire that forms a heavenly soul; Then, to complete it every way, He moulded it with female clay. To that you owe the hotter flame, To this the beauty of your frame!

Swift.

# 34i. AMANDA

A ND thou, Amanda; come, pride of my song! Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself! Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet, Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul, Where with the light of thoughtful reason mixed, Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart. Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May Steals blushing on, together let us tread The morning dews, and gather in their prime Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair.

I nomson.

# 342. LINES IN LAURA'S ALBUM.

(These lines were written at the desire of a young lady who requested some verses on a cameo in her possession.)

SEE with what ease the childlike god
Assumes his reins, and shakes his rod,
How gaily, like a smiling boy,
He seems his triumphs to enjoy,
And looks as innocently mild
As if he were indeed a child!
But in that meekness who shall tell
What vengeance sleeps, what terrors dwell?

By him are tamed the fierce, the bold, And haughty are by him controll'd; The hero of th' ensanguined field Finds there is neither sword nor shield Availing here. Amid his books, The student thinks how Laura looks; The miser's self, with heart of lead, With all the nobler feelings fled, Has thrown his darling treasures by, And sigh'd for something worth a sigh. Love over gentle natures reigns A gentle master; yet his pains Are felt by them, are felt by all: The bitter sweet, the honied gall, Soft pleasing tears, heart-soothing sighs, Sweet pain, and joys that agonise. Against a power like this, what arts, What virtues, can secure our hearts? In vain are both,—the good, the wise, Have tender thoughts and wandering eyes; And then, to banish virtue's fear, Like virtue's self will love appear, But every anxious feeling cease, And all be confidence and peace.

He such insidious method takes, He seems to heal the wound he makes, Till, master of the human breast, He shows himself the foe of rest, Pours in his doubts, his dread, his pains, And now a very tyrant reigns.

If, then, his power we cannot shun, And must endure, what can be done? To whom, thus bound, can we apply? To Prudence, as our best ally, For she, like Pallas for the fight, Can arm our eye with clearer sight; Can teach the happy art that gains A captive who will grace our chains, And, as we must the dart endure, To bear the wound we cannot cure.

Crabbe

#### 343. MIRA.

WANTON chaos in my breast raged high, A wanton transport darted in mine eye; False pleasure urged, and every eager care, That swell the soul to guilt and to despair. My Mira came! be ever blest the hour That drew my thoughts half way from folly's power. She first my soul with loftier notions fir'd, I saw their truth, and as I saw admir'd; ·With greater force returning reason moved, And as returning reason urg'd, I loved, Till pain, reflection, hope, and love allied My bliss precarious to a surer guide-To Him who gives pain, reason, hope, and love, Each for that end that angels must approve. One beam of light He gave my mind to see, And gave that light, my heavenly fair, by thee; That beam shall raise my thoughts, and mend my strain, Nor shall my vows, nor prayers, nor verse be vain. Crabbc.

#### 344. A SONG.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free From Love's imperial chain,
Take warning, and be taught by me,
To avoid the enchanting pain.
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
To carcless seamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet love.

3

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize:
The snake's beneath the flow'r;
Who ever gazed on beauteous eyes,
That tasted quiet more?

How faithless is the lover's joy!
How constant is their care,
The kind with falsehood to destroy,
The cruel with despair!

Sir George Etherege.

#### 345. ON LOVE.

ICTORIOUS love, thou sacred mystery, What muse in mortal strains can speak of thee? We feel the effect, and own thy force divine, But vainly would the glorious cause define. In part thy power in these cold realms is known; But in the blest celestial seats alone, Thy triumphs in their splendid heights are shown. Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light, And spotless flame, burns there for ever bright. Expressless pleasure, and transporting grace, With lasting beauty shine upon thy face. By every tongue thy charms are there confest, And kindle joys in every heavenly breast. For thee they touch the soft, melodious string, And love in glad triumphant accents sing. Almighty love, whence all their raptures spring.

Elizabeth Rowe.

#### 346. SONG.

A SK not why sorrow shades my brow, Nor why my sprightly looks decay; Alas! what need I beauty now, Since he that loved it died to-day.

Can ye have ears and yet not know Mirtello, brave Mirtello's slain? Can ye have eyes and they not flow, Or hearts that do not share my pain. He's gone! he's gone! and I will go:
For in my breast such wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me so,
That the whole world appears my grave.

But I'll go to him, though he lie
Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of death:
And under yon sad cypress tree
I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

Charles Cotton.

#### 347. THE PROPOSAL

A Y, they are Love's own words! his breath of flame
Hath sighed upon the fair unconscious page,
And thy cheek kindles at the one loved name
Whose every thought doth thy young heart engage;
Fondly as pilgrims greet some hallowed shrine
Thy lips would greet the words, 'Thine, dearest, ever thine.'

Ay, it is Love's own tracing! every word
Of eloquence is written by his pen!
'Tis the heart's language—all thine ear hath heard
(Like music from his tongue) is told again.
Each fondly murmured sigh, each half-breathed vow
From his soul's depths are drawn, unsealed, acknowledged now.

With all a lover's tenderness, he lays
His heart, his hopes, his fortunes at thy feet,
Implores thee by those well-remembered days
That ye have passed so oft in 'converse sweet,'
By many a whispered word in wood or grove,
Not to reject his suit or scorn his proffered love.

3

What does thy young heart prompt thee to reply? By the carnation heightening on thy cheeks,

And the bright crystal in thy downcast eye-More eloquent than words—'tis thus it speaks: 'Beloved one! each sigh thy breast hath known, Found, though unheard by thee, an echo in my own.'

Thou fair and lovely creature! who may tell All the fond thoughts that crowd upon thy soul? Who analyse the varied hopes that swell The young untutored heart? or who control The brilliant visions floating o'er thy brain, That like spring flowers, once crushed, can never bloom again?

Ah! through life's chequered range but one such hour Of cloudless radiance shines upon the breast, 'Tis that when Love comes with a conqueror's power And reigns sole monarch of the heart confessed: When (like the Indian wood of sacred fame) The bosom's lord pours forth its sweetness to the flame.

In after years a thousand passions take Possession of the soul; with cunning art They win its fond idolatry; and make Themselves a shrine to rest in! To the heart Love comes but once, like blossom to the rose, The deep soul-searching flame our first affection knows.

Ay, ye may smile, ye stoics! but 'tis true, And not the fiction of a poet's brain, The heart's first bloom of love, like morning dew Once brushed, ne'er sparkles on the flower again. Till the long day is closed in evening skies, And on the drooping plant another morn arise.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson,

# 348. THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

ISTRACTED with care For Phyllis the fair, Since nothing could move her, Poor Damon, her lover, Resolves in despair No longer to languish, Nor bear so much anguish; But, mad with his love, To a precipice goes, Where a leap from above Would soon finish his woes. When in rage he came there, Beholding how steep The sides did appear, And the bottom how deep; His torments forgetting, And sadly reflecting That a lover forsaken A new love may get, But a neck when once broken Can never be set; And that he could die Whenever he would, But that he could live But as long as he could; How generous soever The torment might grow, He scorn'd to endeavour To finish it so. But bold, unconcern'd, At thoughts of the pain He calmly return'd To his cottage again.

William Walsh.

#### 349. A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

OFTEN tried in vain to find A simile for womankind, A simile I mean to fit 'em, In every circumstance to hit 'em. Through every beast and bird I went, I ransacked every element, And after peeping through all nature To find so whimsical a creature, A cloud presented to my view, And straight this parallel I drew: Clouds turn with every wind about, They keep us in surprise and doubt, Yet oft perverse, like womankind, Are seen to scud against the wind: And are not women just the same, For who can tell at what they aim? Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under. When bellowing they discharge their thunder; So when the alarum bell is rung, Of Xante's everlasting tongue; The husband dreads its loudness more Than lightning's flash or thunder's roar; Clouds weep as they do without pain, And what are tears but woman's rain? The clouds about the welkin roam, And ladies never stay at home; The clouds build castles in the air, A thing peculiar to the fair, For all the schemes of their forecasting Are not more solid nor more lasting. A cloud is bright by turns, and dark, Such is a lady with her spark: Now with a sullen, pouting gloom She seems to darken all the room; Again she's pleased, her fears beguiled, And all is clear when she has smiled.

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In this they're wondrously alike, (I hope the simile will strike,) Though in the darkest dumps you view 'em, Stay but a moment you'll see through 'cm. The clouds are apt to make reflexion. And frequently produce infection, So Celia, with small provocation Blasts every neighbour's reputation. The clouds delight in gaudy show, For they like ladies have their beau: The gravest matron will confess That she herself is fond of dress. Observe the clouds her pomp array'd, The pink, the rose, the violet's dye, In that great drawing-room, the sky; How do these differ from our graces In garden, silks, brocades, and laces? Are they not such another sight When met upon a birth-day night? The clouds delight to change their fashion; Dear ladies, be not in a passion, Nor let this whim to you seem strange, Who every hour delight to change. In them and you alike are seen The sullen symptoms of the spleen; The moment that your vapours rise, We see them dropping from your eyes. In evening fair you may behold The clouds are fring'd with borrow'd gold: And this is many a lady's case Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace. Grave matrons are like clouds of snow, Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow; While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail Our ears on every side assail. Clouds, when they intercept our sight, Deprive us of celestial light: So when my Chloe I pursue, No heaven besides I have in view. Thus, on comparison you see In every instance they agree;

So like, so very much the same, That one may go by t'other's name. Let me proclaim it then aloud, That every woman is a cloud.

Thomas Sheridan.

#### 350. TO CLOE.

RITHEE, Cloe, not so fast, Let's not run and wed in haste; We've a thousand things to do, You must fly, and I pursue; You must frown, and I must sigh, I entreat and you deny! Stay-if I am never crost, Half the pleasure will be lost; Be, or seem to be, severe, Give me reason to despair. Fondness will my wishes cloy, Make me careless of the joy. Lovers may of course complain Of their trouble and their pain, But if pain and trouble cease, Love without it will not please. John Oldmixon.

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# 351. ON A PERFUME TAKEN OUT OF A YOUNG LADY'S BOSOM.

BEGONE! bold rival, from my fair,
Thou hast no plea for business there,
Twere needless where the lily grows
To add perfumes, or to the rose;
Faint are the sweets which thou canst give
To those which in her bosom live.

Thence tender wishes, amorous sighs Love's breath, the richest odours rise Not all the spices of the East, Nor India's grove, nor Phœnix' nest, Send forth an odour to compare With what we find to please us there. Where nature has been so profuse, Thy little arts are of no use; Thou canst not add a grace to her, She's all perfection everywhere. Speak, saucy thing, for I will know How much to her and me you owe. Whence comes this sweetness so divine? Speak, is it her's or is it thine? Ha! varlet, by the fragrant smell Tis hers, all hers, I know it well; I know you robb'd Olivia's store; But hence! for you shall steal no more. Begone, she has no room for thee, Olivia's bosom must be free For nothing but for love and me.

John Oldmixon.

352. TO ELIZA, INVITING ME TO HER WEDDING.

AD you, your charms resign'd To him who loves you best, The summons had been kind, And I completely blest.

Those tender words, ' Prepare For bliss so long delay'd,' An age of black despair At once had overpaid.

But, doom'd to rival arms, You mock your lover's smart; A dance your blood alarms, A ribbon fires your heart.

Tho' clogg'd with fool and debt, The dear estate you prize, And view without regret, The martyr of your eyes.

But I, can I behold
The heaven I must forego?
And grace, like slaves of old,
The triumph of my foe?

You will not give delight, And would you add to pain? Your hate improves to spite, To malice your disdain.

Yet, tyrant, in your turn
The stroke of justice, due
To cruelty and scorn,
Perhaps, may humble you.

In honour's school untaught,
Your sot may go astray,
And you, like me, be brought
To curse your wedding day.

George Jeffreys.

## 353. THE LOVER.

SINCE Stella's charms, divinely fair
First pour'd their lustre on my heart,
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,
And every fibre feels the smart.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O, who would give his heart to love!

I meet my bosom friends with pain,
Though friendship used to warm my soul,
Wine's generous spirit flames n vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O, who would give his heart to love!

Though nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read,
No glories tremble from the skies,
No beauties o'er the earth are spread.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O, who would give his heart to love!

E'en poetry's ambrosial dews,
With joy no longer feed my mind,
To beauty, music, and the muse,
My soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.
Though such the mournful moments prove,
Alas! I give my heart to love!

But should the yielding virgin smile,
Drest in the spotless marriage robe,
I'd look upon this world as vile,
The master of a richer globe.
If such the rapturous moments prove,
O, let me give my heart to love!

The business of my future days,
My every thought, my every prayer,
Shall be employed to sing her praise,
Or sent to bounteous heaven for her.
If such the rapturous moments prove,
O, let me give my heart to love!

Poets shall wonder at my love,
Painters shall crowd, her face to see,
And when they would the passions move,
Shall copy her and think of me.
If such the rapturous moments prove,
O, let me give my heart to love!

Old age shall seem as bright as youth,
No respite to our bliss be given:
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'll spurn at earth, and soar to heaven.
Since such the rapturous moments prove,
We both will give our hearts to love.

William Thompson.

# 354. THE DECAYED COQUETTE.

EW beauties push her from the stage; She trembles at the approach of age, And starts to view the altered face That wrinkles at her in the glass: So Satan, in the Monk's tradition Fear'd when he met his apparition. At length her name each coxcomb cancels From standing lists and toast of angels; And slighted where she shone before, A grace and goddess now no more, Despis'd by all and doomed to meet Her lovers at her rivals' feet, She flies assemblies, shuns the ball And cries out, vanity, on all; Affects to scorn the tinsel shows Of glittering belles and of beaus; No longer hopes to hide by dress The tracks of age upon her face: Now careless grown of airs polite, Her noon-day night all meets the sight; Her hair uncomb'd collects together With ornaments of many a feather. Her stays for easiness thrown by, Her rumpled handkerchief away, A careless figure, half undress'd, (The reader's wits may guess the rest); All points of dress and neatness carried, As though she'd been a twelvemonth married, She spends her breath as years prevail, At this sad, wicked world to rail, To slander all her sex impromptu, And wonder what the times will come to.

John Trumbull.

# 355. ROSALIE.

O POUR upon my soul again
That sad unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No never came from aught below
This melody of wo,
That makes my heart to overflow
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh! nothing save the stars beneath
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play —
So thought the gentle ROSALIE,
As in the maiden reverie
First fell the strain of him who stole,
In music to her soul.

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# 356, A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'LL tell you, friend, what sort of wife, Whene'er I scan this scene of life, Inspires my waking schemes, And when I sleep, with form so light, Dances before my ravish'd sight In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise.

Features, where, pensive, more than gay, Save when a rosy smile doth play, The sober thought you see; Eyes that all soft and tender seem, And kind affections round them beam, But most of all on me.

A form though not of finest mould, Where yet a something you behold Unconsciously doth please; Manners all graceful without art, That to each look and word impart A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm
Must speak a heart with feeling warm.
And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her soul her beaming eye must show,
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but join'd
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppress'd,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;
Should sickness ere invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform, My arms should shield her from the storm; And, were its fury hurl'd, My bosom to its bolts I'd bare; In her defence undaunted dare Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend; Together would we humbly bend, To praise the Almighty's name; And when I saw her kindling eye Beam upwards in her native sky, My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide, But on our years serenely glide, And all to love be given; And when life's little scene was o'er, We'd part to meet and part no more, But live and love in heaven.

Professor L. Frisbie.

#### 357. THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

SEVEN long years has the desert rain
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face;
Seven long years of sorrow and pain
I have thought of thy burial place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant west,
Dying with none that loved thee near;
They who flung the earth on thy breast
Turn'd from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave, Violets spring in the soft May shower; There in the summer breezes wave Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there
Feeds with her fawn the timid doe;
There, when the winter woods are bare,
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my tears away;
All my task upon earth is done;
My poor father old and gray,
Slumbers beneath the churchyard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed,
Ever thy form before me seems;
All night long I talk with the dead,
All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
This long pain, a sleepless pain;
When the Father my spirit takes
I shall feel it no more again.

William C. Bryant.

# EARLY LOVE.

'HE fond caress of beauty, O that glow! The first warm glow that mantles round the heart Of boyhood! when all's new-the first dear vow We ever breathed—the tear-drops that first start Pure from thy unpractised eye-the overflow Of waken'd passions, that but now impart A hope, a wish, a feeling yet unfelt, That mould to madness, or in mildness melt.

Ah! where's the youth whose stone heart ne'er knew The fires of joy, that burst through every vein That burn for ever bright, for ever new, As passion rises o'er and o'er again. That like the phœnix die but to renew-Beat in the heart, and throb upon the brain-Self-kindling, quenchless as the eternal flame That sports in Etna's base. But I'm to blame.

Ignobly thus to yield to raptures past, To call my buried feelings from their shrouds, O'er which the deep funereal pall was cast-Like brightest skies entomb'd in darkest clouds. No matter these, the latest and the last That rise, like spectres of the past, in crowds, The ebullitions of a heart not lost, But weary, wandering, worn and tempest toss'd.

'Tis vain, and worse than vain, to think on joys Which like the hour that's gone, return no more; Bubbles of folly, blown by wanton boys-Billows that swell, to burst upon the shore-Playthings of passion, manhood's gilded toys, (Deceitful as the shell that seems to roar, But prove the mimic mockery of the age:) They sink in sorrow's sea, and ne'er emerge.

Isaac Clason.

#### 359. ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

The device: Two hearts united.

The motto: 'Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.'

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form, and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy,
As were the sterling hearts of old.
I likest—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it as it tells The tale of well-requited love: How faithful fondness persevered, And youthful faith disdain'd to rove -How warmly he his suit preferr'd, Though she, unpitying, long denied, Till, soften'd and subdu'd at last, He won his fair and blooming bride.' How, till the appointed day arrived, They blamed the lazy-footed hours-How then the white-robed maiden train Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers -And how, before the holy man, They stood in all their youthful pride, And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows, Which bind the husband to his bride.

All this it tells; the plighted troth—
The gift of every earthly thing—
The hand in hand—the heart in heart:
For this I like that ancient ring.
I like its old and quaint device;
'Two blended hearts,' though time may wear them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
'Till death' shall ere in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
Their hope in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two the world's rough pathway trod.
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather;
Still hand in hand they travell'd on—
Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too:
 'Thine own dear love, this heart is thine!'
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
'This heart is thine, mine own dear love!'
 Thine, and thine only, and for ever;
Thine, till the spring of life shall fail;
 Thine, till the chords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,
Emblem of plighted truth unbroken,
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
Of heartfelt, holy love the token:
What varied feelings round it cling!—
For these I like that ancient ring.

Geo. W. Doane.

360 SERENADE.

L OOK out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not, from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

Edward C. Pinkney.

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# 361. TO EVA.

O FAIR and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine,
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
Who charm the more their glance forbids
Chaste—glowing, underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

362. LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

YES! still I love thee:—Time who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow;—
Where, love that cannot perish, grows
For one alas! that little knows
How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
When clouds are overcast.

The dewdrop hanging o'er the rose
Within its robe of light,
Can never touch a leaf that blows,
Though seeming to the sight;
And yet it still will linger there,
Like hopeless love without despair,
A moment finely exquisite,
Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
Think momently of me,—
Nor would I tear the cords apart,
That bind me so to thee;
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
Like dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know,
The stream that seems to thee so still
Has such a tide below.

Enough! that in delicious dreams
I see thee and forget—
Enough, that when the morning beams
I feel my eyelids wet;
Yet, could I hope, when time shall fall
The darkness, for creations pall,
To meet thee,—and to love,—
I would not shrink from aught below
Nor ask for more above.

Rufus Dawes.

# 363. TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee when morning spring
From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew.
And like a young bird lifts her wing
Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide, The evening spreads her robes of light, And like a young and timid bride, Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs, In light, o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea, And stars are forth, like blessed things, I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee;—that eye of flame,
Those tresses, falling bright and free,
That brow, where 'Beauty writes her name,'
I think of thee—I think of thee.

George D. Prentice.

# 364. LOVE'S MEMORIES.

TO-NIGHT! to night! what memories to-night Came thronging o'er me as I stood near thee! Thy form of loveliness, thy brow of light,
Thy voice's thrilling flow—
All, all were thine; to me—to me as bright
As when they claim'd my soul's idolatry
Years, long years ago.

That gulf of years! O God! hadst thou been mine,
Would all that's precious have been swallow'd there?
Youth's meteor hope, and manhood's high design,
Lost, lost, for ever lost—
Lost with the love that with them all would twine,
The love that left no harvest but despair,
Unwon at such a cost.

Was it ideal, that wild, wild love I bore thee?
Or thou thyself—didst thou my soul enthrall?
Such as thou art to-night did I adore thee,
Ay, I do live—in vain!
Such as thou art to-night—could time restore me
That wealth of loving—should thou love at all,
To waste perchance again?

No! thou didst break the coffers of my heart,
And set so lightly by the hoard within,
That I too learn'd at last the squanderer's art—
But idly here and there,
Filling my soul and lavishing a part
On each, less cold than thou, who cared to win
And seem'd to prize a share.

No! thou didst wither up my flowering youth,
If blameless, still the bearer of a blight;
The unconscious agent of the deadliest ruth
That human heart hath riven;
Teaching me scorn of my own spirit's truth;
Holding, not me, but that fond worship light
Which link'd my soul to heaven.

No, no!—To me the weakest heart before
One, so untouched by tenderness as thine;
Angels have enter'd through the frail tent door
That pass the palace now—
And He who spake the words, 'Go, sin no more,'
'Mid human passions saw the spark divine,
But not in such as thou!

# 365. 1 WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I WILL love her no more—'tis a waste of the heart, This lavish of feeling a prodigal's part: Who, heedless of treasure a life could not earn, Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return. I will love her no more; it is folly to give Our best years to one, when for many we live, And he who the world will thus barter for one, I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more; it is heathenish thus
To bow to an idol which bends not to us;
Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks not for aught
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

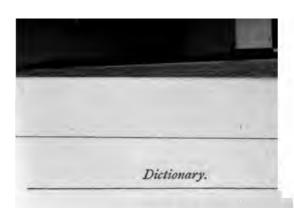
I will love her no more; for no love is without
Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out;
She engrosseth it all, and, till some she restore,
Than this moment I love her, how can I love her more?

Charles J. Hofmann.

#### 366. ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

A SK me not why I should love her;
Look upon these soul-full eyes!
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,
Which is innocence the nest,
Which though each joy were from it shed,
By truth would still be tenanted!

See, from these sweet windows peeping,
Emotions tender, bright and pure,
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
Every trial can endure!
Wonder not that looks so winning
Still for me new ties are spinning;
Wonder not that heart so true
Keeps mine from ever changing too.
Charles J. Hofmann.



367. TO ANN.

THOU wert as a lake that lieth
In a bright and sunny way;
I was a bird that flieth
O'er it on a pleasant day;
When I look'd upon thy features
Presence then some feeling lent;
But thou knowest, most false of creatures,
With thy form thy image went.

With a kiss my vow was greeted,
As I knelt before thy shrine,
But I saw that kiss repeated
On another lip than mine;
And a solemn vow was spoken
That thy heart should not be changed,
But that binding vow was broken,
And thy spirit was estranged.

I could blame thee for awaking
Thoughts the world will but deride,
Calling out, and then forsaking,
Flowers the winter wind will chide;
Guiling to the midway ocean
Barks that tremble by the shore,
But I hush the sad emotion,
And will punish thee no more.

J. O. Rockwell.

368. THY HAND.

THY hand! thy hand! thy lily hand, It flushes all my brow; Thy voice! thy voice! thy silver tone, It thrills my spirit now. And drawn forth all its powers, Like July winds upon the lips Of golden-hearted flowers

Bend o'er me with those starry eyes,
Those eyelids milky white;
Sink on my storm-impassion'd heart,
Like a peace-giving night,
Bend o'er me with thy sky-like brow,
Which all the stars might seek;
Bend o'er me, let thy golden hair
Trail on my burning cheek.
My heart leaps toward thee, as the sea
Pants at the maiden moon;
A swimming haze comes o'er my soul,
Like a great sultry noon,
And all my life is lined with music bars,
Pack'd with sweet notes that tremble like th

# 369. HOW SHALL I WOO HER?

L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule sois : c'est la première, Les amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires :—La

HOW shall I woo her? I will stand Beside her when she sings: How shall I woo her? I will gaze,
In sad and silent trance,
On those blue eyes, whose liquid rays
Look love in every glance;
And I will tell her, eyes more bright,
Though bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to-night
Upon me in my dream.

How shall I woo her? I will try
The charms of olden time,
And swear by earth, and sea, and sky,
And rave in prose and rhyme;
And I will tell her when I bent
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent,
I could not speak for tears!

How shall I woo her? I will bow
Before the holy shrine;
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
And press her lips to mine;
And I will tell her, when she parts
From passion's thrilling kiss,
That memory to many hearts
Is dearer far than bliss.

Away! away! the chords are mute,
The bond is rent in twain,
You cannot wake that silent lute,
Nor clasp those links again;
Love's toil I know is little cost,
Love's perjury is light sin,
But souls that lose what I have lost,
What have they left to win?

W. M. Pracd.

#### 370. TO ERMENGARDE.

I KNOW not of the sunshine waste,
The world is dark since thou art gone!
The hours are, Oh! so leaden-paced!
The birds sing, and the stars float on,
But sing not well, and look not fair;
A weight is in the summer air,
And sadness in the light of flowers;

And sadness in the light of flowers; And if I go where others smile,

Their love but makes me think of ours, And Heaven gets my heart the while; Like one upon a desert isle,

I languish of the dreary hours; I never thought that a life could be So flung upon one hope as mine, dear love, on thee.

1 sit and watch the summer sky, There comes a cloud through heaven alone; A thousand stars are shining nigh,

It feels no light, but darkles on! Yet now it nears the lonelier moon,

And flashing through its fringe of snow,

There steals a rosier dye, and soon
Its bosom is one fiery glow!
The queen of life within it lies;

Yet mark how lovers meet to part. The cloud already onward flies,

And shadows sink within its heart; And (dost thou see them where thou art?)

Fade, fast fade all those glorious dyes!

Its light, like mine, is seen no more,

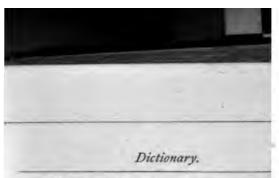
And like my own, its heart seems darker than before.

Where press, this hour, those fairy feet?

Where look, this hour, those eyes of blue?

What music in thine ear is sweet?

What odour breathes thy lattice through?



What word is on thy lip? what tone,
What look, replying to thine own?
Thy steps along the Danube stray.
Alas, it seeks an orient sea!
Thou wouldst not seem so far away,
Flow'd but its waters back to me!
I bless the slowly-coming moon,
Because its eye look'd late in thine;
I envy the west wind of June,

Whose wings will bear it up in Rhine;
The flower I press upon my brow
Were sweeter if its like perfumed thy chamber now.

N. P. Willis.

#### 371. TO A FACE BELOVED.

THE music of the waken'd lyre
Dies not upon the quivering strings,
Nor burns alone the minstrel's fire
Upon the lip that trembling sings:
Nor shines the moon in heaven unseen,
Nor shuts the flower its fragrant cells,
Nor sleeps the fountain's wealth, I ween,
For ever in its sparry wells;
The spells of the enchanter lie
Not on his lone heart, his own rapt ear and eye.

I look upon a face as fair
As ever made a lip of heaven
Falter amid its music prayer!
The first lit star of summer even
Springs not so softly on the eye,
Nor grows with watching half so bright,
Nor, 'mid its sisters of the sky,
So seems of heaven the dearest light.
Men murinur where that face is seen:
My youth's angelic dream was of that look and mien.

Yet, though we deem the stars are blest,
And envy in our grief the flower
That bears but sweetness in its breast,
And fear'd the enchanter for his power,
And love the minstrel for his spell
He winds out of his lyre so well;
The stars are almoners of light,
The lyrist of melodious air,
The fountain of its waters bright,
And everything most sweet and fair
Of that by which it charms the ear,
The eye of him that passes near;
A lamp is lit in woman's eye,
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.

N. P. Willis.

#### 372. ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars; Her level rays, like golden bars, Lie on the landscape green, With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams, As if Diana, in her dreams, Had dropt her silver bow Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this, She woke ENDYMION with a kiss, When, sleeping in the grove, She dream'd not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unask'd, unsought, Love gives itself, but is not bought; Nor voice, nor sound betrays Its deep-impassion'd gaze.

### Dictionary.

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It comes, the beautiful, the free, The crown of all humanity, In silence and alone, To seek the elected one.

It lifts the bows, whose shadows deep Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep, And kisses the closed eyes Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by Fate, No one so utterly desolate, But some heart, though unknown, Responds unto its own.

Responds as if, with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touch'd its strings,
And whispers, in its song,
'Where hast thou stay'd so long?'

H. W. Longfellow.

### 373. MAIDENHOOD.

M AIDEN! with the meek brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies, Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose looks outshine the sun, Golden tressses wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run.

Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet! Beautiful to thee must seem, As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

See'st thou shadows sailing by, As the dove with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers! Life hath quicksands, life hath snar Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bow where slumber Birds and blossoms many-number'd Age, that bow with snows encumber

Gather, then, each flower that grows When the young heart overflows Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh! that dew, like balm, shall steal Into wounds that cannot heal, Even as sleep our eyes doth seal.

And that smile, like sunshine's dart Into many a sunless heart: For a smile of God thou art.

H. W. Longfellow.

#### 374. THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, a lock is but a ray Reflected in a certain way; A word, whatever tone it wear, Is but a trembling wave of air; A youth, obedience to a clause In nature's pure material laws.

3

The very flowers that bend and meet, In sweetening others grow more sweet; The clouds by day, the stars by night, Increase their floating locks of light; The rainbow, heaven's own forehead braid, Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found! How wide the world that girds them round! Like mountain streams we meet and part, Each living in the other's heart, Our course unknown, our hope to be Yet mingled in the distant sea. But ocean coils and heaves in vain,
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain;
And love and hope do not obey
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,
Which lights and lends the tide it charms
To death's dark cave and icy arms.

Alas! one narrow line is drawn,
That links our sunset with our dawn;
In mist and shade life's morning rose,
And clouds are round it at its close;
But ah! no twilight beam ascends
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh! in the hour when I shall feel Those shadows round my senses steal, When gentle eyes are weeping o'er The clay that feels their tears no more, Then let thy spirit with me be, Or some sweet angel, likest me.

Oliver W. Holmes.

## 375. TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET.

 $\Gamma^{\text{LOWERS}}$  are love's truest language; they betray, · Like the divining rods of Maji old,

Where priceless wealth lies buried, not of gold, But love—strong love, that never can decay! I send thee flowers, O dearest! and I deem

That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words, Whose music clearer than the voice of birds, When breathed to thee alone, perchance may seem

All eloquent of feelings unexpress'd. Oh, wreathe them in those tresses of dark hair! Let them repose upon thy forehead fair,

And on thy bosom's yielding snow be press'd!
Thus shall thy fondness for my flowers reveal
The love that maiden coyness would conceal!

Benjamin Park.

#### 376. TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine;
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
Are wreath'd with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast
A voice from out the future cries,
'On! on!'—but o'er the Past,
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore).

Edgar A. Poe.

#### 377. A LOVER'S ADDRESS.

DEEM not, beloved, that the glow
Of love with youth will know decay;
For though the wing of time may throw
A shadow o'er our way:
The sunshine of a cloudless faith,
The calmness of a holy trust,
Shall linger in our hearts till death
Consigns our 'dust to dust!'

The fervid passions of our youth,

The fervour of affection's kiss:
Love, born of purity and truth,

All memories of bliss—
These still are ours, while looking back

Upon the past with dewy eyes;
O dearest! upon life's vanished track

How much of sunshine lies!

Men call us poor—it may be true,
Amid the gay and glittering crowd;
We feel it, though our wants are few,
Yet envy not the proud.
The freshness of love is early flowers,
Heart shelter'd through long years of want,
Pure hopes and quiet joys are ours,
That wealth could never grant.

Something of beauty from thy brow,
Something of lightness from thy tread,
Hath passed—yet thou art dearer now
Than when our vows were said:
A softer beauty round thee gleams,
Chasten'd by time, yet calmly bright;
And from thine eye of hazel beams
A deeper, tenderer light!

An emblem of the love which lives
Through every change as time departs;
Which binds our souls in one, and gives
New gladness to our hearts!
Flinging a halo over life,
Like that which gilds the life beyond!
Ah, well I know thy thoughts, dear wife!
To thoughts like these respond.

The mother, with her dewy eye,
Is dearer than the blushing bride
Who stood, three happy years gone by,
In beauty by my side!

Our Father, throned in light above, Hath bless'd us with a fairy child: A bright link in the chain of love— The pure and undefiled.

Rich in the hearts' best treasure, still
With a calm trust we'll journey on,
Link'd heart with heart, dear wife! until
Life's pilgrimage be done!
Youth, beauty, passion, these will pass,
Like everything of earth, away—
The breath-stains on the polish'd glass
Less transient are than they.

But love dies not—the child of GOD,

The soother of life's many woesShe scatters fragrance round the sod
Where buried hopes repose!
She leads us with her radiant hand
Earth's pleasant streams and pastures by,
Still pointing to a better land
Of bliss beyond the sky!

William H. Burleigh.

## 378. THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.

Is there but a single theme
For the youthful poet's dream?
Is there but a single wire
To the youthful poet's lyre?
Earth below and heaven above,
Can he sing of aught but love?

3

Nay! the battle's dust I see! God of war! I follow thee! And, in thy martial numbers raise Worthy pæans to thy praise. Ah! she meets me on the field— If I fly not, I must yield. Jolly patron of the grape!
To thy arms I will escape!
Quick the rosy nectar bring;
'To Bacche' every sip
But reminds me of her lip.

Pallas! give me wisdom's page, And awake my lyric rage; Love is fleeting, love is vain; I will try a nobler strain. O perplexity! my books But reflect her haunting looks.

Jupiter! on thee I cry!
Take me and try my lyre on high!
Lo! the stars beneath me gleam!
Here, O poet! is a theme.
Madness! she has come above!
Every chord is whispering 'Love!'

Epes Sargent.

3

#### 379. A VALENTINE.

SHE that is fair, though never vain or proud,
More fond of home than fashion's changing crowd;
Whose taste refined even female friends admire,
Dress'd not for show, but rob'd in neat attire;
She who has learn'd, with mild forgiving breast,
To pardon frailties, hidden or confessed;
True to herself, yet willing to submit,
More sway'd by love than ruled by worldly wit:
Though young, discreet—though ready, ne'er unkind,
Blest with no pedants, but a woman's mind:
She wins our hearts, toward her our thoughts incline,
So at her door go leave my valentine.

James T. Field.

## 380. OUR LOVE IS NOT A FADING EARTHLY FLOWER.

OUR love is not a fading earthly flower,
Its wing'd seed dropp'd down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise:
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rustling boughs lack lusty green,
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen:
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie;
Love, whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic keys these cells of thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate,
The wide-flung bearer of heaven's palace gate.

Fames Russell Lowell.

#### 381. THE LOVER STUDENT.

WITH a burning brow and weary limb,
From the parting glance of day,
The student sits in his study dim,
Till the East with dawn is gray;
But what are those musty tones to him?
His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the hall of light
Where his lady leads the dame,
Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,
Lit up by her sunny glance;
And he thinks of her the livelong night—
She thinketh of him—perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is by
To dwell on each gushing tone,
To drink the smile of that lovelit eye,
Which should beam upon him alone;
To woo with the vow, the glance, and sigh,
The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,
And he grasps his well-worn pen,
That he may write him a lesson sage,
To read to the sons of men;
But softer lessons his thoughts engage,
And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise
At the vesper's solemn peal,
So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies,
Which no angel forms reveal;
But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes
'Mid his whispered prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur
To his little study dim,
In vain the notes of the vesper stir
In the cloister cold and grim;
Through the livelong night he thinks of her—
Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear, cold moon,
But no calm to him she brings;
His troubled spirit is out of tune,
And loosen'd its countless strings;
Yet, in the quiet of nights, still moon,
To his ladye-love he sings:—

'Thou in thy bower,
And I in my cell,
Through each festal hour
Divided must dwell;
Yet we're united,
Though forms are apart,
Since love's vows plighted
Have bound us in heart.

'Proud sons of fashion Now murmur to thee Accents of passion, All treason to me; By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart, By all that thrills the beating heart, The bright, black eye, the melting blue, I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams:
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I ask'd the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die.
Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I ask'd a matron which she deem'd
With fairest light of beauty beam'd,
She answer'd, some thought both were fair—
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But as she spoke she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small, nor few,
Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I ask'd a maiden; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turn'd her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until, beneath its rays,
I felt as if my hair would blaze;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green;
She look'd at me—what could she mean?

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the colouring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well both might make a martyr break The chain that bound him to the stake, And both, with but a single ray, Can melt our very hearts away; And both, when balanced, hardly seem To stir the scales or rock the beam; But that is the dearest, all the while, That wears for us the sweetest smile.

Oliver W. Holmes.

#### 384. A RIME

WHICH IS YET REASON, AND TEACHETH IN A LIGHT MANNER A GRAVE MATTER IN THE LERE OF LOVE.

S Love sat idling beneath a tree, A knight rode by on his charger free: Stalwart and fair and tall was he, With his plume and his mantle, a sight to sec. And proud of his scars, right loftily, He cried—Young boy, will you go with me? But Love he pouted and shook his head, And along fared the warrior, ill-bested:

Love is not won by chivalry.

Then came a minstrel bright of blee, Blue were his eyes as the heavens be, And sweet as a song bird's throat sang he, Of smiles and tears and ladies e'e. Soft love and glorious chivalry Then cried—Sweet boy, will you go with me? Love wept and smiled, but shook his head,

And along fared the minstrel, ill-bested: Love is not won by minstrelsy.

Then came a bookman, wise as three, Darker a scholar you shall not see In Jeuné, Rome, or Araby. But list, fair dames, what I read to ye, In love's sweet lere untaught was he,
For when he cried—Come, Love, with me,
Tired of the parle he was nodding his head,
And along fared the scholar, ill-bested:
Love is not won by pedantry.

Then came a courtier wearing the key
Of councils and chambers high privity;
He could dispute, yet seem to agree,
And soft as dew was his flatterie.
And with honied voice and low congee,
Fair youth, he said, will you honour me?
In courteous wise Love shook his head,
And along fared the courtier, ill-bested:
Love is not won by courtesy.

Then came a miser blinking his e'e
To view the bright boy beneath the tree:
His purse, which hung to his cringing knee,
The ransom held of a king's countrie;
And a handful of jewels and gold showed he,
And cried—Sweet child, will you go with me?
Then loud laugh'd Love, as he shook his head,
And along fared the monger, ill-bested:
Love is not won by merchandry.

O then to young Love, beneath the tree,
Came one as young and as fair as he,
And as like to him as like can be.
And clapping his little wings for glee,
With nods and smiles and kisses free,
He whispered—Come, O come with me!
Love pouted and flouted and shook his head,
But along with that winsome youth he sped:
And love wins love, loud shouted he!

William W. Lord.

#### 385. AMANDA.

FROM THE SWEDIER OF SJÖGREF.

WHERE sun and flowers are beaming,
Amenda's charms appear;
Her beauty's rays are streaming
Round all this earthly sphere.
The beauty when gently blowing,
The rose that scents the grove,
The vine when brightly glowing,
All tell of her I love.

I hear her song's sweet numbers
When Zephyr's breezy wings
Sweep o'er the gold harp's slumbers,
And wake its tuneful strings,
All—all the channes of nature
Amanda's beauty bear,
And show in every feature
Her glory imaged there.

The spirits of the dwing
Must quit this clar's control:
But they to rest are dying
In regions of the soul;
The floods, now on with striding,
Are founding, herce, and free:
Yet soon, their waves subsiding,
Will slumber in the sea.

But I must vainly languish
For joys neer can know,
And wear a cureless anguish
In loneliness and woe.
Fair goddess! I shall ever
Behold thy beauty shine,
Like stars above—but never
Can hope to call thee mine!

#### 386. THE MODISH LOVER.

WITH downcast eyes and folded arms, Young Myrtle sauntered out one day, Reflecting on Florinda's charms: The fair, the blooming, and the gay; Deeply he sighed, his bosom all aflame, And in the dust he flourished out her name.

Next morn abroad he walk'd again,
Much alter'd since the day before;
A good night's rest had cured his pain,
Nor was Florinda thought of more;
But giddy's chance the fickle youth had brought
Close by that spot where he her name had wrote.

The place recals to mind his flame,
When all in love he wander'd there,
'Twas here, he cries, I left the name
Of yesterday's commanding fair.
Pensive awhile he stood, then look'd to find
What beauteous image had possess'd his mind.

But vain, alas! his searches prove,
The rain had fallen, the wind had blown,
And sympathising with his love,
Away was every letter flown;
Nor could his faithless memory declare
Whose name he yesterday had flourish'd there.

Henry Baker.

## 387. ON THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR PASSIONS.

SAY, Love, for what good end design'd Wert thou to mortals given? Was it to fix on earth the mind? Or raise the heart to heaven? Deluded oft, we still pursue
The fleeting bliss we sought,
As children chase the bird in view,
That's never to be caught.

O! who shall teach me to sustain A more than manly part? To go through life, nor suffer pain: No joy to touch my heart.

Thou blest indifference be my guide, I court thy gentle reign, When passion turns or steps aside, Still call me back again.

Teach me to see through beauty's art, How oft its trappings hide A base, a vile, a treacherous heart, With thousand ills beside.

Nor let my generous soul give way, Too much to serve my friends; Let reason still control their sway, And show where duty ends.

If to my lot a wife should fall, May friendship be our love; The passion that is transport all, Does seldom lasting prove.

If lasting, 'tis too great for peace,
The pleasure's so profuse;
The heart can never be at ease
Which has too much to lose.

Calm let me estimate this life,
Which I must leave behind;
Nor let fond passions raise a stri'e,
To discompose my mind.

When nature calls, may I steal by As rising from a feast; I've had my fill of life, and why Should I distrust the rest?

John Free.

#### 388. THE LOVERS TO THEIR FAVORITE TREE.

#### Argument.

In the hospital endowed by an ancestor of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., at Kirkleatham, amongst other natural and artificial curiosities is a very singular tree. It had been cut down, and divided into lengths, for the purpose of converting it into firewood; but upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out sound and entire, the outward part which enclosed it being about the thickness of four inches. Round the inner bole, or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters, carved in a rude and seemingly irregular manner; but upon a closer observation are found to wind round the wood in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible:—

This tree long time did witness bear, Two true lovers did walk here.

There are likewise other letters, which seem to be the initials of the lovers' names, who appear to have frequented the solitary spot where the tree has grown, to vent the effusions of their mutual passion, and to enjoy the pleasure of each other's conversation, sequestered and unobserved.

ONG the wintry tempest braving, Still this short inscription keep; Still preserve this rude engraving, On thy bark imprinted deep: 'This tree long time did witness bear, Two true lovers did walk here.'

By the softest ties united,

Love has bound our souls in one;
And by mutual promise plighted,

Waits the nuptial rite alone—

Now a faithful witness bear,

Of our plighted promise here.

Though our lives would gladly sever
Those firm ties they disallow,
Yet they cannot part us ever—
We will keep our faithful vow,
And in spite of threats severe,
Still will meet each other here.

While the dusky shade concealing, Veils the faultless fraud of love, We from sleepless pillows stealing, Nightly seek the silent grove; And escaped from eye severe, Dare to meet each other here.

Wealth and titles disregarding, (Idols of their sordid mind,) Calm content true love rewarding, In the bliss we wish to find— Then tree, long time witness bear, Two such lovers did walk here.

To our faithful love consenting,
(Love unchanged by time or tide,)
Should our haughty sires relenting,
Give the sanction yet denied—
'Midst the scenes to memory dear,
Still we oft will wander here.

Then our every wish completed, Crown'd by kinder fates at last, All beneath thy shadow seated, We will talk of seasons past— When by night, in silent fear, We did meet each other here.

On thy yielding bark engraving,
Now in short our tender tale,
Long time's roughest tempest braving,
Spread thy branches to the gale;
And for ages witness bear,
Two true lovers did walk here. Thomas Browne.

#### 389. SONG.

A WOMAN'S face is full of wiles, Her tears are like the crocodil; With outward cheer on thee she smiles, When in her heart she thinks thee ill.

Her tongue still chats of this and that, Than aspine leaf it wags more fast; And as she talks she knows not what, There issues many a truthless blast.

Thou far dost take thy mask amiss, If thou think faith in them to find. The weathercock more constant is, Which turns about with every wind.

I know some pepper-nosed dame
Will term me fool, and saucy jack,
That dare their credit to defame,
And lay such slanders on their back.

What though on me they pour their spite,
I may not use the glover's trade;
I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade.

Humphrey Gifford.

#### 390. SONNET.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use such colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of rowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips love's standards bear,
Where he? (say they of me) now dare swear.

ı

He cannot love! No, no; let him alone.

And think so still! So, Stella, know my mind:

Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art!

But yon fair maids at length this true shall find,

That his light badge is but worn in the heart;

Dumb swans, not chirping pies, do lovers prove:

They love, indeed, who quake to say they love.

Sir Philip Sidney.

## 391. A SWEET CONTENTION BETWEEN LOVE, HIS MISTRESS, AND BEAUTY.

OVE and my mistress were at strife,
Who had the greatest power on me;
Betwixt them both, oh, what a life!
Nay, what a death is this to be!

She said she did it with her eye;
He said he did it with his dart;
Betwixt them both (a silly wretch!)
'Tis I that have the wounded heart.

She said she only spake the word
That did enchant my peering sense;
He said he only gave the wound
That enter'd heart without defence.

She said her beauty was the mark
That did amaze the highest mind;
He said he only made the mist
Whereby the senses grew so blind.

She said that only for her sake

The best would venture life and limb;
He said she was too much deceiv'd;
They honour'd her because of him.

Longwhile, alas! she would not yield, But it was she that rul'd the roast; Until by proof she did confess, If he were gone her joy was lost.

And then she cried, 'Oh, dainty love, I now do find it is for thee That I am lov'd and honour'd both, And thou hast power to conquer me.'

But when I heard her yield to love, Oh, how my heart did leap for joy! That now I had some little hope To have an end of mine annoy!

But as too soon, before the field,
The trumpets sound the overthrow,
So all too soon I joy'd too much,
For I awaked, and nothing so.

Nicholas Breton

### 392. SONNET.

IF this be love to draw a weary breath,

With downward looks still reading to the earth
The sad memorials of my love's despair;
If this be love to war against my soul,
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve,
The never resting stone of care to roll,
Fail to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve;
If this be love to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;
My pleasure, horror, music, tragic notes,
Tears in mine eves, and sorrow at my heart.

Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart, If this be love to live a living death; Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

Samuel Daniel.

#### 393. SONNET.

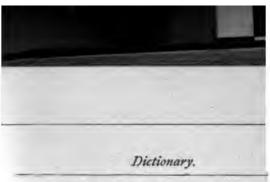
I ONCE may see when years shall wreck my wrong, When golden hairs shall change to silver wire; And those bright eyes that kindle all this fire Shall fail in force, their working not so strong. Then beauty (now the burden of my song,) Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire, Must yield up all to tyrant time's desire, Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long. When if she grieve to gaze her in the glass, Which then presents her winter wither'd hue, Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was; For what she was she best shall find in you. Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass, But (Phœnix-like) shall make her live anew.

#### 364. THE LOVER,

DECRIVED BY HIS LADY'S INCONSTANCY, WRITETH AS FOLLOWETH:

THE mist is gone that bleared mine eyes,
The low'ring clouds I see appear;
Though that the blind eat many flies,
I would you knew my sight is dear.
Your sweet, deceiving, flattering face,
But make me think that you were white;
I muse how you had such a grace
To seem a hawk, and be a kite.

Where precious ware is to be sold,
They shall it have that giveth most,
All things we see are not worth gold;
Few things are had where is no cost;



And so it fareth now by me:
Because I press to give no gifts,
She takes my suit unthankfully,
And drives me off with many drifts.

Is this the end of all my suit,
For my good will to have a scorn?
Is this of all my pains the fruit,
To have the chaff instead of corn?
Let them that list possess such dross,
For I deserve a better gain;
Yet had I rather leave with loss,
Than serve and sue, and all in vain.

#### 395. SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd, 'Cause I see a woman kind; Or a well-disposed nature Joined with a lovely feature? Be she meeker, kinder than Turtle dove's pelican,

If she be not so to me, What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move Me to perish for her love? Or her merit's value known, Make me quite forget mine own? Be she with that goodness blest Which may gain her name of best; If she seem not such to me, What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe:
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go!
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

George Wither.

## 396. HAIL! THOU FAIREST OF ALL CREATURES.

HAIL! thou fairest of all creatures,
Upon whom the sun doth shine;
Model of all rarest features,
And perfections most divine.
Thrice, all hail! and blessed be
Those that love and honour thee.

Though a stranger to the muses, Young, obscur'd, and despis'd, Yet, such art thy love infuses, That I thus have pictur'd. Read, and be content to see Thy admired power in me.

On this glass of thy perfection
If that any women pry,
Let them thereby take direction
To adorn themselves thereby;
And if aught amiss they view,
Let them dress themselves anew.

This, thy picture, therefore show I,
Naked unto every eye;
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy;
For the more make love to thee,
I the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover,
That will view thee in a jail;
But thy beauty I discover,
English-like, without a veil.
If thou may'st be won away,
Win and wear thee he that may.

Yet in this thou may'st believe me,
(So indifferent though I seem,)
Death with tortures would not grieve me
More than loss of thy esteem;
For if VIRTUE me forsake,
All a scorn of me will make.

Then as I, on thee relying,
Do no changing fear in thee,
So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing keep thou me:
That, unmatched we may prove,
Thou for beauty; I for love.

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George Wither.

397. SONG.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me:
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie,
Be assured, 'tis she or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embrac'd a heart;
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Art she hath, without desire

To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath;
Full of pity as may be,

Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or—so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

William Brown.

#### 398. LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

L OVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart:
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me even.

#### 399. THE INQUIRY.

A MONGST the myrtles as I walk'd, Love and my sighs thus interbalk'd: 'Tell me,' said I in deep distress, 'Where may I find my shepherdess?'

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'Thou fool' said Love, 'know'st thou this, In everything that's good she is? In yonder tulip go and seek, There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

In yon enamell'd pansy by, There thou shalt have her curious eye; In bloom of peach, in rosy bud, There wave the streamers of her blood!'

"Tis true," said I; and thereupon I went to pluck them one by one, To make of parts a union; But on a sudden, all was gone. With that I stopt. Said Love, 'There be, Fond man, seven plumes of thee; And as these flowers, thy joys shall die Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:'

'And all thy hopes of her shall wither Like those short sweets thus knot together.'

Carew.

#### 400. SONG.

WHILST I listen to thy voice, Chloris, I feel my life decay: That powerful voice Calls my flitting soul away. Oh! suppress that magic sound, Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessèd do above,
Is that they sing and that they love.

Waller.

#### 401. SONG.

H ONEST lover, whosoever,
If in all thy love there ere
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss:
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love renew.

If when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss:

And to love me, Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken;
Know this,

Thou love't amiss:
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

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If when thou appear'st to be within

Thou lett'st not men ask, and ask again,
And when thou answer'st, if it be,
To what was ask'd thee properly;
Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss:

And to love true, Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers instead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss:

And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover;
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew;

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss:
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

Sir John Suckling.

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#### 402. DO NOT CONCEAL THY RADIANT EYES.

D<sup>O</sup> not conceal thy radiant eyes, The starlight of serenest skies; Lest, wanting of their heavenly light, They turn to chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair, The silken snares of thy curled hair; Lest, finding neither gold nor ore, The curious silkworm work no more!

Do not conceal those breasts of thine, More snow-white than the Apennine; Lest, if there be like cold or frost, The lily be for ever lost!

Do not conceal that fragrant scent, Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent Perfumes; lest it being supprest, No spices grow in all the east!

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice, Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice; Lest, music having no such thing, The nightingale forget to sing!

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse, Thy pearly teeth with coral lips; Lest, that the seas cease to bring forth Gems which from thee have all their worth. Do not conceal no beauty, grace, That's either in thy mind or face; Lest virtue, overcome by vice, Make men believe no paradise.

Sir Francis Kinaston.

#### 403. TO A COY LADY.

I PRITHEE leave this peevish fashion,
Don't desire to be high priz'd,
Love's a princely noble passion,
And with scorn to be despised.
Though we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do 't only for our pleasure;
And those parts in which you glory
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels or for queens, pray know
'Tis our fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic natures be
Distinguished only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so.

Alexander Brome.

## 404. EARLY LOVE.

H, I remember well (and how can I A But evermore remember well) when first Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was The flame we felt, when as we sat and sigh'd, And look'd upon each other and conceiv'd Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail; And yet were well, and yet we were not well, And what was our disease we could not tell. Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus In that first garden of our simpleness We spent our childhood. But when years began To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow, Check my presumption and my forwardness! Yet still would give me flowers, still would show What she would have me, yet not have me know

Samuel Daniel.

### 405. THE TRIUMPH OF HIS LOVE.

SEE the chariot at hand here of love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light All that love's world compriscth! Do but look on her, she is bright As love's star when it riseth! But do mark her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the element's strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smell'd of the bud of the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Ben Jonson.

#### 406. SONG.

O PRITHEE send me back my heart, Since I cannot have thine, For if from yours you will not part, Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie, And yet not lodge together? O love, where is thy sympathy, If thus our breasts thou sever? But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe, I will no longer pine; For I'll believe I have her heart As much as she has mine.

Sir John Suckling.

# 407. SONG.

HAST thou seen the dove in the air
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodile's weeping
Or the fox's sleeping?
Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride?
Oh! so fickle; oh! so vain; oh! so false is she!
Sir John Suckling.

### 408. THE CARELESS LOVER.

N EVER believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
And yet in truth, I lie, I do,
And she's extremely handsome too.
She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love
I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
My foolish heart could never bear;
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore.
'She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love
I fairly will forego it.

When I am hungry I do eat,
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat,
Nor with much gazing on her face
Do e'er rise hungry from the place.
She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love
I fairly will forego it.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
To this and t'other friend I drink;
And if 'tis nam'd another's health,
I never make it her's by stealth.
She's fair she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love
I fairly will forego it.

I visit, talk, do business, play,
And for a need laugh out a day;
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
He makes not love, but plays the fool.
She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love
I fairly will forego it.

Sir John Suckling.

# TO CUPID.

HOU, who didst never see the light, Nor know'st the pleasure of the sight, -But always blinded, canst not say Now it is night, or now 'tis day: So captivate her sense, so blind her eye, That still she love me, yet she ne'er knew why.

Thou who dost wound us with such art, We see no blood drop from the heart, And, subtly cruel, leave no sign To tell the blow or hand was thine: O gently, gently wound my fair, that she May thence believe the wound did come from thee!

Herrick.

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# SONG.

HILE on those lovely looks I gaze, To see a wretch pursuing, In raptures of a bless'd amaze, His pleasing happy ruin; 'Tis not for pity that I move, His fate is too aspiring Whose heart, broke with a load of love, Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego, Your slave from death removing, Let me your art of charming know, Or learn you mine of loving. But whether life or death betide, In love 'tis equal measure: The victor lives with empty pride, The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

Earl of Rochester.

## 411. SONG.

#### THE PARTING KISS.

O NE kind wish before we part,
Drop, utter, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish, shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

Robert Dodsley.

### 412. ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flower,
The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.
A rosy lass approached my view,
I caught her blue eyes' modest beam;
The stranger nodded, 'How d'ye do?'
And leaped across the infant stream.

The water heedless passed away;
With me her glowing image stayed.
I strove from that auspicious day
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew
Nor more elastic flowers, though sweet,
Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her rising train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

Robert Bloomfield.

# 413. FIRST LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die;
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I seek thine ear,
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame,
That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be;
At sunset with what eager feet
I hastened undo thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone
Would bring thee in mine eye.
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befel
Even loftier hopes than ours:
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

John Clare.

### 414. LOST FEELINGS.

OH! weep not that our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time,
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime.

Oh! weep not that the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin trace Of wasting time is seen Around the form and in the face Where beauty's bloom has been.

But mourn the inward wreck we feel
As hoary years depart,
And time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart.

\*James Montgomery.\*

On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,
The while my 'stonish'd heart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her look's delight,
I mote perceive how in her glaring sight
Legions of loves with lusted wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
At every rash beholder passing by;
One of those archers closely I did spy
Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
When suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
The damsel broke his misintended dart.
II ad she not done so sure I had been slain,
Yet as it was I hardly 'scaped with pain.

Spenser.

#### 416. SONNET.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays, And what by mortals in this world is brought In Time's great periods shall return to nought; That fairest states have fatal nights and days! I know that all the muse's heavenly lays With toil of spirit which are so dearly bought, As idle sounds of few or more are sought, That there is nothing brighter than vain praise. I know frail beauty, like the purple flower, To which one morn oft birth and death accords, Where sense and will bring under reason's pow'r. Know what I list, all this cannot me move, But that alas! I both must write and love.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

SEE Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair
On yonder leafy myrtle tree which groan,
And waken with their kisses in the air
Th' enamoured zephyrs murmuring one by one:
If thou but sense hadst like Pygmalion's stone,
Or had'st not seen Medusa's snaky hair,
Love's lessons thou might'st learn: and learn, sweet fair,
To summer's heat, e'er that thy spring be grown;
And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,
And binds and clasps with many a wanton fold,
And courting sleep, o'ershadows all the place:
Nay, seems to say—Dear tree, we shall not part;
In sign whereof, lo in each leaf a heart.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

#### 418. SONNET.

#### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray Was blest at eve, when all the woods are still, Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill, While the jolly hours lead on propitious May. Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill, Portend successive love; and if Jove's will Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay, Now, timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate Foretell my hapless doom in some grove nigh; As thou from year to year hast sung too late For my relief, yet hadst no reason why. Whether the muse, or Love, call thee his mate, Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

#### FROM THE ITALIAN POEMS OF MILTON.

'HARLES, must I say, what strange it seems to say, This rebel heart that love hath held as naught. Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught, Would laugh, and let his captive steal away: This simple heart hath now become his prey: Yet hath no golden tress this lesson taught, No vermeil cheek that shames the rising day. Oh, no! 'twas beauty's most celestial ray, With charms divine of sovereign sweetness fraught! The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air, The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye, The voice, that breathing melody so rare, Might lead the toil'd morn from the middle sky! Charles, when such mischief arm'd this foreign fair, Small chance had I to hope this simple heart should fly. Langhorne.

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# 420. SONNET. FROM PETRARCH.

If faith in love, a heart that ne'er betrays,
Sweetly to languish, softly to desire;
If wishes pure, lit up with gentle fire;
If long to wander in a wild ring maze;
If every thought that thus the front displays,
As broken accents that can scarce transpire,
Too oft repress'd as fear or shame require;
If paleness, where love paints the violet's rays;
If holding others than one's self more dear;
If still to pour the tear, to heave the sigh;
With grief, with anger, or with care to pine;
If when afar to burn, to freeze when near;
If these the causes love sick that I lie,
Yours, lady, be the fault, the loss be mine.

FROM SAPPHO AND PHAOM.

Not to love, to fix the tender gaze,
To hide the timid blush, and steal away;
To shun the busy world, and waste the day
In some rude mountain's solitary maze;
Is it to chant one name in ceaseless lays,
To hear no words that other tongues can say,
To watch the pale moon's melancholy ray,
To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?
Is it to pour th' involuntary sigh,
To dream of bliss, and wake new pangs to prove,
To talk in fancy with the speaking eye,
Then start with jealousy, and wildly rove?
Not to loathe the light, and wish to die,
For these I feel,—and feel that they are love!

Mary Robinson.

#### 422. SONNET.

As summer breezes fan the sleeping main,
Slow through each fibre creeps the subtle pain,
Till closely round the yielding bosom twined,
Vain is the hope the magic to unbind;
The potent mischief riots in the brain,
Grasps every thought and burns in every vein,
Till in the heart the tyrant lives enshrin'd.
Oh, victor strong! bending the vanquish'd frame,
Sweet is the thraldom that thou bidd'st us prove!
And sacred is the tear thy virtues claim:
For blest are those whom sighs of sorrow move.
Then nymphs beware how ye profane my name,
Nor blame my weakness till like me ye love.

Mary Robinson.

OH, sigh! thou stealest, the herald of the breast,
The lover's fears, the lover's pangs to tell,
Thou bidd'st with timid grace the bosom swell,
Cheating the day of joy, the night of rest!
Oh! lucid tears, with eloquence confest,
Why on my fading cheek unheeded dwell,
Meek as the dewdrop on the flow'rets fell,
By ruthless tempests to the green sod prest.
Fond sigh, be hush'd! Congeal, O! slighted tear!
Thy feeble powers the busy fates control!
Or if thy crystal streams again appear,
Let them, like Lethe's, to oblivion roll;
For love the tyrant plays when hope is near,
And she who flies the lover chains the soul.

Mary Robinson.

#### 424. SONNET.

#### TO LOVE.

SINCE first soft passion could this breast enflame,
Oh, love! I've owned the rigour of thy rule,
Still to thy shrine with bleeding heart I came,
And prudence pointed off the am'rous fool;
'Tis past:—and, ah! tho', with thy power are flown
Innum'rous pangs, that wrung my tortur'd soul,
Joy too is fled, sweet raptures all my own,
That gild the chains of such severe control.
Where, now, the fond concern? the blissful dream,
The glad surprise that purpled o'er my cheek?
The sprightly hope that from my eye would gleam?
The throbbing wish that language could not speak?
In liberty I pine, condemned to see
A barren waste, so wretched, tho' so free!

Dermody.

## 425. THE TIMID LOVER.

YES, it is true, I uttered not my tale;
But did'st thou never hear the bitter sighs
That swell'd my breast, ne'er see what deadly pale
Stole o'er my cheek, how often to mine eyes,
Spite of myself, the gulf-wrung tears would rise,
When by thy side some youth than me more bold,
More blest in all those charms that wealth supplies,
With ready tongue his artful story told?
Hast thou not seen my passion, ill-controlled,
For thee in thousand nameless actions shown?
Seen that in others nought would I behold?
That still I spoke, moved, breathed for thee alone?
And might not those have bought thee, far above
The feeble power of words, my matchless love?

Davenport.

### 426. THE WISHES.

I T was of old in the elfin day,
When charm and spell had power,
Four sisters stood at the noon of May,
In a haunted woodland bower.

'Now drink and wish,' said the fairy queen, With a winecup in her hand, For the wish that is o'er our goblet breathed Will the years and fates command.'

The first she drank a swift, deep draught, And she spake forth loud and free, 'A broad domain, and a vassal train, And a store of gold for me.'

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'Thou art keen to reckon,' the elf queen said,
'And wise in thine early day,
For gold, and lands, and the vassal bands,
They have long on earth held sway.'

Slowly the second drank, and spake
With a proud but earnest gaze:
'My heritage be the pen and page,
And my dower their fame and praise.'

'Bethink thee, maiden,' the fairy said,
'That the path is steep and bare;
Yet go if thou must, in strength and trust,
There are heights of promise there.'

The third; oh! her's was a silvery tone,
As she sipped the elfin wine:
'No cumbrous store of gold or lore
But the fairest face be mine.'

'Well hast thou wished,' said the fairy queen,
'And ne'er to thy wish befall,
For gold hath power, and praise hath lore,
But the fair face winneth all.'

The last drank deep, but with many a pause, And the words came faint between: 'Oh! still to me that one heart might be As mine own hath wished and been.'

'Not for the gold that is bought and sold, Nor the glance that will grow dim, But for all he knew of the good and true, And the dear love borne to him.'

'And comest thou in thy youth to work
The strong ones of the wild,
With that gentle mien,' said the fairy queen,
'And thou but a mortal's child?'

'In vain for thee was our goblet filled, For to us are only given The power and promise of this earth, But thou asketh those of heaven!'

Frances Brown.

# 427. SONNET: MY LOVE SHE IS A LONELY FLOWER.

M Y love she is a lonely but sweet flower,
And I would wear her in my breast, for she
Is full of fragrance, and such modesty
That I e'en sanctify that precious hour
When first my eyes her worshippers became.
He who hath mark'd the opening love in spring
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.
For Fortune if I struggle, or for Fame,
'Tis that, unworthy, I may worthy be
Of her, the maiden with the dark, black hair,
And darker eyes. My only wish to share
The sunless scenes low sunk beneath the sea,
Is that with it I might my true love greet,
And lay the too small treasure at her feet.

Edward Mozon.

# 428. SONNET: METHOUGHT MY LOVE WAS DEAD.

METHOUGHT my love was dead; O, 'twas a night Of dreary weeping, and of bitter woe!

Methought I saw her lovely spirit go,
With lingering looks into yon star so bright,
Which then assumed such a beauteous light,
That all the fires in heaven compared with this
Were scarce perceptible to my weak sight.
There seemed henceforth the heaven of my bliss;
To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,
And pray'd that morn might ne'er break in,
But o'er me that pure planet still remain.
Alas! o'er it my vows had no control.
The lone star set: I woke full glad, I deem,
To find my sorrow but a lover's dream.

Edward Moxon.

# SONNET: FAIR ART THOU.

FAIR art thou as the morning, my young bride! Her freshness is about thee; like a river To the sea gliding, with sweet murmur ever Thou sportest; and, wherever thou dost glide, Humanity a lovelier aspect wears. Fair art thou as the morning of that land Where Tuscan breezes in his youth have fann'd Thy grandsire oft. Thou hast not many tears, Save such as pity from the heart will wring; And then there is a smile in thy distress! Meeker thou art than lily of the spring, Yet is thy nature full of nobleness, And gentle ways, that sooth and raise me so, That henceforth I no worldly sorrow know!

Edward Moxon.

# 430. SONNET: I CANNOT LOOK IN THY SWEET FACE.

CANNOT look in thy sweet face, dear maid, And give assent unto the sceptic's creed, Annihilating hope, leaving a reed To lean on, unsubstantial as the shade Of passing clouds. No, in the hour of need High Heaven its own will claim: the form may fade! But the ethereal mind, the soul sublimed, And purified with sorrow and with love, Shall rise, as virtuous metals rise, above The dross of earth. As upwards thou hast climbed From infancy, so shalt thou shining soar Triumphant over death, and fate, and chance, And every mortal strife: life is the trance From which thou shalt wake to sleep no more.

Edward Moxon.

# 431. DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS ESTATE OF A LOVER.

WHEN youth had led me half the race
That Cupid's scourge had made me runne,
I looked back to mete the place
From whence my weary course begunne.

And then I saw how my desyre
Misguiding me had led the waye:
Mine eyne, too greedy of their hyre,
Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighs I spent the day,
And could not cloak my grief with gain,
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The present heat of secret flame.

And when salt tears have bayned my breast,
Where Love his pleasant trayzes hath sowne,
Her beauty hath the fruits opprest,
Ere that the buddes were spronge and blowne.

And when myne eyne dyd still pursue
The flying chase of their request;
Their greedy looks dyd oft renew
The hydden wound within my brest.

When every loke these cheeks might stayne,
From dedly pale to glowing red,
By outward signs appeared playne
To her for help my hart was fled.

But all too late Love learneth me
To paynt all kind of colours new,
To blynd their eyes that else should see
My speckled chekes with Cupid's hew.

Bathed.

And now the covert brest I clame
That worshipt Cupid secretly;
And nourished his secret flame
From whence no blaising sparkes do flie.

Earl of Surrey.

## 432. SYBILLA.

SYBILLA! Dost thou love?
Oh, swear! Oh, swear!
By those steadfast stars above!
By this pure sweet air!
By all things true, and deep, and fair!
By hearts made rich with love,
Made wise by care!

Sybilla! I love thee:
 I swear, I swear,—
By all bright things that be!
 By thyself, my fair!
By thine eyes, and motions free!
By thy sting, thou honey-bee!
By thy angel thoughts that flee
Singing through the golden air,
I swear, I swear!

Sybilla! dost thou frown?

Beware, beware!

If scorn thy beauty crown,

I fly,—yet where?

Why are thine eyes withdrawn?

Why dost thou turn, thou fawn?

Look on me, like the dawn

On weeping air!

She smiles—Oh, Beauty bless'd,

Take,—take me to thy breast,

And cure all care!

Barry Cornwall.

# 433. I LOVE MY LOVE, BECAUSE HE LOVES ME.

M AN, man loves his steed,
For its blood or its breed,
For its odour the rose, for its honey the bee;
His own haughty beauty
From pride or from duty;
But I love my love, because—he loves me.

Oh, my love has an eye,
Like a star in the sky,
And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree;
And his heart is a treasure,
Whose worth is past measure;
And yet he hath given all—all to me!

It crowns me with light,
In the dead of the night,
It brightens my journey by land and sea;
And thus, while I wander,
I sigh and grow fonder,
For my love ever grows with his love for me.

Why didst thou depart;
Thou sweet bird of my heart?
Oh! come back to my bosom, and never flee:
I never will grieve thee,
I'll never deceive thee,
But love thee for ever,—as thou lov'st me.
Barry Cornwall.

3

# 434. JOHN HARYNGTON TO ISABELLA MARKHAME, 1549.

Question.

A LAS! I love you overwell
Mine owne sweet deare delygte!
Yet for respects I feare to tell
What moves my troubled spryghte;

What workes my woe, what breedes my smarte, What woundes myn harte and mynde; Reason restrayns me to emparte, Such perylls as I fynde.

#### Answer.

If present peryll reason fynde,
And hope for helpe do haste,
Unfolde the secretts of your mynde
Whylls hope of helpe may take;
And I will ease your payne and smarte,
As yf yt weare myn owne;
Respects and perylls put aparte,
And let the truthe be known.

## Question.

The woodes be sounde, the sounde ys sweete,
The sweete yeeldes bounty free;
Noe myghte hath worthe to yeeld meed meete,
For grace of such degree.
Now syth my playnte doth pitie move,
Graunt grace that I may taste
Such joys as angells feel above
That lovingly may last.

### Answer.

I yield with haste and willing mynde
To doe all you desyre,
Doubtinge no deale such faythe to fynde
As such trust doth requier.
Now you have wealth at your owne will,
And law at your owne lust
To make or mar, to save or spill:
Then be a conqueror juste.

# Rejoinder.

Fyrste shall the sun in darkness dwell,
The moone and stars lacke lyghte,
Before in thoughte I doe rebell
Agaynste my love's delyghte:
Tryed is my truste, knowne is my truthe:
In tyme, my sweet, provyde,
Whilst bewtie florishe in thine youthe,
And breathe in me abyde.

John Harrington.

# 435. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

OME live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pleasure prove, That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields, Woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks, Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks, By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies; A cap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool, Which from our pretty lambs we pull; Fur-lined slippers for the cold, With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs; And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love. The shepherd swains shall dance and sing For thy delight, each May morning; If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlow.

# 436. THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

IF all the world and love were young, And truth on every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might we move, To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flock from field to fold, When rivers rage and rocks grow cold, And Philomel becometh dumb, And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields To wayward winter reckoning yields A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses, Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds, Thy coral clasps and amber studs; All these in me no means can move, To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could faith last, and love still breed, Had joys no date, nor age no need; Then these delights my mind might move, To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh

# 437. NOW I FIND THY LOOKS WERE FEIGNED.

OW I find thy looks were feigned,
Quickly lost and quickly gained;
Soft thy skin like wool of wethers,
Heart unstable, light as feathers;
Tongue untrusty, subtle-sighted,
Wanton will with charge delighted.
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason!

Of thine eyes I made my mirror;
From thy beauty came mine error;
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy smiles I deemed pity;
Thy false tears, that me aggrieved,
First of all my heart deceived.
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason.

Feign'd acceptance when I asked;
Lovely words with cunning masked;
Holy vows, but heart unholy;
Wretched man! my trust was folly!
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Time in love is no insurance,
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason.

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white those tresses yellow.
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint thee, dame despightful!
And when time shall date thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be sorry,
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason.

Thomas Lodge.

# 438. HOPELESS LOVE.

I WILL not wish, I cannot vow
My part. Thy grief, then, oh then, disdain:
Though thou refuse, I know not how,
So quite my love with love again:
Since I have swore to be thy friend,
As I began so will I end.

Swear then my death, work thou my woe,
Conspire with grief to stop my breath,
Yet still thy friend, and not thy foe,
I will remain until my death:
Choose whom thou wilt, I will resign
If love or faith be like to mine.

But while I, wretch, too long have lent
My wandering eyes to gaze on thee,
I have both time and travail spent
In vain, in vain; and now I see
They do but fruitless pain procure
To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

When I am dead, yet thou mayest boast
Thou hadst a friend, a faithful friend,
That living, liv'd to love thee most,
And lov'd thee still unto his end:
Tho' thou unworthy, with disdain,
Did'st force him live and die in pain.

Now may I sing, now sigh, now say,
Farewell my life! farewell my joy!
Now mourn by night, now weep by day;
Love, too much love, breeds mine annoy:
What can I wish, what should I crave,
Sith that is gone which I should have.

Though hope be turned to despair. Yet give my tongue leave to lament; Believe me now, my heart doth swear My luckless love was truly meant: Thou art too proud—I say no more, Too stout, and wo is me therefore.

Nicholas Breton.

## 439. A SOLEMN CONCEIT.

OTH love live in beauty's eyes? Why then are they so unloving? Patience in her passion proving There his sorrow chiefly lies.

Lives belief in lovers' hearts-Why then are they unbelieving? Hourly so the spirit grieving With a thousand jealous smarts.

Is there pleasure in love's passion? Why then is it so unpleasing? Heart and spirit both diseasing, Where the wits are out of fashion.

No, love sees in beauty's eyes, He hath only lost his seeing, Where in sorrow's only being All his comfort wholly dies.

Fain within the heart of love, Fearful of the sting it hath, Treading of a trembling path, Doth but jealousy approve.

In love's passion, then, what pleasure, Which is but a lunacy, Where grief, fear, and jealousy Plague the senses out of measure?

Farewell, then, unkindly fancy, In thy courses all too cruel, Woe the price of such a jewel As turns reason to a frenzy!

Nicholas Breton.

3

### 440. OF LINGERINGE LOVE.

IN lingeringe love mislikinge growes,
Whereby our fancies ebbs and flows,
We love to day, and hate to morne,
And daily when we list the scorne.
Take heed, therefore,

If she mislike, then love no more. Quick speed makes waste, Love is not gotten in such haste.

The suite is colde that soone is done;
The fort is feeble, eas'ly wonne;
The hawk that soon comes by her prey,
May take a toy and soar away.

Mark when manner this.

Mark what meanes this;
Some think to hit, and yet they miss:
First creepe, then goe,
Methinkes on lovers handled soe.

For lacke of bellowes the fire goes out, Some say the nighest way is about: Few things are had without some suit; The tree at first will bear no fruit. Serve long, hope well,

Soe here is all that I can tell:
Time tires out troth,
And troth is liked where'er it go'th.

Some thinke all theirs that they do seeke; Some wantons woo but for a weeke; Some woo to show their subtle wits, Such palfreys play upon their bits. Fine heads, God knows,
That pluck a nettle for a rose!
They meet their match,
And fare the worse because they snatch.

We silly women cannot rest
For men that love to woo in jest;
Some lay their bait in every nook,
And every fish doth spie their hook.
Ill ware, good cheape,¹
Which makes us look before we leap;
Craft can cloke much;
God save all simple souls from such.

Though lingeringe love be lost some while, Yet lingeringe lovers laugh and smile; Who will not linger for a day,
To banish hope, and hop away.
Love must be plied;
Who thinks to sayle must wait the tide.
Thus ends his dance:
God send all lingerers happie chance!

### 441. SONG: LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

OVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Nor well, nor full, nor fasting.

<sup>1</sup> Bargain.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

Samuel Daniel

# 442. SONG: SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in the sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey! nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey! bonny, bonny.

Shakspeare.

# 443. LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR, leave thy home and come with me, That scorn the world for love of thee; Here we will live, within this park, A court of joy and pleasure's ark. Here we will hunt, here we will range, Constant in love, our sports will change; Of hearts, in any change we make, I will have thine, thou mine shalt take.

Here we will walk upon the lawns, And see the tripping of the fawns; And all the deer shall wait on thee— Thou shalt command both them and me.

The leaves a whispering noise shall make, Their music-notes the birds shall wake; And while thou art in quiet sleep, Through the green wood shall silence keep.

And while my herds about thee feed, Love's lesson in thy face I'll read, And feed upon thy lovely look, For beauty hath no fairer book.

2

3

It's not the weather nor the air, It is thyself that is so fair, Nor doth it rain when heaven lowers, But when you frown, then fall the showers.

One sun alone moves in the sky— Two suns thou hast, one in each eye; Only by day that sun gives light— Where thou doth rise there is no night.

Fair starry twins, scorn not to shine Upon my lambs, upon my kine; My grass doth grow, my corn and wheat, My fruit, my vines thrive by their heat.

Thou shalt have wool, thou shalt have silk, Thou shalt have honey, wine and milk; Thou shalt have all, for all is due Where thoughts are free and love is true.

Earl of Pembroke.

# 444. LOVE HATH NO PHYSICIAN.

A RESTLESS lover I espied,
That went from place to place,
Lay down and turned from side to side,
And sometimes on his face;
And when that med'cines were applied,
In hope of intermission,
As one that felt no ease, he cried,
'Has Cupid no physician?'

What do the ladies with their looks,
Their kisses and their smiles?
Can no receipts in those fair books
Repair their former spoils?
But they complain as well as we,
Their pains have no remission,
And when both sexes wounded be,
'Hath Cupid no physician.'

# 445. TO B. R. IN RETURN FOR HER BRACELET.

TIS not, dear love, that amber twist,
Which circles round my captive wrist,
Can have the power to make me more
Your pris'ner than I was before;
Though I that bracelet dearer hold
Than misers would a chain of gold;
Yet this but ties my outward part,
Heartstrings alone can tie my heart.

'Tis not that soft and silken wreath, Your hands did unto mine bequeath, Can bind with half so powerful charms As the embraces of your arms. Although not iron bands, my fair, Can bind more fiercely than your hair, Yet what will chain me most will be Your heart in true-love's knot to me.

'Tis not those beams, your hairs, nor all Your flowers outside doth me enthral, Although your looks have force enow To make the stateliest tyrants bow, Nor any angel could deny Your person his idolatry, Yet 1 do not so much adore The temple, but the goddess more.

If then my soul you would confine
To prison, tie your heart to mine:
Your noble virtues, constant love,
The only powerful chains will prove
To bind me ever, such as those
The hands of death shall ne'er unloose.
Until I such a pris'ner be,
No liberty can make me free.

Waller.

# 446. SONG: PRITHEE WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?—
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

3

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?—
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move, This cannot take her— If of herself she will not love, Nothing can make her: The devil take her!

Sir John Suckling.

### 447. THE CHANGE.

Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair; Love does on both her lips for ever stay, And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there. In all her outward parts Love's always seen; But, oh! he never went within.

Within Love's foes his greatest foes abide:
Malice, inconstancy, and pride;
So the earth's face, trees, herbs, and flowers, do dress,
With other beauties numberless;
But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
There wicked spirits and the damned dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
Only grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But like the Persian tyrant, love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means I will prove Within too stored enough of love; Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive That love in all my parts shall live. So powerful is this change, it render can My outside woman and your inside man.

Abraham Cowley.

## 448. THE RESOLVE.

I PRAY thee let my heart alone, Since now 'tis raised above thee, Not all the beauty thou didst own Again can make me love thee.

He that was shipwrecked once before By such a syren's call, And yet neglects to shun that shore, Deserves his second fall.

Each flutt'ring kiss, each tempting smile Which thou in vain bestows, Some other lover might beguile, Who not thy falsehood knows.

But I am proof against all art:
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her that hath betrayed me.

2

3

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move
As now thou sufferest mine.

Thomas Stanley.

## 449. THE RELAPSE.

O TURN away those cruel eyes, The stars of my undoing! Or death in such a bright disguise May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride, Who dare contemn thy glory; It was my fall that deified Thy name, and sealed thy story. Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee,
Though my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice No other for thy fuel; And if thou burn one victim twice, Both think thee poor and cruel.

Thomas Stanley.

450. SONG: FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a praise Reserved for your virtuous eyes; From crowds, whom at your feet you see, O pity and distinguish me!
As I, from thousand beauties more, Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd, Your every motion charms my mind, Angels when you your silence break, Forget their hymns to hear you speak; But when, at once, they hear and view, Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve, But all are lost unless you love; While that sweet passion you disdain, Your veil and beauty are in vain: In pity then prevent my fate, For after dying all reprieve's too late.

John Dryden.

# 451. THE DISSEMBLERS.

THE merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia seems to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.
My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mixing sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul in Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd, Euphelia frown'd:

I sang and gazed, I played and trembled,
And Venus, to the Loves around,
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

Matthew Prior.

# 452. SONG: THE SHAPE ALONE LET OTHERS PRIZE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair,
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm, Shall ne'er my wishes win: Give me an animated form That speaks a mind within.

3

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame, Without whose vital aid, Unfinish'd all her features seem, And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both these charms unite, How perfect is the view; With every image of delight, With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe, The wildest rage control, Diffusing mildness o'er the brow, And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express All language must despair, But to behold Aspasia's face, And read it perfect there.

Mark Akenside.

# 453. TO MISS CRACROFT.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy! and solace of my care!
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give
As makes me wish and tells me how to live!
To thee the muse with grateful hand would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom in thy breast and smile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away.

John Langhorne.

#### 454. THE KISS.

NE kiss, dear maid, I said and sigh'd; Your scorn the little boon denied. Ah, why refuse the blameless bliss? Can danger lurk within a kiss? Yon viewless wanderer of the vale, The spirit of the western gale, At morning's break, at evening's close, Inhales the sweetness of the rose, And hovers o'er th' uninjured bloom, Sighing back the soft perfume. Her nectar-breathing kisses fling Vigour to the zephyr's wing, And she the glitter of the dew Scatters on the rose's hue. Bashful, lo! she bends her head. And darts a blush of deeper red. Too well those lovely lips disclose The triumphs of the opening rose; O fair! O graceful! bid them prove As passive to the breath of love! In tender accents, faint and low, Well pleased I hear the whisper'd 'No!' The whispered 'No!' how little meant, Sweet falsehood that endears consent! For on those lovely lips the while Dawns the soft relenting smile, And tempts, with feign'd dissuasive coy, The gentle violence of the joy.

1

3

S. T. Coleridge.

#### 455. THE ROSE.

A S late each flower that sweetest blows,
I pluck'd, the garden's pride,
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brow a beaming wreath
Of many a lucent hue,
All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded rover,'
Nor scared his balmy rest,
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile, Awoke the prisoner sweet, He struggled to escape a while, And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy;
He gazed, he thrilled with deep delight,
Then clapp'd his wings with joy.

And 'Oh!' he cried, 'Of magic kind, What charms this throne endear! Some other love let Venus find, I'll fix my empire here.

S. T. Coleridge

# 456. SONG: GO, FORGET ME.

O, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.
Smile, though I shall not be near thee:
Sing, though I shall never hear thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on thy soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming —
Hope and beauty! fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted—
Glory's burning, generous swell
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

# 457. THE QUESTION.

I DREAM'D that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with the sound of waters murmuring,
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

3

There grew, 'mid wind, flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets,
Faint ox-lips, tender blue bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind, and the moonlight-colour'd may,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers, azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eye behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple brankt with white.
And starry river-buds among the sedge;
And floating water lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the ledge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bullrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled, or opposed, the like array
Kept the imprisoned children of the hours
Within my hand,—and then, clate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

# 458. LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fade,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast.
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

#### 459. LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

SEE the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all those kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

3

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

460. SONG: DRINK YE TO HER THAT EACH LOVES BEST.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best, And if you nurse a flame That's told but to her mutual breast, We will not ask her name. Enough, while memory tranced and glad, Paints silently the fair, That each should dream of joys he's had, Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence, be jest or boast, From hallowed thoughts so dear; But drink to them that we love most, As they would love to hear.

Campbell.

# 461. O NIGHTINGALE!

NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart:
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou singst as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine;
A song in mockery, and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night,
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in those peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among the trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze.
He did not cease; but cooed, and-cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:—
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song—the song for me!

Wordsworth.

#### 462. ON A LADY ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of heaven awhile;
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast;
And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
A scraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure. Above control,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary.

Samuel Rogers.

# 463. SONNET: GO, VALENTINE, AND TELL THAT LOVELY MAID.

O, valentine, and tell that lovely maid
Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,
How here I linger in this sullen shade,
This dreary gloom of dull, monastic night.
Say that, from ev'ry joy of life remote,
At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,
Who pour's like me her solitary song.
Say that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh,
Say that of all her charms I love to speak,
In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
In fancy view the smile illume her cheek,
Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
And heave the sigh of memory and of love.

Southey.

3

#### 464 OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

UR first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles,
Through April's earliest day.
No, no,—all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed no lustre o'er us
Like that first April day.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander;
Our autumn beam may, like a dream
Of heaven, die calm away;
But no—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'Twill shed no lustre o'er us
Like that first trembling ray.

T. Moore.

#### 465. INVITATION.

COME, thou lover, in whose eyes
Dreams of absent beauty rise,
In my little page thou'lt find
Balmy medicine for the mind:
Love still living in its prime,
Tried by sorrows, tried by time,
O'er the clouds of human ill
Soaring angel, pinioned still.

Come, thou maiden, sweet and young, Like a lyre with silver strung; Like the breathing violet, Still with morning's kisses wet; Like a sweet bird in its nest, Stranger to the world's unrest; Ere upon the breeze it flings
The rich painting of its wings;
Thou shalt find a wondrous spell
In my little oracle,
Visions bright of happy youth,
Thoughts of tenderness and truth,
Blooms that, borrowed from the skies,
Fell on earth from Paradise.

#### 466. MARGARET.

THERE was no beauty of the wood or field
But she its fragrant bosom-secret knew,
Nor any but to her would freely yield
Some grace that in her soul took root and grew:
Nature to her glow'd ever new, reveal'd,
All rosy fresh with innocent morning dew,
And look'd into her heart with dim, sweet eyes
That left it full of sylvan memories.

2

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O, what a face was hers to brighten light,
And give back sunshine with an added glow,
To wile each moment with a fresh delight.
And part of memory's best contentment grow!
O, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,
And make it sweet, and ready to become
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home!

None look'd upon her but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer,
And into each one's heart was freshly brought
What was to him the sweetest time of year,
So was her every look and motion fraught
With out-of-door delights and forest lere;
Not the first violet on a woodland lea
Seem'd a more visible gift of spring than she.

# 467. LOVE! I WILL TELL THEE WHAT IT IS TO LOVE.

OVE! I will tell thee what it is to love.

It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine,
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margin kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is love, the steadfast and the true;
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew;
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe in some green walk their first young vow.
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

# 468. LOVE IS LIKE THE GLASS.

Charles Swain.

OVE is like the glass That throws its own rich colours over all, And makes all beautiful. The morning looks Its very loveliest when the fresh air Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red; And the hot noon flits by most rapidly When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page Bearing the poet's words of love; and then The twilight walk when the linked arms can feel The beating of the heart; upon the air There is a music never heard but once, A light the eyes can never see again: Each star has its own prophecy of hope, And every song and tale that breathe of love. Seem echoes of the heart. L. E. L.

# 469. THE FIRST AVOWAL.

T was no fancy, he had named the name Of love, and at the thought her cheek grew flame: It was the first time her young ear had heard A lover's burning sigh or silver word. Her thoughts were all confusion, but most sweet, Her heart beat high, but pleasant was its beat. She murmured over many a snatch of song That might to her own feelings now belong: She thought upon old histories she had read, And placed herself in each high heroine's stead; Then woke her lute. Oh! there is little known Of music's power, till aided by love's own. And this is happiness. Oh! love will last When all that made it happiness is past, When all its hopes are as the glittering toys. Time present offers, time to come destroys, When they have been too often crushed to earth. For farther blindness to their little worth, When fond illusions have dropt one by one, Like pearls from a rich cascanet, till none Are left upon life's soiled and naked string, And this is all what time will ever bring!

L. E. L.

# 470. WOMAN'S LOVE.

Can utter, or the eye a wo reveal,
Her smile is round us like a guardian spell
Which nothing scatters, save the tyrant's gloom
Of death, and then, whose unforsaken glance
Till the last hue of being fade, from dawn
To midnight keeps angelic watch beside
The ebbing spirit; lighting it to heaven,

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Tis action makes the world of man; but life Is feeling, such as gentle woman bears; The fairy people of her inward world Are true affections when the blight hath touched Or wronged their beauty, darkly cold, this earth Becomes the elements of being fade, And silence is the sepulchre of thought, Wherein the anguish of her spirit dwells.

R. Montgomery.

# 471. SONNET: PERHAPS THE LADY OF THY LOVE.

DERHAPS the lady of thy love is now Looking upon the skies. A single star Is rising in the east, and from afar Sheds a most tremulous lustre; silent night Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow. But see! it motions with a lovely light Onward and onward through those depths of blue To its appointed course, steadfast and true. So, dearest, would I fain be unto thee Steadfast for ever, like yon planet fair; And yet more like art thou a jewel rare, Oh! brighter than the brightest star to me. Come hither, my young love, and I will wear Thy beauty on my heart delightedly. Barry Cornwall.

# 472. THE DIFFIDENCE OF LOVE.

THY should I blush to own I love? 'Tis love that rules the realms above. Why should I blush to say to all That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade, Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed? Why the stern brow deceitful move, When I am languishing with love?

Is it a weakness thus to dwell On passion that I dare not tell? Such weakness I would ever prove. 'Tis painful, but 'tis sweet to love!

Henry Kirke White.

# 473. THE PRIDE OF LOVE.

"TIS strange with how much power and pride
The softness is of love allied;
How much of power to force the breast,
To be in outward show at rest.
How much of pride that never eye
May look upon its agony?
Ah! little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel.
Oh! why should woman ever love,
Trusting to one sole star above,
And fling her little chance away
Of sunshine, for its doubtful ray.

L. E. L.

# 474. UNREQUITED LOVE.

3

SISTER! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath passed;
In the softness of thine eyes
Deep and still a shadow lies;

From thy voice there thrills a tone. Never to thy childhood known; Through thy soul a storm hath moved,—Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art followed by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee not thine own;
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirred!
Home alone can give thee rest,
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

Mrs. Hemans.

#### 475. LOVE SYMPATHIES.

THERE are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence
Alike mysterious and intense;
Which link the burning chain that binds
Without their will, young hearts and minds,
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.

Byron.

# 476. SLIGHTED LOVE.

May slighted woman turn, And as a vine the oak hath shaken off, Bend lightly to her tenderness again? Oh no! by all her loveliness, by all That makes life poetry and beauty, no! Make her a slave, steal from her rosy cheek By needless jealousies; let the last star Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain; Wrong her by petulance, suspicion-all That makes her cup a bitterness-yet give One evidence of love, and earth has not An emblem of devotedness like hers. But, oh! estrange her once, it boots not how, By wrong or silence, anything that tells A change has come upon your tenderness, And there is not a high thing out of heaven Her pride o'ermastereth not!

N. P. Willis.

# 477. THE LOVE BORN OF SORROW.

OUR love has been no summer flower, For joys bright chaplet braided; Drooping when tempests darkly lower, By grief's bleak winter faded.

We have not loved as those who plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To tread life's path together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds o'ercast, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those cloudy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer,
And rendered us, by holier ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love born in hours of joy and mirth, With mirth and joy may perish; That to which darker days gave birth Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
Through death's dim shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

B. Barton.

#### 478. PERHAPS I LOVE.

To visit my heart's treasure by that light When misers seek their buried hoards; to steal Upon the loved one, like a mermaid's song, Unseen and floating between sea and sky; To creep upon her in love's loneliest hour, Not in her daylight beauty with the glare Of the bright sun around her; but thus pure And white, and delicate, under the cool moon, Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love To think of thee, thou dear one! thus with flowers About thee, and fresh air, and such a light, And such a stillness; thus I dream of thee.

Miss Mitford.

# 479. THE PRAYER OF EARTHLY LOVE.

With all the still, small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God alone. She lifted up
Her sad, sweet voice, while tremb'ling o'er her head
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the tearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless yet repentant love.

'Father of spirits, hear!

Look on the inmost soul to thee revealed,

Look on the fountain of the burning tear,

Before thy sight in solitude unsealed!

'Hear, Father! hear and aid!

If I have loved too well, if I have shed
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts, in thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid;

'If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry;
Thou, that art love, oh! pity and forgive!

'Chastened and schooled at last,
No more my struggling spirit burns;
But fixed on thee, from that vain worship turns!
What have I said? the deep dream is not past.

'Yet hear! If still I love,
Oh still too fondly—if for ever seen
An earthly image comes my soul between,
And thy calm glory, Father, throned above;

'If still a voice is near,

(Even while I strive these wanderings to control)

An earthly voice, disquieting my soul

With its deep music, too intensely dear;

'O, Father, draw to thee My lost affections back; the dreaming eye Clear from the mist, sustain the heart that dies; Give the worn soul once more its pinions free.

'I must love on, O God! This bosom must love on! but let thy breath Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death, Bearing it up to heaven—Love's own abode.'

Mrs. Hemans.

#### 480. HER NAME.

WITH more than Jewish reverence as yet Do I the sacred name conceal. When, ye kind stars, ah! when will it be fit This gentle mystery to reveal? When will our love be named, and we possess That christening as a badge of happiness?

So bold as yet no verse of mine hath been, To wear that gem in any line; Nor, till the happy nuptial muse be seen, Shall any stanza with it shine. Rest, mighty name! till then; for thou must be Laid down by her ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring; Then echo's burden it shall be; Then all the birds in several notes shall sing, And all the rivers murmur-thee; Then every wind the sound shall upward bear, And softly whisper it to some angel's ear. Cowley.

# 481. THE CONFESSION.

THERE is a language by the Virgin made,
Not read, but felt; not uttered, but betrayed;
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows;
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days;
In one short speaking silence all conveys.
Joy, sorrow, love, recounts,—hope, pity, fear;
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear.
Oh! 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind!
Were eyes melodious, and could music shower
From orient rays ne'er striking on a flower,
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,
And angels own the music of the skies.

E. Barrett Browning.

# 482. WAKE, OH WAKE!

WAKE, oh wake! the morning star
Hath ceased to grace his glittering car;
Slowly the redd'ning clouds unfold,
And frequent streaks of luring gold
Announce the lord of day.
The light breeze wafts perfume on high,
Less sweet alone than thy sweet sigh!
The flower with fresher tints is glowing,
The fount with clearer crystal flowing.
O come! O come!
Hours like this a charm impart,
That wins the eye, but not the heart,
While love is still away!

Wake, oh wake! through every grove
Is heard the master sound of love;
And shall a dearer love be vain
To bid thee burst dull slumbers chain,
And spurn at slow delay?
Though morning glow with teints divine,
I'd change her brightest blush for thine,
And deem thine eye from sleep awaking,
Outshone the sun through darkness breaking.
O come! O come!
Hours like this are quickly fled,
But thy fond smile a joy can shed
Which melts not thus away.

T. Dale.

# 483. THE ABSENT LOVER TO HIS BETROTHED.

SUMMER was in the hills when last we parted, Flowers in the vale, and beauty in the sky; Our hearts were true, although our hopes were thwarted.

Forward, with wistful eye, Scarce half resigned, we looked, yet thought how sweet

Twould be again in after months to meet.

And months have passed: now the bright moon is shining

O'er the gray mountains and the still sea, As by the streamlets willowy bend reclining

I pause, remembering thee,

Who to the moonlight lent a softer charm, As through these wilds we wandered arm in arm!

Yes! as we round the silver earth seemed glowing,
With many a beauty unremarked before.
The soul was like a deep urn overflowing
With thoughts or treasured store.

The very flowers seemed born but to exhale, As breathed the west, their fragrance to the gale. Methinks I see thee yet—thy form of lightness,
An angel phantom gliding through the trees,
Thine alabaster brow, thy cheek of brightness,
Thy tresses in the breeze
Floating their auburn, and thine eyes that made,
So rich their blue, heaven's azure like a shade.

Methinks even yet I feel thy timid fingers,
With their bland pressure thrilling bliss to mine;
Methinks yet on my cheek thy breathing lingers,
As fondly leant to thine
I told how life all pleasureless would be,
Green palm tree of earth's desert, wanting thee
Not yet, not yet, had disappointment shrouded
Youth's summer calms with storms of wintry strife;
The star of hope shone o'er our path unclouded,
And fancy coloured life
With those Elysian rainbow hues which truth
Melts with his rod when disenchanting youth.

Where art thou now? I look around, but see not
The features and the form that haunt my dreams?
Where art thou now? I listen, but for me not
The deep, rich music streams
Of that entrancing voice, which could bestow
A rest to pleasure, and a balm to woe;
I miss thy smile when morn's first light is bursting
Through the green branches of the casement tree;
To list thy voice my lonely ear is thirsting
Beside the moonlight sea.
Vain are my longings, my repinings vain:
Sleep only gives thee to my arms again.

Yet should it cheer me, that nor woe hath shattered
The ties that link our hearts; nor hate, nor wrath.
And soon the day may dawn when shall be scattered
All shadows from our path,
And visions be fulfilled, by Hope adored,
In thee the long-lost, to mine arms restored.

Ah! could I see thee!—see thee, were it only
But for a moment, looking bliss to me!
Ah! could I hear thee! desolate and lonely
Is life deprived of thee.
I start from out my revery to know
That hills between us rise, and rivers flow!

Let fortune change—be fickle Fate preparing
To shower her arrows or to shed her balm,
All that I ask for, pray for, is the sharing
With thee life's storm or calm:
For ah! with others wealth and mirth would be,
Less sweet by far than sorrow shared with thee!
Yes! vainly, foolishly, the vulgar reckon
That happiness resides in outward shows:
Contentment from the lowliest cot may beckon
True love to sweet repose:
For genuine bliss can ne'er be far apart,
When soul meets soul and heart responds to heart.

Farewell! let tyrannous time roll on, estranging
The eyes and heart from each familiar spot:
Be fickle friendship with the seasons changing,
So that thou changest not!
I would not that the love which owes its birth
To Heaven, should perish like the things of earth!
Adieu! as falls the flooding moonlight round me,
Fall Heaven's best joys on thy beloved head!
May cares that harass, and may griefs that wound me,
Flee from thy path and bed!
Be every thought that stirs, and hour that flies
Sweet as thy smile and radiant as thine eyes.

Delta (D. M. Moir).

# 484. THE TRANCE OF LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

OVE in a drowsy mood one day
Reclin'd with all his nymphs around him,
His feathered darts neglected lay,
And faded were the flowers that crowned him.
Young Hope, with eye of light, in vain
Led smiling Beauty to implore him,
While Genius poured his sweetest strain,
And Pleasure shook his roses o'er him.

At length a stranger sought the grove,
And fiery vengeance seemed to guide him;
He rudely tore the wreaths of Love,
And broke the darts that lay beside him.
The little god now wakeful grew,
And, angry at the bold endeavour,
He rose and wove his wreaths anew,
And strung his bow more firm than ever.

When, lo! the invader cried, 'Farewell!

My skill, bright nymphs, this lesson teaches—
When Love is sprightly bind him well

With smiles, and songs, and honeyed speeches;
But should dull languor seize the god,

Recall me on my friendly mission,

For know when Love begins to nod,

His surest spur is opposition.'

# 485. THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

IN tatter'd old slippers that toast at the bars, And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars, Away from the world and its toils and its cares, I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs. To mount to this realm is a toil to be sure, But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure; And the view I behold on a sunshiny day Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug litle chamber is cramm'd in all nooks, With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books, And foolish old odds and foolish old ends, Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd), Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-back'd; A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see; What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require, Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire; And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp; By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp; A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn; 'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes, Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times; As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest, There's one that I love and I cherish the best; For the finest of couches that's padded with hair I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat, With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet; But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there, I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair. If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms, A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms! I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair; I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place, She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face! A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair, And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since, Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince; Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare, The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone, In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room; She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom; So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair, And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

# 486. LOVE: I'LL SING OF HEROES.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings, In mighty numbers, mighty things. Begin, my muse! but, lo! the strings To my great song rebellious prove: The strings will sound of naught but love. I broke them all, and put on new, 'Tis this or nothing sure will do. These sure, said I, will me obey, These sure heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with 'Thundering Jove,
And all the immortal powers,' but Love,
Love smiled, and from my enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs such as inspire
Melting love and tender fire.
Farewell, then, heroes! farewell kings!
And mighty numbers, mighty things!
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

Cowley.

# 487. GIVE ME BUT THY LOVE. #19

C IVE me but thy love, and I Envy none beneath the sky! Pains and perils I defy If thy presence cheer me.

Give me but thy love, my sweet! Joy shall bless us when we meet; Pleasures come, and cares retreat, When thou smilest near me.

Happy 'twere, beloved one,
When the toils of day are done,
Ever with the set of sun
To thy fond arms retiring;—
There to feel, and there to know
A balm that baffles every wo,
While hearts that beat and eyes that glow
Are sweetest thoughts inspiring.

What are all the joys of earth? What are revelry and mirth? Vacant blessings—nothing worth
To hearts that ever knew love.

What is all the pomp of state, What the grandeur of the great, To the raptures that await On the path of true love?

Should joy our days and years illume,
How sweet with thee to share such doom!
Nor, oh! less sweet, should sorrows come,
To cherish and caress thee.
Then while I live, then till I die,
Oh! be thou only smiling by;
And while I breathe, I'll fondly try,
With all my heart to bless thee.

Delta (D. M. Moir).

#### 488. LOVE IN THE SOUL.

OVE in the soul, not bold and confident, But like Aurora, trembles into being; And with faint flickering, and uncertain beams. Gives notice to the awakening world within us Of the full blazing orb, that soon shall rise And kindle all its passions. Then begin Sorrow and joy,-unutterable joy, And rapturous sorrow. Then the world is nothing; Pleasure is nothing; suffering is nothing; Ambition, riches, praise, power, all are nothing;-Love rules and reigns despotic and alone! Then, oh! the shape of magic loveliness He conjures up before us. In her form Is perfect symmetry. Her swan-like gait, As she glides by us, like a lovely dream, Seems not of earth. From her bright eye the soul Looks out, and like the topmost gem o' the heap, Shows the mine's wealth within. Upon her face. As on a lovely landscape, shade and sunlight

Play as strong feeling sways; now her eye flashes A beam of rapture; now lets drop a tear; And now upon her brow, as when the rainbow Rears its fair arch in heaven, peace sits and gilds The sweet drops as they fall. The soul of mind Dwells in her voice, and her soft spiritual tones Sink in the heart, soothing its cares away, As Halcyon's brood upon the troubled wave, And charm it into calmness. When she weeps Her tears are like the waters upon which Love's mother rose to heaven. E'en her sighs, Although they speak the troubles of her soul, Breathe of its sweetness, as the wind that shakes The cedar's boughs becomes impregnated With its celestial odours.

Neele.

# 489. BEAUTY, WEALTH, AND LOVE.

WEALTH with golden key, once sought
To win the way to Beauty's shrine;
Many a sparkling gem he brought,
And many a diamond from the mine;
But Love, veiled in a slight disguise,
Hovered round near Beauty's bower,
Lest the gems of castern skies
Should weigh against his power.

Wealth displayed his dazzling store,
Pearly wreaths and ruby crowns;
Beauty ran the treasures o'er,
And smiles succeeded frowns.
What could Love oppose to this?
He had but his crown of simple flowers,
That were bathed in the honeyed dew of bliss
Culled fresh from his roseate bowers.

Then Wealth laughed out triumphantly,
As he led young Beauty's steps along,
Who turned on Love a sorrowful eye,
And a cold ear to his song.
Away they went—and their path was strewn
With many a rare and precious gem,
That springs up at Wealth's command alone,
All—all shone brightly for them!

But Beauty, at last, found out her mistake,
When time had broken the charm;
As the moonbeam shines on the frozen lake,
Wealth may glitter—but cannot warm!
Then—too late—she remembered Love's rosy bowers,
When the spell that beguiled was o'er;
And she sighed for the fresh unfading flowers
That could bloom for her—no more!

Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

#### 490. INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED.

OVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid Of sighs, nor oaths, to make it known; And to convince the cruel'st maid, Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,
And he that most would hide his flame
Does in that case his pain reveal—
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread.
Whose guilty passions are begun,
Not in their heart, but in their head.

# 

. and without art, ... you must have spied; whish part what none can hide.

Sir Charles Sedley.

#### VENING ODE.

10 STELLA.

so yow from purple wings e grateful gifts she brings; socieck the mead, s shake the reed; ... h Cynthia's beam. quered, lonely grove, ...ps thy secrets, Love! ct us stray, the dewy way. his burning car, aciy Stella, far; ac queen of night cars a lambent light: cans but just to show seat and cheeks that glow; a whispered joy, cat hours employ; ... . e conscious shades, scarts that love invades; es give them pain,--love disdain.

Samuel Johnson.

#### 492. THE FAREWELL

ADY! whose soft and dove-like eye, Beaming with love's own witchery, Hath from our album's pages caught Feelings responsive to thy thought; Sweet lady! twine no sacred ties With pleasure's heartless votaries! Hide thy soul's richness! like that flower Whose sweet aroma to no power But the pure sunshine is revealed,— Long, long, midst leaves and moss concealed; But when secure of well-tried worth, Then pour its hidden treasures forth, And blend thy trusting tenderness With man's strong, deep, devotedness; Nor turn thee with 'a scornful eye,' From faith a kingdom could not buy! And thou, fond lover! to whose truth Woman intrusts her hopes, her youth, Her very life—oh! guard and cherish Feelings which once neglected—perish Keep her fair form and spotless mind Within thy heart of hearts enshrined; Be thou the oak, round which may twine The graceful foliage of the vine; And ask to bless thee from above, The precious boon of woman's love! 'Now, farewell lords and ladies bright!

'Now, farewell lords and ladies bright!
To each and all we wish good night!
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.'

'Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,

That we shall say good-night till it be to-morrow.'

# 493. THE GLOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

EFORE his lion-court, To see the grisly sport, Sat the king; Beside him grouped his princely peers, And dames aloft, in circling tiers, Wreathed round their blooming ring. King Francis, where he sat, Raised a finger; yawned the gate. And slow from his repose, A LION goes! Dumbly he gazed around The foe-encircled ground; And, with a lazy gape, He stretched his lordly shape, And shook his careless mane, And-laid him down again.

A finger raised the king,
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A TIGER sprung!
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue;
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound:
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling.

The king raised his finger: then Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den With a bound; And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled;
Rose the lion with a roar,
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still.

Now from the balcony above
A snowy hand let fall a glove:
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger,—there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn, To the knight Delorges, 'If the love you have sworn Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be, I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!'

The knight left the place where the lady sat;
The knight he has passed through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!
All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there,—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes, That promised reward to his warmest sighs, Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace; He tossed the glove in the lady's face! 'Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least,' quoth he; And he left for ever that fair ladye!

3

Lord Lytton.

# 496. THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.



FROM THE GERMAN OF STEINE.

THE sea it hath its pearls, The heaven hath its stars, But my heart, my heart, My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven, Yet greater is my heart, And fairer than pearls and stars, Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love.

H. W. Longfellow.

# 497. MARIE STUART ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, FRANCIS THE SECOND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

I N accents sad and low,
And tones of soft lament,
I breathe the bitterness of woe
O'er this sad chastisement:
With many a mournful sigh
The days of youth steal by.

Was e'er such stern decree
Of unrelenting fate?
Did merciless adversity
E'er blight so fair a state
As mine, whose heart and eye
In bier and coffin lie,—

Who, in the gentle spring
And blossom of my years,
Must bear misfortune's piercing sting,
Sadness, and grief, and tears,
Thoughts, that alone inspire
Regret and soft desire?

What once was blithe and gay,
Changed into grief I see;
The glad and glorious light of day
Is darkness unto me:
The world—the world has naught
That claims a passing thought.

Deep in my heart and eye
A form and image shine,
Which shadow forth wan misery
On this pale cheek of mine,
Tinged with the violet's blue,
Which is love's favourite hue.

Where'er my footsteps stray,
In mead or wooded vale,
Whether beneath the dawn of day,
Or evening twilight pale—
Still, still my thoughts ascend
To my departed friend.

If towards his home above
I raise my mournful sight,
I meet his gentle look of love
In every cloud of white;
But straight the watery cloud
Changes to tomb and shroud.

3

When midnight hovers near,
And slumber seals mine eyes,
His voice still whispers in mine ear,
His form beside me lies:
In labour, in repose,
My heart his presence knows.

I. Stuart Costello.

# 498. HER NAME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR RUGO.

A LILY'S pure perfume; a halo's light;
The evening's voices mingling soft above;
The hour's mysterious farewell in its flight;
The plaintive story told
By a dear friend who grieves, yet is consoled;
The sweet, soft murmur of a kiss of love;

The scarf, seven-tinted, which the hurricane
Leaves in the clouds, a trophy to the sun;
The well-remembered tone,
Which, scarcely hoped for, meets the ear again;
The pure wish of a virgin heart; the beam
That hovers o'er an infant's earliest dream;

The voices of a distant choir; the sighs

That fabulous Memnon breathed of yore to greet
The coming dawn; the tone whose murmurs rise,
Then, with a cadence tremulous, expire;—
These, and all else the spirit dreams of sweet,
Are not so sweet as her sweet name, O lyre!

Pronounce it very softly, like a prayer;
Yet be it heard, the burden of the song:
Ah! let it be a sacred light to shine
In the dim fane; the secret word, which there
Trembles for ever on one faithful tongue,
In the lone, shadowy silence of the shrine.

But O, or e'er, in words of flame,
My Muse, unmindful, with the meaner crowd
Of names, by worthless pride revealed aloud,
Should dare to blend the dear and honored name,
By fond affection set apart,
And hidden, like a treasure, in my heart;

My strain, soft-syllabled, should meet the ear
Like sacred music heard upon the knees;
The air should vibrate to its harmonies,
As if, light-hovering in the atmosphere,
An angel, viewless to the mortal eye,
With his fine pinions shook it, rustling nigh.

# 499. SONNET.

### FROM THE STALIAN OF PETRANA.

In what ideal world or part of heaven
Did Nature find the model of that face
And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
In which to our creation, she has given
Her prime proof of creative power above?
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind
Where have so many virtues ever met,
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal?
He knows not love, who has not seen her eyes
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

7. Roscoe.

# 500. SONNET.

#### TO THE MARCHESANA OF PESCARA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTL

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than, that, in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,

Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

Wordsworth.

# 501. SONNET.

#### FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

N O mortal object did these eyes behold,
When first they met the placid light of thine
And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

Wordsworth.

# 502. SONNET.

. FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:

Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may:
Unless thou show to us thine own true way,
No man can find it; Father! thou must lead.
Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread:
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

Wordsworth.

# 503. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTL

If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal Fount of all,
Such I believe my love: for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth
Enamoured through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the primal love,
As to its end, and honours in admiring:
For who adores the Maker needs must love his work.

J. E. Taylor.

# 504. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTL

O BLESSED ye who find in heaven the joy,
The recompense of tears, earth cannot yield!
Tell me, has Love still power over you?
Or are ye freed by Death from his constraint?

The eternal rest to which we shall return,
When time has ceased to be, is a pure love,
Deprived of envy, loosed from sorrowing.
Then is my greatest burden still to live,
If, whilst I love, such sorrows must be mine.
If Heaven's indeed the friend of those who love,
The world their cruel and ungrateful foe,
O, wherefore was I born, with such a love?
To live long years? 'Tis this appalleth me:
Few are too long for him who serveth well.

J. E. Taylor.

# 505. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

H OW, lady, can it be,—which yet is shown
By long experience,—that the imaged form
Lives in the mountain-stone, and long survives
Its maker, whom the dart of Death soon strikes?
The frailer cause doth yield to the effect,
And Nature is in this by Art surpassed.
I know it well, whom Sculpture so befriends,
Whilst evermore Time breaketh faith with me.
Perchance to both of us I may impart
A lasting life, in colours or in stone,
By copying the mind and face of each;
So that, for ages after my decease,
The world may see how beautiful thou wert,
How much I loved thee, nor in loving erred.

J. E. Taylor.

## 506. SONNET.

#### FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRACASTORO.

ADY, the angelic hosts were all arrayed
In paradise, around boon Nature's throne,—
The silver moon, the sun, resplendent shone,
When faultless Beauty in thy form was made:

The air was calm, the day without a shade; Kind Venus gave her sire the magic zone; And Love amid the Graces rose alone. To view his future home in thee, fair maid! Henceforth, thy form's all-perfect symmetry Was fixed the eternal model here below Of Beauty, by the never-changing Fates. Let others boast a beauteous hand or eye. A lovely lip, or yet more lovely brow,— But Heaven all others' charms by thine creates.

# 507. ON TWO BEAUTIFUL LADIES, ONE GAY AND ONE SAD.

#### FROM THE ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO.

SAW two ladies once,—illustrious, rare I One a sad sun; her beauties at mid-day In clouds concealed;—the other, bright and gay, Gladdened, Aurora-like, earth, sea, and air. One hid her light, lest men should call her fair, And of her praises no reflected ray Suffered to cross her own celestial way:-To charm and to be charmed, the other's care. Yet this her loveliness veiled not so well, But forth it broke; -nor could the other show All hers, which wearied mirrors did not tell. Nor of this one could I be silent, though Bidden in ire;—nor that one's triumphs swell; Since my tired verse, o'ertasked, refused to flow.

R. H. Wilde.

# 508. FLORENTINE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

IF I am fair, 'tis for myself alone; I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me. Nor would I call another's heart my own. Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.

For, surely, I will plight my faith to none,

Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;
For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
Why, then, I do confess, the whim might seize me
To taste for once the porringer of love.
Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me;
And then that mouth!—he seems a star above,
He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be indeed I cannot tell,

Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;
But true it is, there's one I like so well,

That, when he looks at me, my bosom starts,
And if we meet, my heart begins to swell;

And the green fields around, when he departs.
Seem like a nest from which the bird has flown:
Can this be love?—say, ye who love have known!

# 509. PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DE HITA.

I WISH to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women—suits at law without procrastination—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock, he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.

There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,

And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing; To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:

So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing:

They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging;

They're gay and pleasant in the street—soft, cheerful, and engaging;

They're thrifty and discreet at home—the cares of life assuaging:

All this and more;—try, and you'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendour meets the eyes! In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies! So in a little woman love grows and multiplies: You recollect the proverb says—A word unto the wise.

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:

3

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her— There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes, And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies, As from a little balsam much odour doth arise, So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays, Colour, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays— Just so a little woman much excellence displays, Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,

Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing: And so a little woman, though a very little thing, Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,

Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat—A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat: And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;

She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation—So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation: In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased, Then surely it is good to be from all the great released. Now of two evils choose the less—said a wise man of the East:

By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

510. WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF YOU AND ME?

WHAT of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
Your heart is love and kindness' throne,
And it becomes you to confer it
On him who gave you all his own;

And that as now, both firm and faithful, So will you ever, ever be.— What of you and me, my lady, What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I for you all else forgot:
And Heaven's dark vengeance would have scathed me—
Its darkest vengeance—had I not.
My love, what envy will pursue us,
Thus linked in softest sympathy!—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
A thousand things, in praises sweet—
That other maidens may be lovely,
But none so lovely and discreet.
They will wreath for you the crown of beauty,
And you the queen of love shall be.—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I have found a prize divine—
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,
So trifling as these toils of mine;
And that from heights so proud and lofty
Deeper the fall is wont to be.—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

John Bowring.

# 511. SHE COMES TO GATHER FLOWERS. FROM THE SPANISH.

PUT on your brightest, richest dress,
Wear all your gems, blest vales of ours!
My fair one comes in her loveliness—
She comes to gather flowers.

Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale!
Woods of green, your coronets bring:
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,
Come with your fragrant offering!
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,
Which Flora wakes in her springtide hours;
My fair one comes across the dell—
She comes to gather flowers.

Twilight of morn! from thy misty tower Scatter the trembling pearls around, Hang up thy gems on fruits and flower, Bespangle the dewy ground! Phœbus! rest on thy ruby wheels— Look, and envy this world of ours! For my fair one now descends the hills-She comes to gather flowers. List! for the breeze on wing serene Through the light foliage sails; Hidden amidst the forest green Warble the nightingales, Hailing the glorious birth of day With music's divinest powers! Hither my fair one bends her way-She comes to gather flowers.

John Bowring.

# 512. TELL ME, LADY! TELL ME!—YES?

FROM THE SPANISH OF SILVESTRE.

ADY! if thou deem me true, That I love thee, now confess: Tell me, lady! tell me!—yes?

Since I saw thy beauty, naught But that beauty fills my mind; Every passion, every thought, Is in love of thee enshrined; In no other thought I find Peace;—and wilt thou love me less? Tell me, lady! tell me!—yes?

Wilt thou own that thou alone
Art my heaven, my hope, my bliss?
Light, without thy smile, is none,—
Day, without thee, darkness is:
Dost thou own, beloved one,
Thou my path can cheer and bless?
Tell me, lady! tell me!—yes?

Dost thou know, the radiant sky,
With its comets, suns, and stars,
All in glorious course on high,
Driving their illumined cars,—
Dost thou know, when thou art nigh,
They are dark and valueless?
Tell me, lady! tell me!—yes?

Dost thou know that god has made
Gardens, fields, and banks, and bowers,
Seats of sunshine, and of shade,
Decked with smiles, and gemmed with flowers,
Which repose and peace pervade?
Thither, lady, let us press!
Tell me, lady! tell me!—yes?

John Bowring.

# 513. FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ESPINEL

H E who is both brave and bold Wins the lady that he would; But the courageless and cold Never did, and never could. Modesty, in women's game,
Is a wide and shielding veil:
They are tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er could win, and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
Seek, and you shall find a way
All that love would say to say,—
If you watch the occasion right. Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er have conquered,—never could.

John Bowring.

#### 514. SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CERVANTES.

IF woman's glass, why should we try Whether she can be broke, or no? Great hazards in the trial lie, Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise such brittle ware
Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which, broken, nothing can repair,
Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,
And reason vouches what I say,—
Wherever Danaës abound,
There golden showers will make their way.

Charles Jarvis.

# 515. SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CERVANTES.

A MARINER I am of Love, And in his seas profound, Tossed betwixt doubts and fears, I rove, And see no port around.

At distance I behold a star,
Whose beams my senses draw,
Brighter and more resplendent far
Than Palinure e'er saw.

Yet still, uncertain of my way,
I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray
My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I most would see, Benighted most I sail: Like clouds, reserve and modesty Its shrouded lustre veil.

O lovely star, by whose bright ray
My love and faith I try,
If thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
In night of death I lie!

Charles Jarvis.

# 516. NAY, SHEPHERD! NAY!

3

FROM THE SPANISH OF TIMONEDA.

' N AY, shepherd! nay!—thou art unwary;
Thy flocks are wandering far away.'
'Alas! I know it well;—'tis Mary
Who leads my troubled thoughts astray.'

'Look, shepherd! look, how far they rove! Why so forgetful?—call them yet.'

'O he who is forgot by Love Will soon, too soon, all else forget!'

'Come, leave those thoughts so dark and dreary, And with your browsing flocks be gay.'

'Ah, no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.'

"Tis Love, then, shepherd! O depart, And drive away the cheating boy!"

'Alas! he's seated in my heart, And rules it with tumultuous joy.'

'Nay, shepherd! wake thee, dare not tarry,— For thou art in a thorny way.'

'Ah, no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.'

'Throw off this yoke, young shepherd! be
Joyous and mirthsome as before.'

'O what are mirth and joy to me?

They on my woes no balm can pour.'

'Thou didst refuse to dance,—didst tarry, When laughing maidens were at play.'

'I know I did;—alas! 'tis Mary
That leads my troubled thoughts astray.'

'Then tell thy love,—perchance 'tis hid,— And send a missive scribbled o'er.'

'Alas! my friend, I did, I did,— Which, ere the maid had read, she tore.'

'Then hang the maid!—the foul fiend carry
A pestilence through all her flocks!'

'O, no! forbear!—nor threaten Mary
With sorrow's frowns nor misery's shocks!'

John Bowring.

# 517. SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF IGLESIAS.

A LEXIS calls me cruel; The rifted crags that hold The gathered ice of winter, He says, are not more cold:

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

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I would that I could uster
My feelings without shame;
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

W. C. Bryant.

# 518. THE VAIN RESOLUTION.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DE ARRIAZA.

IN fair Elfrida's chains I once was bound;
She proudly with my faithful homage bore,
Then scorned my vows:—but time has closed the wound,
And now, O Love, I swear to love no more!

Love, in these latter days is lost in art,
And with the frost of falsehood it is hoar;
It has no charms to fascinate the heart,
Its better reign is done: I'll love no more!

'Say,' asked the little god, 'what fears affright thee? All thy fair fortunes I will soon restore; The Graces, three in one, shall now delight thee.'—No matter, Love, I wish to love no more!

Delina then he set before my eyes,—
One like the fair ideals known of yore;
A star she seemed, just fallen from the skies:—
But still I swore that I would love no more!

At her fair side the rose would lose its smile,
And pale would burn the beacon on the shore;
Full many a heart her charms may well beguile,
But never mine:—for I will love no more!

She walks,—and, springing up to kiss her feet,
The flowrets seem to me from earth to soar;
She sings, with voice most musically sweet:—
Still, still I swear that I will love no more!

Many the lovers who their homage bring;
Her conquests I would surely not deplore,—
Nay, her fair praises I would gladly sing:
I give my verse,—but I will love no more!

'Join her gay train,' the blind boy softly cried,
'Nor weakly fear her beauty to adore;
If in its light thy heart is truly tried,
Thou canst renew thy vow to love no more.'

Strange as it seems, I heeded not the wile
By which I had been led away before,
Nor even marked Love's bright malicious smile,
As, once again, I swore to love no more!

In my lost heart there rises every hour

A purer flame than that which burned of yore:

Delina, thou hast taught me all Love's power!

To see thee is to love thee evermore!

# 519. SONNET.

# FROM THE SPANISH OF SAA DE MIRANDA.

I KNOW not, lady, by what nameless charm
Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power
Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm,
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm;
And when with tears your absence I deplore,
Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,
Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.
Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,
Through every land, and on the pathless sea?
Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,
Subject to laws I move by and revere;
Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay?—
But what I know not, why attempt to say?

7. Roscoe.

520. CANZONET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

LOWERS are fresh, and bushes green;
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene:
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope that buds in lover's heart Lives not through the scorn of years: Time makes Love ifself depart; Time and scorn congeal the mind; Looks unkind Freeze Affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green, Time dissolve the winter snow, Winds be soft, and skies serene, Linnets sing their wonted strain: But again Blighted Love shall never blow! Viscount Strangford.

#### SONNET. 521.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

IGH in the glowing heavens, with cloudless beam, The sun had reached the zenith of his reign, And for the iving fount, the gelid stream, Each flock forsook the herbage of the plain; 'Midst the dark foliage of the forest-shade, The birds had sheltered from the scorching ray,— Hushed were heir melodies, and grove and glade Resounded but he shrill cicada's lay;-When through the glassy vale a lovelorn swain, To seek the maid who but despised his pain, Breathing vain sighs of fruitless passion, roved: 'Why pine for her,' the slighted wanderer cried, 'By whom thou art not loved?'-and thus replied An echo's murmuring voice, 'Thou art not loved!' Mrs. Hemans.

# 522. SONNET.

#### FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF ANTONIO DINIZ LA CRUZ.

NE time, when Love, his beauteoùs mother lost,
Wandered through fields where Tejo's soft streams wind,
Sighing to each fair nymph whose path he crossed,
Inquiring still where he might Venus find,—
Undone the brace, his golden quiver fell:
He, who not now for bow or arrow cares,
Sobs out what thousand pleasures shall be theirs
Who may some tidings of the goddess tell.
It chanced her flock that Jonia tended there;
His tears she dried, and with a cheerful air
Proffered to lead him to the wished-for sight:
When, rising on his wings, the urchin said,
While her sweet face he kissed, 'Ah, gentle maid,
Who sees those eyes forgetteth Venus quite!'

John Adamson.

## 523. SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DOMINGO MAX. TORRES.

ARILIA, dear, but, O, ungrateful fair!

Look on the sea serene and calmly bright—
The sky's blue lustre and the sun's clear light
How on its bosom now reflected are!
A sudden storm comes on—in mountains high
By furious gusts the silvery billows driven,
Seem as they would, while raging up to heaven,
Blot the fair lamp of Phœbus from the sky.
Dear one, how copied to the life in thee
The same perfidious element I see—
The smile, the look, which fondest hopes can raise!
But let a false suspicion once arise,
Thy face indignant sullen wrath betrays,
Love clasps his wings and all the softness flies.

3

John Adamson.

# CUPID'S ARROWS.

T Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done. The first is Love, as here you may behold, His feathers, head, and body, are of gold: The second shaft is Hate, a foe to love, And bitter are his torments for to prove: The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs, His feathers [they] are pulled from Fortune's wings: Fourth Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell, This metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from hell.

George Peele.

# 525. THE KISS. ₩Z✓

THAT joy so soon should waste! Or so sweet a bliss As a kiss

Might not for ever last! So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious, The dew that lies on roses, When the morn herself discloses, Is not so precious. O rather than I would it smother, Were I to taste such another; It should be my wishing That I might die kissing.

Ben Jonson.

# 526. THE GLOVE OF THE DEAD LADY.

'HOU more than most sweet glove, Unto my more sweet love, Suffer me to store with kisses This empty lodging that now misses

The pure rosy hand that wore thee,
Whiter than the kid that bore thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's self hath kissed it ofter
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistress,
Best of gloves.

Ben Jonson.

# 527. APOLLO'S SONG OF DAPHNE.

Y Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
But Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turned to bays.

John Lyly.

# 528. LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and purer I must press it, to be sure; Nor can I be certain then, Till it, grateful, press again. Must I, with attentive eye, Watch her heaving bosom sigh? I will do so, when I see That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Richard B. Sheridan.

# 529. WOMAN'S LOVE.

OVE is a law, a discord of such force,
That 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce:
Love's a desire, that to obtain betime,
We lose an age of years plucked from our prime;
Love is a thing to which we soon consent,
As soon refuse, but sooner far repent.

Then what must women be, that are the cause That love hath life? that lovers feel such laws? They're like the winds upon Lepanthæ's shore. That still are changing: O then love no more! A woman's love is like that Syrian flower That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

Webster and Rowley.

# 530. THE FOLLY OF LOVE.

N OW fic on love, it ill befits,
Or man and woman know it,
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly show it
Betray their too much feathered brains,
And shall have only Bedlam for their pains.

To love is to distract my sleep,
And waking to wear fetters;
To love is but to go to school to weep;
I'll leave it for my betters.
If single love be such a curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Thomas Goffe.

# 531. CANZONET.

THE golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In rain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall;
There is no force in all his light,
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summertide,
Hast given me light and power to see
With perfect skill my sight to guide;
Till now I lived as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauty's grace, Yet deem'd it nought but poet's skill, I gazed on many a lovely face, Yet found I none to bend my will; Which made me think that beauty bright Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind,
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find;
And yet those dames that shine so bright,
Are but the shadows of thy light.

Davidson's Rhapsody, 1608.

# 532. SONG: ONE KIND KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part, Drop a tear and bid adieu: Though we sever, my fond heart Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love, Let me kiss that falling tear; Though my body must remove, All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

Robert Dodsley.

# 533. A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold,
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expel;
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold.
With art and these might chance I might be tied,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

# 534. AN EARNEST SUIT NOT TO BE FORSAKEN.

A ND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!—for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lov'd thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain or smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus, And have no more pity Of him that loveth thee? Alas! thy cruelty! And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay! say nay!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

# 535. THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affection yields discourse it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come,
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For not knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection.

I rather chuse to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

## 536. THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Melib.—SHEPHERD, what's love? I pray thee tell. Faust.—It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that sounding bell:
And this is love as I heard tell.

Melib.—Yet what is love? I prithee say.

Faust.—It is a work on holiday;

It is December match'd with May,

When lusty blood's in fresh array:

And this is love as I hear say.

Melib.—Yet what is love? good shepherd, sain. Faust.—It is sunshine mixt with rain;

\_\_\_\_\_ It is a toothache or like pain;

It is a game where none doth gain; The lass saith no, and would full fain: And this is love as I hear sain.

Melib.—Yet shepherd, what is love, I pray?

Faust.—It is a yea, it is a nay,

A pretty kind of sporting fray;

It is a thing will soon away;

Then nymphs take vantage while you may:

And this is love as I hear say.

Melib.—And what is love, good shepherd, show?

Faust.—A thing that creeps, it cannot go;

A prize that passeth to and fro;

A thing for one, a thing for moe,

And he that proves shall find it so:

And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

Attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh in 'England's Helicon'.

## 537. PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

THINK not 'cause men flattering say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning star,
That you are so;—or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem.

Starve not yourself, because you may Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake;
For that lovely face will fail.
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun:

Most fleeting when it is most dear;
'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so softly twined,'
Whose every hair a love doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found nor rose,
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.

The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves;
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh! then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Thomas Carew.

538. SONG.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

C IVE me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;

Either extreme, of love or hate, Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danæ in a golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torment will devour
My vulture hopes, and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell released.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain,
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Thomas Carew.

# 539. A VALEDICTION.

 $B^{\text{ID}}$  me not go where neither suns nor showers Do make or cherish flowers; Where discontented things in sadness lie, And nature grieves as I. When I am parted from those eyes, From which my better day doth rise, Though some propitious power Should plant me in a bower; Where amongst happy lovers I might see How showers and sunbeams bring One everlasting spring, Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me; Nature herself to him is lost, Who loseth her he honours most. Then, fairest, to my parting view display Your graces all in one full day; Whose blessed shapes I'll catch and keep till when I do return and view again: So by this act fancy shall fortune cross, And lover live by thinking on their loss.

3

William Cartwright.

# 540. LOVE'S FAREWELL

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Resolved my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,

None but those eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

Edmund Waller.

# 541. OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind, 'Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep In the smooth bosom of this deep? No: 'tis so rockless and so clear, That the rich bottom doth appear Paved with all precious stones; not torn From shipwreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace, Which time and use are wont to teach, The eye may in a moment reach And read distinctly in her face. Some other nymphs with colours faint, And pencil slow, may Cupid paint, And a weak heart in time destroy; She has a stanch, and prints the boy; Can with a single look inflame The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

Edmund Waller.

# 542. SONG: AH THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

A the poor shepherd's mournful fate
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!
The every look and every grace
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given:
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

William Hamilton of Bangour.

# 543. ABSENCE.

WITH leaden foot time creeps along, While Delia is away; With her, nor plaintive was the song, Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious power! reverse my doom, Nor double thy career; Strain every nerve, stretch every plume, And rest them when she's here.

Richard Jago.

# 544. I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH AND FAIR

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lip could move had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth everything it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells;
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile;
With sere flowers to be thrown aside.
And I will sigh when some will smile
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir Robert Ayton.

# 545. IF WOMEN COULD BE FAIR, AND YET NOT FOND.

LINES ATTRIBUTED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. IN A MS. OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

IF women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make me bond,
By service long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change, How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan; Unsettled still, like haggards will they range, Those gentle birds that fly from man to man; Who would not scorn, and shake them from the fist, And let them fly, fair fools, where'er they list.

Yet for disport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

# 546. BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips, And gowd amang her hair; Her breists are lapt in a holy veil; Nae mortal een keek there. What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,
Or what arm o' luve daur span,
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her ladie mou'.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waist maun span:
Oh, she's an armfu' fit for heeven—
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' siller thread;
And comely sits she in the midst,
Men's langing een to feed:
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky milky han':
And her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi gowd,
Like my luve's broider'd cap;
And on my mantle that my luve wears,
Is mony a gowden drap.
Her bonnic ee-bree's a holy arch,
Cast by nae earthly han',
And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips
O' my bonnic Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,
And I beet a hopeless flame!
To my luve, alas! she maunna stoop;
It wad stain her honour'd name.
My een are bauld, they dwall on a place
Where I darna mint my han':
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I am but her father's gardener lad,
And puir puir is my fa'
My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady gaes,
Wi' a fou and kindly han';
O' the blessin' o' God maun mix wi' my luve,
And fa' on Lady Ann.

# 547. MAID OF MY HEART.

M AID of my heart—a long farewell,
The bark is launch'd, the billows swell,
And the vernal gales are blowing free,
To bear me far from love and thee!

I hate Ambition's haughty name, And the heartless pride of Wealth and Fame; Yet now I haste through Ocean's roar To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
To him who bears a darker grief?
Can absence calm this feverish thrill?
—Ah, no!—for thou wilt haunt me still!

Thy artless grace, thy open truth, Thy form that breath'd of love and youth, The voice by Nature fram'd to suit The tone of Love's enchanting lute!

Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye, Where tender thought and feeling lie! Thine eyelid like the evening cloud That comes the star of love to shroud! Each witchery of soul and sense,
Enshrin'd in angel innocence,
Combined to frame the fatal spell—
That blest—and broke my heart—Farewell!

Pringle.

### 548. FOR EVER, FORTUNE.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part—
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish—the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, oh, Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care!
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Thomson.

## 549. TELL ME, THOU SOUL

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at random roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

Thomson.

### 550. HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there she langest tarries!
For there I took the last fareweel
O'my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Burns.

### 551. BLUE-EYED ANNE.

WHEN the rough north forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost;
When heavenly bodies cease to move,
My blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn, Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn, Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring, Nor parching heats the dog-star bring, Nor laughing lilies paint the grove, When blue-eyed Anne I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found, Nor pleasures dance their frolic round, Nor love's light god inhabit earth, Nor beauty give the passion birth, Nor heat to summer-sunshine cleave, When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change, Inconstancy forgets to range; When lavish May no more shall bloom, Nor gardens yield a rich perfume, When nature from her sphere shall start, I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

Smollett.

### 552. THE EVENING STAR.

STAR, that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free:
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above—
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise;
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews!
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

Campbell

## 553. MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently raised

Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,

With visage pale, and hollow e'e.

O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled:
No more of Sandy could she see.
But soft the passing spirit said:
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

John Lowe

### 554. THE SMILING PLAINS.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May;
The birds on every spray above
To rapture wake the vocal grove.
But, ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair! Screnely sweet as vernal air! Come to my arms; for you alone Can all my absence past atone. O come! and to my bleeding heart The sovereign balm of love impart; Thy presence lasting joy shall bring, And give the year eternal spring.

William Falconer.

### 555. THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

N EVER wedding, ever wooing, Still a love-torn heart pursuing; Read you not the wrongs you're doing, In my cheek's pale hue? All my life with sorrow strewing, Wed—or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted, Still our days are disunited; Now the lamp of hope is lighted, Now half quench'd appears, Damp'd. and wavering, and benighted, 'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing;
Not with age, but woe.

Campbell.

## 556. HERE'S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.

HERE'S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee,

For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;

For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native grace, For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sunshine of thy face;

For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet as speech can be,

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my glow of youth is o'er;

And I, as once I felt and dreamed, must feel and dream no more;

Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has chilled my soul at last,

And genius, with the foodful looks of youthful friendship, past;

Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o'er this world's dreary sca—

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie!—here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottinh lassie!—though I know that not for me

Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;

Though thou, with cold and carcless looks wilt often pass me by,

Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my wistful eye; Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste one thought on me—

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet thee in the throng

Of merry youths and maidens, dancing lightsomely along, I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy form, As it flashes through the baser crowd, like lightning through a storm.

And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy looks of glee,

And for once, my Scottish lassie! dance a giddy dance with thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—I shall think of thee at even,

When I see its first and fairest star come smiling up through heaven;

I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice, in every wind that grieves,

As it whirls from the abandoned oak, its withered autumn leaves:

In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the sea, I shall think, my Scottish lassie! I shall often think on thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—in my sad and lonely hours.

The thought of thee comes o'er me, like the breath of distant flowers:--

Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that bless mine eye,

Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of the sky; Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms on the tree.

Is the thought, my Scottish lassie!—is the lonely thought on thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my muse must soon be dumb,

(For graver thoughts and duties, with my graver years, are come,)

Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth, and learn to soar on high,

And to look on this world's follies with a calm and sober eye; Though the merry wine must seldom flow, the revel cease for me—

Still to thee, my Scottish lassie! still I'll drink a health to thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a parting heal to thee;

May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far from me! May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open still the brow,

Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy heart as ligh as now!

And, whatsoe'er my after fate, my dearest toast shall be,— Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a hearty health to thee!

Rev. J. Moultrie.

### 557. LOVE IS TIMID.

L OVE is timid, Love is shy,
Can you tell me, tell me why?
Ah! tell me, why true love should be
Afraid to meet the kindly sinile
Of him she loves, from him would flee,
Yet thinks upon him all the while?
Can you tell me, tell me why
Love is timid, Love is shy?

Love is timid, Love is shy,
Can you tell me, tell me why?
True love, they say, delights to dwell
In some sequester'd lonely bower;
With him she loves where none can tell,
Her tender look in passion's hour.
Can you tell me, tell me why
Love is timid, Love is shy?

Love is timid, Love is shy,
Can you tell me, tell me why?
Love, like the lonely nightingale,
Will pour her heart when all is lone;
Nor will repeat, amidst the vale,
Her notes to any but to one.
Can you tell me, tell me why
Love is timid, love is shy?

Daniel Weir.

#### 558. OH! TAKE ME TO YON SUNNY ISLE.

H! take me to yon sunny isle that stands in Fortha's sea, For there, all lonely, I may weep, since tears my lot must be:

The cavern'd rocks alone shall hear my anguish and my woe, But can their echoes Mary bring? ah!—no, no, no!

I'll wander by the silent shore, or climb the rocky steep,
And list to ocean murmuring the music of the deep;
But when the soft moon lights the waves in evening's silver
glow,

Shall Mary meet me 'neath its light?—ah! no, no, no!

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I'll speak of her to every flower, and lovely flowers are there, They'll may be bow their heads and weep, for she, like them, was fair,—

And every bird I'll teach a song, a plaintive song of woe, But Mary cannot hear their strains?—ah! no, no, no!

Slow steals the sun a-down the sky, as loth to part with day, But airy morn with carolling voice shall wake him forth as gay;

Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair, and now that sun is low, Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn?—ah! no, no, no!

But I must shed the hidden tear, lest Mary mark my care:
The stifling groan may break my heart, but it shall linger
there!

I'll even feign the outward smile, to hide my inward woe; I would not have her weep in heaven—ah! no, no, no!

Robert Gilfillan.

559. THY FATAL SHAFTS. 🚁 4 🗸

THY fatal shafts unerring move; I bow before thine altar, Love! I feel thy soft resistless flame Glide swift through all my vital frame! For while I gaze my bosom glows, My blood in tides impetuous flows; Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll, And floods of transport whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain In soothing murmurs to complain; My tongue some secret magic ties, My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care, And ever drop the silent tear, Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh, Unfriended live, unpitied die!

Smollett.

## 560. THE EVENING STAR.

HOW sweet thy modest light to view, Fair star! to love and lovers dear; While trembling on the falling dew, Like beauty shining through the tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream

To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam

To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs,
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland As music, wafts the lover's sigh; And bids the yielding heart expand In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

Dr. John Leyden.

### 561. I'LL TWINE A WREATH.

I'LL twine a wreath, I'll twine a wreath,
A garland for thy head—
The green, green leaves that fancy weaves
Shall balmy fragrance shed;
The blooming flowers from sylvan bowers
Shall show a thousand dyes
Around thy brow, like coloured bow
That girds the summer skies.

The heather-bell, from cliff and fell,
I'll seek where zephyr blows;
At early morn, from off the thorn,
I'll cull the new-blown rose;
And lily pale, from verdant vale,
That bends beneath the storm,
Emblem of you, all bathed in dew,
And spotless as thy form.

These, wreathed and bound, shall circle round
Thy lovely brow of white,
Where glossy hair in tresses fair,
Like clouds of summer night,
Thine eyes o'ershade,—oh, lovely maid!
These eyes that oft beguile
And charm my heart with magic art—
So sweet thy dimpling smile.

This garland gay will soon decay And lose its lovely hue; But soul and heart shall rather part Before I part from you. This wreath will fade, ah, lovely maid! With leaves and blossoms wove: But age or care can ne'er impair My heart's unchanging love.

William Bennie.

### A WEARY LOT IS THINE,

WEARY lot is thine, fair maid, A weary lot is thine! To pull the thorn thy brow to braid, And press the rue for wine. A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, A feather of the blue, A doublet of the Lincoln green,— No more of me you knew, my love! No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow, The rose is budding fain; But it shall bloom in winter snow, Ere we two meet again. He turn'd his charger as he spake, Upon the river shore; He gave his bridle-reins a shake, Said, Adieu for evermore, my love! And adieu for evermore.

### 563. O WERE I ON PARNASSUS.

WERE I on Parnassus hill, And had of Helicon my fill, That I might catch poetic skill, To sing how dear I love thee!

But Nith maun be my Muse's well, My muse maun be thy bonnie sell, On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell, And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;
For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing ower the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and carth, I love thee!

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame!
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

Burns.

### 564. SWEET IS THE DAWN.

SWEET is the dawn of vernal morn,
And doubly sweet to me
That moment when the lamp of day
Emerges from the sea,
And lightens up the glowing skies
As erst he lighted paradise.

But sweeter far to view thy face Suffused with beauty's glow; 'Tis like the morning's rosy rays Shining on Alpine snow,— And, oh! the radiance of those eyes To me, is more than paradise. Oh! sweet the mavis' matin hymn—
The merle's song at even;
And sweet the lark's wild melody
When soaring up to heaven;
But music sweeter than thy voice
Was never heard in paradise.

Oh, Mary! let one heavenly ray
Beam from thy beauteous face,
'Twill light my clouded spirit up,
And fill my soul with peace;
'Twill dissipate my mental gloom,
And round me paradise shall bloom.

David Vedder.

### 565. THE LADY OF MY HEART.

THE murmur of the merry brook,
As, gushingly and free,
It wimples, with its sun-bright look,
Far down yon shelter'd lea,
Humming to every drowsy flower
A low quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
Of love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood
To utter harmony;
And the small birds, that answer make
To the winds' fitful glee,
In me most blissful visions wake
Of love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek, So soon as it can see, Along the eastern hills, one streak Of the sun's majesty: Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon me seems
A type of thee.

And when abroad in summer morn,
I hear the blythe bold bee
Winding aloft his tiny horn,
(An errant knight perdy,)
That winged hunter of rare sweets,
O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea:
My heart is in their voyaging,
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
Is ever thee.

But, oh! the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree;
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,
The booming of the bee;
The course of each bright voyager,
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee!

William Motherwell.

### 566. SONG: MY LOVE WAS FICKLE ONCE AND CHANGING.

MY love was fickle once and changing.
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslaved me, An eye then gave the fatal stroke; Till by her wit Corinna saved me, And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure,
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false inconstant lover, After a thousand beauties shown, Does new surpassing charms discover, And finds variety in one.

Addison.

# 567. SONG: TELL ME NO MORE HOW FAIR SHE IS.

TELL me no more how fair she is, I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence doat myself away.

I ask no pity, love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me,
The glory of my flame:
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.

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# 568. SONG: SAY, LONELY DREAM, WHERE COULD'ST THOU FIND.

SAY, lonely dream, where could'st thou find Shades to counterfeit that face? Colours of this glorious kind Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind To be other than a dream, Cruel Sacharissa's mind Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace, Change that heavenly face of thine; Paint despis'd love in thy face, And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity, moving shape:
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear, In whose shape thou shinest so; Softly in her sleeping ear, With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride, Thus surprised she may fall, Sleep does disproportion hide, And death resembling equals all.

Edmund Waller.

### 569. SONG: THE SUN WAS SUNK BENEATH THE HILL.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lined with gold,
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were pent within the fold;
When from the silence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the bare rock or oozy beach;
Who from each barren weed that grows,
Expects the grape or blushing peach;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A damsel's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
For I, alas! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold;
They ask not vows of sacred truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's cost,

What wealth, what treasure can suffice?

Not all their fire can ever boast

The living lustre of her eyes:

For these the world too cheap would prove;

But I, alas! have nought but love.

O Silvia! since nor gems, nor ore, Can with your brighter charms compare, Consider what I proffer's more, More seldom found, a soul sincere. Let riches meaner beauties move, Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

Granville, Lord Lansdowne.

### 570. WHAT IS LOVE?

OVE'S no irregular device, No sudden start of raging pain. Which in a moment grows a fire, And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer
That sings of darts, despair, and chains,
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear
He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it centre in the beau Who sighs by rule, by order dies, Whose all consists in outward show, And want of art by dress supplies.

No; love is something so divine,
Description would but make it less:
'Tis what I feel, but can't define;
'Tis what I know, but can't express.

Dryden.

### 571. LOVE RELAPSED.

I F all that I love is her face, From looking I sure can refrain; In others her likeness may trace, Or absence may cure all my pain. This said, from her charms I retir'd, Nor knew I till then how I lov'd; What present my passion admir'd, In absence my reason approv'd.

Ah! why should I hope for relief
Where all that I see is disdain?
No pity in her for my grief,
No merit in me to complain.
Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,
Though robb'd of my freedom and ease;
Still proud of the choice I have made,
Though hopeless it ever can please.

### 572. SONG: BLOOMING BEAUTY.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose
With semblance apt compare.

With semblance apt, for ah! how soon—
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright nature shines confess'd, With sweet discretion join'd; When mildness calms the peaceful breast, And wisdom guides the mind.

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve:
They kindle generous, chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate, These graces shall endure; Still like the passion they create, Eternal, constant, pure.

Rev. Thos. Fitzgerald.

# 573. THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE TO HIS LOVE.

#### Part First. .

MY dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhorre,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule or govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But, 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

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If in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me.
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

#### Part Second.

My dear and only love, take heed,
Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.
A marble wall then build about,
Beset without a door;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like vollies shot,
Make any breach at all;
Nor smoothness of their language plot
Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wildfire love consume
The shrine which I adore;
For such smoke about thee fume,
I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise;
Those victuall'd by my love so long
The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee ruled in that health
And state thou was before;
But if thou turn a commonwealth,
I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,
Thy heart to ruine come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum;

But hold my arms, like ensigns, up, Thy, falsehood to deplore, And bitterly will sigh and weep, And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
When Rome was set on fire:
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to see
Thy spirit grown so poor;
But smiling sing, until I die,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble stone
The truth shall testifie;
That every pilgrim passing by
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue.
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end:
Love me, and love no more.

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Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
But in far different case:
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But lookt like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
So sails thou every shore,
And leaves my constant heart behind—
How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fix'd,
For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mix'd,
Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shin'd at first most bright,
And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light
I could love thee no more.

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
The rocks resounding echo
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
Shall with me sing hey ho!
The towering seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes,
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
Her fellow's death regrete,
And vainly mourns for his adieu,
And ne'er renews her mate;
So though thy faith was never fast,
Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet shall I live in love so chast,
That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about,
These monuments to view,
Whereon is written, in and out,
Thou, traitorous and untrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say sighing sore:
Alas! he had too just a cause
Never to love thee more.

And while that tracing goddess, Fame, From east to west shall flee, She shall record it to thy shame, How thou hast loved me; And how in odds our love was such
As few have been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
So I can love no more.

James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.

### 574. THE HUSBAND'S PRAYER.

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OH! Thou whose merciful decree
Hath knit our hearts in bonds of love,
Our sure defence and safeguard be
Whate'er our wedded lot may prove.

Without thy blessing love is vain
The varied ills of life to bear;
But when bestowed few griefs remain
Beyond affection's healing care.

Avert from us the spirit's chill,
Each wandering thought and fickle mood;
Mould every feeling to thy will,
Incline our hearts to every good.

Implanting deep that perfect trust,
Of love's rich soil the flower most dear;
Turn all our promised joys to dust,
But leave that root unwithered here.

Blend with our love that gentleness Which turns each angry word aside, Which stifles wrath with tenderness, And melts away the frost of pride.

Nor let unkindness ever reach,
Nor harsh unfeeling thoughts impair
The tenderness of years; but teach
Our hearts to bear and to forbear.

Be ours a unity of mind,
A unity of sweetest love,
A unity of faith entwined
With the dear hope of joys above.

We know that in our hearts there lies,
With all their love, the germ of change;
The world can break the holiest ties,
A breath the tenderest thoughts estrange.

We pray, oh! God, that grief like this, Our earthly course may never see; We'd make our love a lasting bliss, By resting all its hopes on thee.

### 575. BEATRICE.

CENTLE, happy Beatrice, Visioned fair before me, How can it a wonder be That many so adore thee?

Old and young, and great and wise, Set their love upon thee, And if gold thy heart could win, Gold long since had won thee.

Social, cheerful Beatrice, Like a plenteous river Is the current of thy joy, Flowing on for ever.

Many call themselves thy friends;
Thou art loved of many;
And, where'er the fair are met,
Fairest thou of any.

Pious, duteous Beatrice, All good angels move thee, Meek and gentle as a saint: Most for this we love thee.

I can see thee going forth
Innocent and lonely,
Knowing but how good thou art,
Like an angel holy.

See thee at thy father's side, In thy wondrous beauty, Gladdening that benign old man With cheerful love and duty.

I can see his happy smile
As he gazes on thee,
I can feel the boundless love
That he showers upon thee.

What a happy home thou mak'st, Singing in thy gladness Snatches of delicious song, Full of old love sadness!

How I sit and hold my breath
When the air is winging,
From some far-off pleasant room,
Breathings of thy singing!

How I listen for thy foot,— I know it, stepping airy, On the stair, or overhead, Like a lightsome fairy!

What a happy house it is
Where thou hast thy dwelling!
There love, joy, and kindliness
Evermore are welling.

Everyone within the house Loves to talk about thee. What an altered place it were, Beatrice, without thee!

I can see thee when I list In thy beauty shining, Leaning from the casement ledge Where the rose is twining.

I can see thee looking down, The little linnet feeding; Or, sitting quietly apart, Some sweet volume reading.

Would I were beside thee, The pages turning over, I'd find some cunning word or two That should my heart discover!

I would not heed thy laughter wild,— Laugh on, I could withstand thee; The printed book should tell my tale, And thou should'st understand me.

I know thy arts, my Beatrice, So lovely, so beguiling: The mockery of thy merry wit, The witchery of thy smiling.

I know thee for a siren strong,
That smites all hearts with blindness,
And I might tremble for myself,
But for thy loving-kindness.

But for the days of bygone years, When I was as thy brother; Ah! we, my faithful Beatrice, Were meant for one another. I'll straightway up this very day, And ask thee of thy father: And all the blessings life can give In wedded life we'll gather.

Mary Howitt.

### 576. THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

\*UPID, if storying legends tell aright, Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight,-A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed. And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd: With these, the magic dews which evening brings, Brush'd from the Idalian star by fairy wings, Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd, Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind-Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe. The eyeless chemist heard the process rise, The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs, Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamour'd dove Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love. The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame, And 'Kisses' was the precious compound's name. With half the god his Cyprian mother blest, And breath'd on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

S. T. Coleridge.

# 577. WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW.

WE met when hope and life were new,
And all we look'd on smiled,
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments sweet as wild;

Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wing;
The bloom, that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told,
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controll'd,
Its growing strength was shown:
The touch that thrill'd us with 'delight;
The glance by art untamed;
In one short moon, as brief as night,
That tender truth proclaim'd.

We parted chilling looks among;
My inmost soul was bow'd;
And blessings died upon my tongue
I dared not breathe aloud.
A pensive smile serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain!
A pressure of thy yielding hand;
We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name
Of magic power to me;
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee:
And long through many an after-year,
When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on!

Alaric A. Watts.

### 578. FIRST LOVE.

. . . . . . . 'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd o'er the waters sweep;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet

The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made 'us youth' wait too—too long already,
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double damn'd post obits.

Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels.
Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

Lord Byron.

### 579. TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

THEY tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,

That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy side;

And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone, As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,

And it always seem'd to me as though a joyous crowd were
met

To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love,

And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above; Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy brow,

Perchance a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child, Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er my brain,

When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay, And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the May;

But it may not be! within my breast all frozen are the springs,

The murmur dies upon my lip—the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest, That sunshine may illume thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,

That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose evening shall go down

Like the evening in the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd thy hand,

When those thou lovest, and those that love thee, weeping round thee stand.

Oh! may the verse that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,

Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!

G. M. Fitzgerald.

#### 580. THE LOVERS.

I T was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood.

The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seem'd,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf

Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground,
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper look'd forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene, When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass, A damsel kneel'd to offer up her prayer,-Her prayer nightly offer'd, nightly heard. This ancient thorn had been the meeting place Of love, before his country's voice had call'd The ardent youth to fields of honour far Beyond the wave: and hither now repair'd, Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye Seen only, while she sought this boon alone: 'Her lover's safety and his quick return.' In holy, humble attitude she kneel'd, And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, press'd One hand, the other lifted up to heaven. Her eye, upturn'd, bright as the star of morn, As violet meek, excessive ardour stream'd, Wafting away her earnest heart to God. Her voice, scarce utter'd, soft as zephyr sighs On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low, Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy seat. A tear-drop wander'd on her lovely face; It was a tear of faith and holy fear, Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time, On yonder willows by the stream of life. On her the moon look'd steadfastly; the stars, That circle nightly round the Eternal Throne, Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting love Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

O had her lover seen her thus alone. Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him! Nor did he not: for oft-times Providence, With unexpected joy the fervent prayer Of faith surprised. Return'd from long delay, With glory crown'd of righteous actions won, The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought The youth, and found it at the happy hour, Just when the damsel kneel'd herself to pray. Wrapp'd in devotion, pleading with her God, She saw him not, heard not his foot approach. All holy images seem'd too impure To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneel'd, Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne, Seem'd fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought! But sweeter still the kind remembrance came, That she was flesh and blood, form'd for himself -The plighted partner of his future life. And as they met, embraced, and sat, embower'd, In woody chambers of the starry night, Spirits of love about them minister'd, And God, approving, bless'd the holy joy! Pollock.

### 581. POWER OF LOVE.

HAVE done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. Oh! love's a mighty lord; And hath so humbled me, as I confess, There is no woe to his correction, Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love.

Skakspoure.

#### 582. THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is a little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
And beg, and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the kalendar—
A lily's almost as tall,
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
To spurn, and scorn, and scout me;
But ah! I've a notion it's nought but play,—
And that say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

When she rides on her nag away,
By park, and road, and river,
In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,
Oh! then she's prouder than ever!
And oh! what faces, what faces!
What petulant, pert grimaces!
Why the very pony prances and winks,
And tosses his head, and plainly thinks
He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes and nestles, and purrs and pries
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And says, 'I love you dearly!'

Oh! the queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
Good lack! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
But ah! I've a notion it's nought but play,—
And that say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

T. Westwood.

#### 583. THE LADY'S YES.

'YES!' I answered you last night;
'No!' this morning, sir, I say!
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors play'd their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for Yes or fit for No!

Call me false or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith

Nobly as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—

With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the starry skies, Guard her, by your truthful words, Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true— Ever true, as wives of yore— And her Yes, once said to you, Shall be yes for evermore.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## 584. THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OFT, oft methinks, the while with thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

S. T. Coleridge.

## 585. THAT SONG AGAIN.

THAT song again! its wailing strain
Brings back the thoughts of other hours—
The form I ne'er may see again,—
And brightens all life's faded flowers!

In mournful murmurs, o'er mine ear Remember'd echoes seem to roll, And sounds I never more can hear, Make music in my lonely soul!

That swell again!—now full and high,
The tide of feeling flows along,
And many a thought that claims a sigh,
Seems mingling with the magic song!

The forms I loved—and loved in vain,
The hopes I nursed—to see them die,
With fleetness, brightness, through my brain,
In phantom beauty, wander by!

Then touch the lyre, my own dear love!

My soul is like a troubled sea,

And turns from all below—above,

In fondness, to the harp and thee!

T. K. Hervey.

## 586. THE DESTINED WIFE.

7 HEN ripen'd time and chasten'd will Have stretch'd and tuned for love's accords The five-string'd lyre of life, until It vibrates with the wind of words; And 'Woman,' 'Lady,' 'She,' and 'Her' Are names for perfect good and fair, And unknown maidens, talk'd of, stir His thoughts with reverential care; He meets, by heavenly chance express, His destined wife: some hidden hand Unveils to him that loveliness Which others cannot understand. No songs of love, no summer dreams Did e'er his longing fancy fire With vision like to this: she seems In all things better than desire. His merits in her presence grow, To match the promise in her eyes, And round her happy footsteps blow The authentic airs of Paradise. For love of her he cannot sleep;

Her beauty haunts him all the night; It melts his heart, it makes him weep For wonder, worship, and delight.

Coventry Patmore.

## 587. THE EAR-RINGS.

M Y ear-rings, my ear-rings, I've dropped them in the well And what to say to Musa, I cannot, cannot, tell; ('Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter)

—The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water:

To me did Musa give them when he spake his sad farewell. And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings, my ear-rings, they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er should list to other lips, or smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pure as those ear-rings
pale.

When he comes back and hears that I have dropp'd them in the well,

Oh! what will Musa think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

My ear-rings, my ear-rings, he'll say they should have been Not of pearl drops and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen;

Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamonds shining clear, Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere; That changfeul minds unchanging gems are not befitting well:

Thus he will think, and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went I loiter'd by the way; He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say; He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed

From the ears where he had placed them, my gems of pearl unloosed:

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well, My pearls fell in; and what to say, alas! I cannot tell. He'll say I am a woman, and that we are all the same: He'll say I loved, when he was there, to whisper of his flame,

But that, when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth was broken,

And I thought no more of Musa, and cared not for his token.

My ear-rings, my ear-rings, oh! luckless, luckless well, For what to say to Musa, I cannot, cannot tell.

Lockharte.

#### WOMAN'S LOVE. 588.

N infant when it gazes on a light, 1 A child the moment when it drains the breast. A devotee when soars the host in sight, An Arab with a stranger for a guest, A sailor when the prize has struck in fight, A miser filling his most hoarded chest, Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved, All that it hath of life with us is living: So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved, And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving; All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved, Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;

There lies the thing we love with all its errors And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour

Of love's, and night's, and ocean's solitude, O'erflow'd her soul with their united power; Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude She and her wave-worn love had made their bower. Where nought upon their passion could intrude, And all the stars that crowded the blue space Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

Alas! the love of women! it is known

To be a lovely and a fearful thing;

For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,

And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring

To them but mockeries of the past alone,

And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,

Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real

Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

Lord Byron.

## 589. TO MY DREAM-LOVE.

WHERE art thou, oh! my beautiful? Afar I seek thee sadly, till the day is done, And o'er the splendour of the setting sun, Cold, calm and silvery, floats the evening star: Where art thou? Ah! where art thou, hid in light That haunts me, yet still wraps thee from my sight?

Not wholly, ah! not wholly—still love's eyes
Trace thy dim beauty through the mystic veil,
Like the young moon that glimmers faint and pale,
At noontide through the sun-web of the skies:
But ah! I ope mine arms, and thou art gone,
And only memory knows where thou hast shone.

Night—night the tender, the compassionate, Bindeth thee, gem-like, 'mid her raven hair: I dream—I see—I feel that thou art there—And stand all weeping at sleep's golden gate, Till the leaves open, and the glory streams Down through my trancèd soul in radiant dreams.

Too short—too short—soon comes the chilly morn,
To shake from love's boughs all their sleep-born bloom,
And wake my heart back to its bitter doom,
Sending me through the land downcast, forlorn,
Whilst thou, my beautiful, art far away,
Bearing the brightness from my joyless day.

I stand and gaze across earth's fairest sea, And still the flashing of the restless main Sounds like the clashing of a prisoner's chain, That binds me, oh! my beautiful, from thee. Oh! sea-bird, flashing past on snow-white wing, Bear my soul to her in thy wandering.

My heart is weary gazing o'er the sea— O'er the long dreary lines that close the sky: Through solemn sunsets ever mournfully, Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee; Hearing the sullen waves for evermore Dashing around me on the lonely shore.

But tides creep lazily about the sands, Washing frail landmarks, Lethe-like, away, And though their records perish day by day, Still stand I ever with close-clasped hands, Gazing far westward o'er the heaving sea, Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee.

Walter A. Cassels.

#### 590. RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

H OW warm this woodland wild recess!
Love surely has been breathing here.
And this sweet bed of earth, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown since last I lay On seaward Quantock's healthy hills, Where quiet sounds from hidden rills Float here and there, like things astray, And high o'er head the skylark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air Be music with your name; yet why That asking look? that yearning sigh? That sense of promise everywhere? Beloved! flew your spirit by? As when a mother doth explore

The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remember'd in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, love's prompture deep,
Has not love's whisper evermore,
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in clamour's hour.
S. T. Coleridge.

## 591. LEOLINE.

In the molten-golden moonlight,
In the deep grass warm and dry,
We watch'd the fire-fly rise and swim
In floating sparkles by.
All night the hearts of nightingales,
Song-steeping, slumbrous leaves,
Flow'd to us in the shadow there
Below the cottage-eaves.

We sang our songs together
Till the stars shook in the skies.
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yet the tears were in our eyes.
And my hand—I know it trembled
To each light warm touch of thine;
But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Leoline!

How large the white moon look'd, dear!
There has not ever been,
Since those old nights, the same great light
In the moons which I have seen.
I often wonder, when I think,
If you have thought so too,
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west wind Comes faint across the sea,
It seems that you have breath'd on it,
So sweet it comes to me:
And sometimes, when the long light wanes
In one deep crimson line,
I muse, 'and does she watch it too,
Far off, sweet Leoline?'

And often, leaning all day long
My head upon my hands,
My heart aches for the vanisht time
In the far fair foreign lands:
Thinking sadly—'Is she happy?
Has she tears for those old hours?
And the cottage in the starlight?
And the songs among the flowers?'

One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air,
A fire-fly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kiss'd him lightly off again,
And he glitter'd up the vine,
And died into the darkness
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch
I've a purple rose-leaf prest,
More sweet than common rose-leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.

# Dictionary.

When she gave me that her eyes were wet:
The rose was full of dew.
The rose is wither'd long ago!
The page is blister'd too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all:
The bee and I, we love it both,
Tho' it is frail and small.
She loved it too—long, long ago;
Her love was less than mine.
Still we are friends, but only friends,
My lost love, Leoline!

Owen Meredith.

## 592. THE SEA SHELL

YOU stoop'd and pick'd a wreathed shell,
Beside the shining sea:
'This little shell, when I am gone,
Will whisper still of me.'
I kiss'd your hands upon the sands,
For you were kind to me!

I hold the shell against my ear,
And hear its hollow roar:
It speaks to me about the sea,
But speaks of you no more!
I pace the sands and wring my hands,
For you are kind no more!

## 593. A LYRIC.

THEY say that my heart is breaking
With love and sorrow too;
And at last I shall believe it
As other people do.

Thou, girl, with eyes dark beaming,
I have ever told thee this,—
That my heart with love is breaking,
That thou wert all my bliss.

But only in my chamber
Dared I thus boldly speak:
Alas!—when thou wert present,
My words were sad and weak.

For there were evil angels
Who quickly hush'd my tongue;
And oh!—such evil angels
Kill many a heart when young.

## 594. SILENT LOVE.

YOU say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it!
Small gifts find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound:
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below;
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

Herrick.

595. LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song,
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste:

Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold,
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true a touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end:
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast, friend.
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive,
While that life endures:
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever, And it will through life persèver; Give me that with true endeavour, I will it restore:

Love me little, love me long, &c.

A suit of durance let it be, For all weathers that for me, For the land or for the sea, Lasting evermore. Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold or summer's heat, Autumn's tempests on it beat, It can never know defeat, Never can rebel: Such the love that I would gain, Such the love, I tell thee plain, Thou must give, or woo in vain; So to thee farewell. Love me little, love me long, &c.

## 596. THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE'S the garden she walk'd across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since:
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince;
She must have reach'd this shrub ere she turn'd,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurn'd,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk

She went while her robe's edge brush'd the box:
And here she paused in her gracious talk

To point me a moth on the milk-white flox.
Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she pass'd you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder, see where the rock-plants lie.

This flower she stopp'd at, finger on lip,
Stoop'd over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name? was it love or praise?
Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase!

But do not detain me now; for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground,
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
Stay as you are and be loved for ever!
Bud, if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not;
Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn and down they nestle—
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee;
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
Treasure my lady's lightest foot-fall;
Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

Robert Browning.

### 597 LOVE'S MEMORIES.

DOWN by the woods, where the blooming purple heather Sheds its sweet perfume in the pleasant morning prime, In the quiet hill-shade we wander'd forth together, Gladdening our young hearts with many an ancient rhyme:

Chaunting some old ballad, some wild and artless measure; Or reading about Rosalind among the forest boughs: In the golden age of courting, when the minutes, wing'd with pleasure,

Flew lightly at the whispering of lovers' fervent vows.

And sometimes on the page such a glorious light would glisten.—

Such a flash from out the ether of a bright and purer sphere— That we closed the book with wonder, and sat us down to listen,

For we thought that angel voices were singing to us near.

Glimpses of a golden future, tender memories of the past, Hopes of deep and solemn import, from their spirit-home above—

Slightly veiled from our seeing by the glory round them cast—

Come like mirror'd shapes before us when the soul is fill'd with love.

And the light which love had kindled had shed its halo round us,

As we gazed upon the woodland with its old majestic trees, Mid the depth of nature's stillness how its silken fetters bound us,

And the secrets of the future were whisper'd 'mong the leaves.

Not the noblest strain of music pealing through the solemn aisles,

Till the old cathedral towers seem to vibrate with the spell, Fills the spirit with such rapture, or the fancy so beguiles, As the music of love's making on the chords it knows so well.

Years have flown—for youth is fleeting—love is like a stranger guest;

Yet the memory of its glory melts like music on our souls; Wits may sneer and fools deride it, pointing with a courtly iest—

But the passions of the morning manhood's calmer noon controls.

J. Dennis.

## 598. BRIDAL BALLAD.

THE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell—
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seem'd his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,
And he kiss'd my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the churchyard bore me,
And I sigh'd to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
4 Oh, I am happy now!

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That proves me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!

For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,—
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

Edgar A. Poe.

#### 599. TO MY WIFE.

A FAR from thee! Tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one;
Without thee, I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seem'd in better days,
Without thee seem'd no longer sweet;
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,
And in thy cheeks' unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is love with thee.
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth everywhere,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together, in his loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the 'mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside;
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free;
O welcome be night's slumbers deep!
For then, dear love! I am with thee.

#### 600. THE LOT OF LOVE.

OH! was there ever tale of human love, Which was not also tale of human tears? Died not sweet Desdemona? sorrow'd not Fair, patient Imogen? and she whose name Lives among lovers, Sappho silver-voiced, Was not the wailing of her passionate lyre Ended for ever in the dull deaf sea? Must it be thus? oh! must the cup that holds The sweetest vintage of the vine of life Taste bitter at the dregs? Is there no story, No legend, no love passage, which shall end Even as the bow that God hath bent in heaven, O'er the sad waste of mortal histories, Promising respite to the rain of tears?

Matthew Arnold.

#### 601. TRUE LOVE.

YOUNG Juan and his lady-love were left To their own hearts' most sweet society; Even time, the pitiless, in sorrow cleft

With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,

Though foe to love; and yet they could not be Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring, Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;
The blank grey was not made to blast their hair,
But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail
They were all summer: lightning might assail
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

They were alone once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest roots of years—the river
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,—
Would wither less than these two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart—

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told;
While life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

'Whom the gods love die young,' was said of yore.
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.

The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd made for them:
They found no fault with Time, save that he fled;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn:
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
The least glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much;
A language, too, but like to that of birds,

Known but to them, at least appearing such
As but to lovers a true sense affords;
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who have ceased to hear such or ne'er heard.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been;
They were not made in the real world to fill
A busy character in the dull scene,
But like two beings born from out a rill,
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys As rarely they beheld throughout the round; And these were not of the vain kind which cloys, For theirs were buoyant spints, never bound By the mere senses; and that which destroys Most love, possession, unto them appear'd A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour Dear unto all, but dearest to their eyes,

For it had made them what they were: the power Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such skies. When happiness had been their only dower, And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties; Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that brought The past still welcome as the present thought.

Lord Byron.

#### 602. MY MISTRESS.

THE cradle of the infant sun,
That scarf'd in purple clouds and dun,
Kisses the dewy tear-drops up,
Shed in the flowret's odorous cup—

The budding, spring-awaken'd rose, That, proudly bursting its green prison. Proclaims that April has arisen, And over the laughing gardens goes, While 'mid the mild frosts gently-wrinkling, The tears that morning weeps from heaven In smile and sparkle earth are sprinkling: The streamlet that has vainly striven To bubble its harmonious story Between these lips that ice confines And seals awhile;—the pink that shines A coral star of transient glory,— The golden-plumaged bird, that shows All gaudy tints upon its wing, A feather'd harp, that still doth sing To the water, murmuring Sweet music, as it onward flows:-The rock that can deceive the sun, Who would dissolve it with his ray: Its snowy outwork may be won But the rock melts not away-The laurel tree, which bathes its foot In the snows it tramples down: A green narcissus, fearing not The lightnings which it turns aside, Or wears for an innocuous crown. Daring the fires above deride. Or the frost about its root,-In fine, the cradle, and the light, The purple clouds, the streams, the rose, The bird that passions through the night, The morn, that raining tear-drops, throws Its smile on earth,—the crimson pink Stooping over the fountain's brink: These are the portions which combine In her, of women most divine. Calderon.

## 603. ADAM'S DESCRIPTION OF EVE.

WHEN I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her lovelfest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Millon.

604 LOVE'S COMPARISON.

UST I tell thee, Georgiana, IVI Of my cousin Caroline? How the pretty creature sported With this wayward heart of mine? Oh! her eyes were as blue as heaven, love; But not so blue as thine, And yet I almost idolized The eyes of Caroline. Her soft hair rippled to her waist In waves of golden light, Giving glimpses of a shoulder That was exquisitely white; Thine own has just that sunny fall, But silkier far than hers, And a fairer neck gleams through them ' While the wind their beauty stirs. Ah! fondly (when she'd let me) Did I those tresses twine, But it was not near so pleasant, love,

As playing thus with thine.

Her laugh was like a fairy's laugh, So musical and sweet; Her foot was like a fairy's foot. So dainty and so fleet; Her smile was fitful sunshine: Her hand was dimpled snow, Her hand a very rosebud In sweetness and in glow; But I know a lighter footstep, A more melodious laugh. A hand that's swansdown to the touch, More soft than hers by half: And a smile of more than angel-power To brighten and to bless, And a lip (that if you'd let me) I would perish but to press! Ah! dearly did I love to hold Her little hand in mine: But I was not half so happy, sweet, As now in taking thine.

Her cheek was very eloquent,
For there her feelings spoke,
Like summer's rosy lightning,
The colour o'er it broke;
While bewitching smiles and dimples
Changed its beautiful repose,
Like the zephyr and the sunshine
At play upon a rose.
But I know a cheek whose blushes
As they trembling come and go,
I could gaze upon for ever
If it did not pain thee so.

She never sought to shun my gaze—
My petted Caroline,
And yet I'd give her sunniest look
For one dear blush of thine.
Now prythee do not call
My cousin Carry—a coquet,

When I tell you she had danglers
By the dozen in her net;
For she was very beautiful,
Bewildering and bright,
And I own her pretty winning ways
And words bewitched me quite.
Ah! I even now remember
That sweet madness with a sigh;
Nay, do not draw the hand away,
Nor droop the doubting eye;
But think if I was dazzled thus
By careless Caroline,
How much more fondly I shall prize
So pure a heart as thine.

Mrs. Osgood.

## 605. AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do, nor care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined, Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art, To the first that's fair or kind, Make a present of their heart: It is not she that first we love But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' evening made, Stars gave the first delight, Admiring in the gloomy shade Those little drops of light: Then at Aurora, whose fair hand Removed them from the skies, He gazing toward the east did stand, She entertained his eyes. But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight.

Waller.

## 606. LINES

#### TO A LADY BEFORE HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

O where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly, And tempests make a soda-water sea, Almost as rough as our rough Diccadilly, And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens her juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me!

Go where the tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she;
Go where the lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies'along at full-length like a tree,
Go where the Suttee in her own soot broileth,
And think of me!

Go where with human notes the parrot dealeth In mono-polly-logue with tongue as free, And like a woman, all she can revealeth, And think of me! Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And, parasols of straw where hats should be,
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me!

Go to the land of jungles and of vast hills, And tall bamboos—may none bamboozle thee! Go gaze upon their elephants and castles, And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier, And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea, Go where the fierce mosquito is a worrier, And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes, Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay, Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes, And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me!

## 607. AN ENGLISH SONG.

I THANK you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek;
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long tried and dearly loved
The plighted bride must part,
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child:
Sigh not for her, she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than one;
She'll gaze upon her daughter's smiles,
Supported by her son!

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth:
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

T. Haynes Bayly.

# 608. SONG: THOU ART LOVELIER.

# 1

THOU art lovelier than the coming
Of fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a bless'd fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of orient crimson'd morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dewdrops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing, In wood, and field, and glen, Where a thousand birds were singing, And my thoughts were of thee then; For there's nothing gladsome round me, Or beautiful to see, Since thy beauty's spell has bound me, But is eloquent of thee.

Richard Howitt.

## 609. THE GAME AT CHESS.

OVE with a lady—would you know
Her name, then read this heart, for there
Tis written, like the words of woe,
Imprinted in the hyacinth fair,—
Love with a lady played,—but where,
Or when, or how, 'tis yours to guess;
Enough if we this truth declare,—
Love with a lady play'd at chess!

Most innocent, and calm, and high,
The mind which in that lady's face
Was mirror'd, as the morning sky
In a clear brook's green dwelling-place,
And, rob'd in each serenest grace,
She mused, more tranquil than the dove;
So there, as time flew on apace,
The lady play'd at chess with Love.

'Twas like a dream to see them play:
So deeply, marvellously still.
And hush'd in charm'd thought, sat they,
One influence of the tyrant will
Controlling both, for well or ill!
And surely in that silentness
Angels, on heaven's own azure hill,
Watch'd the sweet pair who play'd at chess

But see, a smile succeeds to doubt
In her fair eyes—they see 'the move;'
And swift as thought she stretches out
Her small white hand, without a glove,
And moves the piece—below, above,
Across, on all sides, unafraid,
Joy in her soul: and thus with Love
Her game of chess the lady play'd.

What is the world, and what is life,

To her whose heart is in the game!

The bliss of that ingenious strife

Is dear to her as health or fame!

With whomsoe'er she plays, the same;

E'en losing has some power to bless:

And were Love dead, she'd feel no shame

To sit with Hatred down to chess!

Love, brooding o'er the board grows dull,
And, beaten, seems but half awake;
Her hope meanwhile grows ripe and full,
She takes whate'er she wills to take;
When lo! what nothings sometimes make
A mighty shock! That lady's lip
Quivers with some convulsive ache—
Her hand just touch'd Love's finger-tip.

Her heedless hand! while wandering o'er
Eager to snatch the ivory prize,
It touch'd Love's lightly once—no more!
How can a touch thus paralyse?
How flush her cheeks, how fire her eyes,
How fill her soul with sweet distress,
Delight, despair, beyond disguise,
And make her lose—that game at chess?

His eyes had been on hers for hours,
Yet knew she not that love had gazed;
His breath had warm'd her cheek's rich flowers,
And still these thoughts were all unraised.

Now sits she like a thing amazed; Her chance at every move grows less; She plays at random—one so crazed Ne'er lost nor gain'd a game at chess.

Thoughts of the player crowd above
Thoughts of the game, that else would press,
She only feels she plays with Love;
She does not know she plays at chess,
Her dog might spring with wild caress,
Mother or sister tilt the board
And she know no emotion less
Or more, of all her heart must hoard!

King, queen, that heart hath quite forgot;
No knight hath sway there, but a swain;
No castle seeks she, but a cot;
No bishop, but a curate plain.
Such is Love's fine electric chain;
One touch hath done it! Need he sue?
No: ere he'd time to touch again,
He'd won the game—and lady too!

Laman Blanchard.

#### 610. A CONFESSION OF LOVE.

Could I see his face,
I wept so? Did I drop against his breast,
Or did his arms constrain me? Were my cheeks
Hot, overflooded, with my tears, or his?
And which of our two large explosive hearts
So shook me? That, I know not. There were words
That broke in utterance . . melted, in the fire;
Embrace, that was convulsion, . . . then a kiss . . .
As long and silent as the ecstatic night,—
And deep, deep, shuddering breaths, which meant beyond
Whatever could be told by word or kiss.

But what he said . . . I have written day by day, With somewhat even writing. Did I think That such a passionate rain would intercept And dash this last page? What he said, indeed, I fain would write it down here like the rest, To keep it in my eyes as in my ears, The heart's sweet scripture, to be read at night When weary, or at morning when afraid, And lean my heaviest oath on when I swear That, when all's done, all tried, all counted here, All great arts, and all good philosophies,—This love just puts its hand out in a dream, And straight outreaches all things.

What he said. I fain would write. But if an angel spoke In thunder, should we, haply, know much more Than that it thunder'd? If a cloud came down And wrapt us wholly, could we draw its shape, As if on the outside, and not overcome? And so he spake. His breath against my face Confused his words, yet made them more intense— As when the sudden finger of the wind Will wipe a row of single city lamps To a pure white line of flame, more luminous Because of obliteration; more intense-The intimate presence carrying in itself Complete communication, as with souls Who, having put the body off, perceive Through simply being. Thus, 'twas granted me To know he loved me to the depth and height Of such large natures, ever competent With grand horizons by the land or sea, To love's grand sunrise.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

#### 611. THE LOVER UP A TREE.

WELL! here's a situation,

For a young man up a tree.

With a bull-dog standing under,

Looking lovingly at me!

Treed! by all the darts of Cupid!

Like a 'possum, or a 'coon!

What an aspect for a lover,

By the dim light of the moon!

Came to serenade my Julia:
Lightly climb'd the garden wall:
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,
Yonder where the shadows fall:

Got as far as 'Sleep, my darling.'

When a deep bass 'bow! wow! wow!'

Out of tune and time, saluted me—

I hear its echo now.

And a snapping, close behind me, Warn'd me a foe was near; So I beat a quick retreat from there And found a lodgment here!

As I climb'd this smooth Alanthus
I felt a-something tear:
Let's see: yes, here's a rent behind:
I know how it came there!

Plague take the canine creature!
Wagging his stiff bob-tail,
As though he thought his narrative
Would finally prevail!

But such dogmatic arguments
Have no effect on me,
And such waggish illustrations
With my temper don't agree:

Yonder where the snowy curtain
In the mellow moonlight shines,
Unconscious of my sad mishap,
My Julia dear reclines.

I would not now, for all the world, That she should see me here, Dangling in this old Alanthus, With a white flag in my rear!

Oh! for a bit of strychnine,
Or some poison of some sort!
I'd stop the wagging of that tail,
And all this canine sport!

Tis midnight, and I hope if now, A ghost is on the jog, He'll come this way, and frighten off This most pugnacious dog:

If fairies in the moonlight dance,
I trust some light carouser
Will come and 'play dog' for a while,
With this infernal Bowser!

The merry stars seem laughing In their places up afar, But I am looking downward On a dangerous dog-star:

When Acteon look'd on Dian,
With her naked nymphs around,
The angry huntress changed the bold
Intruder to a hound:

Oh! for the power to change this dog Into a strapping fellow! I'd mount him in a minute, And turn his bark to bellow: Hark! what is that?—an old tom cat Around the porch is crawling: Poor Tom! I've a fellow feline For your sad caterwauling!

Now Bowser hears him!—see he turns; Seek! catch him! bite him, Bowser! Confound the twig! it's fasten'd in The rent within my trowser!

He's gone! and dog and cat are seen In mad and desperate chase! 'Tis a very proper time, I think, For me to leave this place.

O Julia! sleep!—sleep sound, my love! Oh! do not wake just yet, To view the rent in my trouserloons, Made by your canine pet;

And if you never wake until My soft guitar you hear, You'll slumber till old Gabriel's horn Shall break your sleep, my dear!

# 612. SCENT AND JEWELS.

ADY, why blend these dying sweets
With that immortal sweetness all thine own?
Why ask of art her counterfeits—
Her languid cloying odours, but to crown
That ever-deepening, ever-mellowing bloom
Whose very presence is perfume?

Dost thou mistrust thine ardent eyes,
And that deep glow of soul indwelling there,
That with these rival galaxies
Of glimmering gems thou hast bedew'd thy hair?
Or dost thou stoop to those who equal deem
The innate lustre and the surface gleam?

The clear starr'd purple overhead
Brooks not her virgin trueness should be soil'd
With false and fever'd glare and red
Of mocking meteors; of their thrones despoil'd,
She shoots them down in scorn, to find i' the earth
Some miry home more level with their birth;

So do thou ever prize, like her,
The simple majesty of maidenhood;
And in calm wrath the odours tear,
And soulless jewels from thee: upstart brood
Unblest! and only let thy cool white brow
For ever wear the light of its own stainless snow.

# 613. THE PORTRAIT. FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

COME, thou best of painters,
Prince of the Rhodian art;
Paint, thou best of painters,
The mistress of my heart—
Though absent—from the picture
Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets
Of dark and glossy hue,
And fragrant odours breathing—
If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead
That crowns a perfect cheek,
And rises under ringlets
Dark-coloured, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows Nor mingle nor dispart, But blend them imperceptibly And true will be thy art. From under black-eye fringes
Let sunny flashes play—
Cythera's swimming glances,
Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses

To paint a nose and cheeks—
A lip like bland Persuasion's—
A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious

Let all the graces fair,
Round neck of alabaster,
Be ever flitting there.

And now in robes invest her Of palest purple dyes, Betraying fair proportions To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me
The picture of my choice!
And quickly wilt thou give meThe music of thy voice.

William Hay.

## 614. THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride;
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her;
One was dark, and one was fair;
But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsman—shall I own it?
Yes, to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: 'How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!'

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion

For the flowers, the feast, the wine?

Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;

Or, who knows?—it may be mine:

What if 'twere—forgive the fancy—

What if 'twere—both mine and thine?

Thomas William Parsons.

### 615. ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense— Weary with longing? Shall I flee away Into past days, and with some fond pretence Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee, In worthy deeds, each moment that is told While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time: and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Kemble.

# 616. THE CHEAT OF CUPID; OR THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREOM.

ONE silent night of late, When every creature rested, Came one unto my gate, And, knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there, And troubles thus the sleepy? Cast off, said he, all fear, And let not locks thus keep thee.

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved;
And all with showers wet through
And c'en with cold half starved.

I, pitiful, arose,
And soon a taper lighted;
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
And wings, too, which did shiver;
And, looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shrine, Brought him, as Love professes, And chafed his hands with mine, And dried his dripping tresses. But when that he felt warmed:

Let's try this bow of ours,

And string, if they be harmed,

Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew Away, and thus said flying: Adieu, mine host, adieu! I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

Robert Herrick.

# 617. THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die;
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye;
But look! on me the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary;
Thy step is sad and slow;
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,

Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts' fond flame
And long-imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness meet
In this, in this.

Farewell!

William Motherwell

#### 618. INDIFFERENCE.

I MUST not say that thou wert true, Yet let me say that thou wert fair. And they that lovely face who view, They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts Wounded by men, by Fortune tried, Outwearied with their lonely parts, Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear; Their lot was but to weep and moan. Ah, let them keep their fate sincere, For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath Has charmed at birth from gloom and care, These ask no love—these plight no faith, For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make, And garlands for their forehead weave; And what the world can give, they take— But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears To one demand alone are coy. They will not give us love and tears— They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

It was not love that heaved thy breast, Fair child! it was the bliss within. Adieu! and say that one, at least, Was just to what he did not win.

Matthew Arnold.

# 619. NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies, Have drawn our spirits nearer; And rendered us, by sorrow's ties, Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth, With mirth and joy may perish; That to which darker hours gave birth Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time, And through death's shadowy portal; Made by adversity sublime, By faith and hope immortal.

Bernard Barton.

# 620. IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE

I F thou wert by my side, my love, How fast would evening fail In green Bengala's palmy grove, Listening to the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side, My babies at my knee, How gaily would our pinnace glide O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray, When, on our deck reclined, In carcless ease my limbs I lay And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try, The lingering noon to cheer, But miss thy kind, approving eye, Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star Beholds me on my knee, I feel, though thou art distant far, Thy prayers ascend for me.

Reginald Heber.

#### 621. THE NUN.

I F you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show:
What! you become a nun, my dear?
I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be:
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, 'We trust in thee!'
The incense will go sighing,
The candles tall a dying,
The water turn to wine:
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
You may—but they'll be mine.

Leigh Hunt.

### 622. SONG.

H OW delicious is the winning Of a kiss at Love's beginning, When two mutual hearts are sighing For the knot there's no untying! Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing, Love has bliss, but Love has rueing; Other smiles may make you fickle; Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries, Just as fate or fancy carries; Longest stays when sorest chidden; Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly; Bind its odour to the lily; Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver; Then bind Love to last for ever!

Thomas Campbell.

## 623. A DILEMMA.

WHICH is the maiden I love best?
Twenty now are buzzing round me;
Three in their milk-white arms have wound me,
Gently,—yet I feel no rest!
One hath showered her black locks o'er me,
Ten kneel on the ground before me,
Casting forth such beams of blue,
That I'm pierc'd—oh, through and through!
Bacchus! Gods! what can I do?
Which must I love best?

Tell me—(ah, more gently take me,
Sweet one, in thy warm white arms!)
'Tell me,—which will ne'er forsake me
Through all life's ills and harms?
Is it she, whose blood's retreating
From that forehead crowned with pride?
Is it she, whose pulse is beating
Full against my unarmed side?
What do all these things betide?

Strong my doubts grow,—strong,—and stronger:
Quick! give answer to my call!
If ye pause a moment longer,
I shall love ye—ALL!

Barry Cornwall.

#### 624. LOVE SONG.

SIT near, sit near! I kiss thy lips,
Ripe, richer than the crimson cherry.
Girl, canst thou love me in eclipse?
Tell me, and bid my soul be merry.

My light is dim, my fortune fled; I've nothing,—save my love for thee. Give back thy love, or I am dead—A word,—while I can hear,—and see!

Sit nearer,—near! I kiss thine eyes; There,—where the white lids part asunder. I love thee,—dost thou hear my sighs? Love thee beyond the world, thou Wonder!

My life is spent: I've nothing left To tender now, save Love's dear duty: Ah, let me—of all else bereft— Feed, until death, upon thy beauty!

Barry Cornwall

#### 625. A VALENTINE.

[To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name will thus appear.]

FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes, Brightly expressive as the twins of Lœda,

Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies

Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.

Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure Divine—a talisman—an amulet That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure-The words—the syllables! Do not forget The trivialest point, or you may lose your labour! And yet there is in this no Gordian knot Which one might not undo without a sabre, If one could merely comprehend the plot. Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering Eyes scintillating soul, there lie perdus Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's too. Its letters, although naturally lying Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando— Still form a synonym for Truth.—Cease trying! You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you can do.

#### 626. TO ONE IN PARADISE.

Edgar A. Poe.

THOU wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers:
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
'On! on!'—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
'No more—no more—no more—'

(Such language holds the solemn sea To the sands upon the shore) Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree, Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

Edgar A. Poe.

# 627. OUR EARLY LOVED.

O'L'R early loved—how their memory clings
To the hearts that love no more!
Like a rose that still in its sweetness springs
Where a garden's pride is o'er;
Though the weeds and thorns may have long defaced
The place of the perish'd flowers,
Yet that lingerer gladdens the cheerless waste
With the bloom of its brighter hours.

Our early loved—hath their after-path
From our steps far parted been
Hath the hand of power or the flame of wrath,
On life's barriers risen between
Yet still, in our dreams, their shadows come
O'er the parting waste of years,
Though the path marked with many a tomb,
And its sands are wet with tears!

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They come, with a light left far behind
On the distant mountain's brow,
Where the sunrise shone on the waking mind
That is dark with shadows now.

But even as the morning star returns
To brighten the evening shades,
The lamp of their memory brighter burns
As the spirit's daylight fades.

Our early loved—have we found them changed
In the gloom of our winter days,
And their bright locks blanched, and their looks estranged,
Till they scarce return'd our gaze;
But far in the land where storms or time
Can no longer sear or chill,
In the light of our memory's cloudless clime
We shall find, them changeless still!

Hath the grass on the grave grown rankly green,
Where we laid, so long ago
Our first affections all unseen
In their deep and quenchless glow?
Alas! for the dust so darkly piled
O'er the bright but buried gem;
But safe are the treasures Death hath seal'd—
'For there comes no change on them!'

We may love again—and the later ties
Of life may be bright and strong—
But if broken, never in memory's eyes
Will their fragments shine so long:
And the shrines of our childhood's stainless faith,
We may leave them far and cold,
But the heart still turns to the stars of youth
With a love that ne'er grows old.

Frances Brown.

#### 628. THE LOVER'S DISCLAIMER.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows Are to thy fortune paid; Alas! my heart he little knows, Who thinks my love a trade. Were I of all these woods the lord, One berry from thy hand More real pleasure would afford Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live On what the nicest maid, Without a conscious blush, may give Beneath the myrtle shade.

Sir Charles Sedley.

#### 629. THE PURITY OF LOVE.

HERE is a bud in life's dark wilderness, Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress; There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky, That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry: That flower, that lonely beam, on Eden's grove Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love. Alas! that aught so fair could lead astray Man's wavering foot from duty's thornless way. Yet, lovely woman! yet thy winning smile, That caused our cares, can every care beguile; And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still. To his low mind thy worth is all unknown, Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone: But oh! how most deceived, whose creed hath given Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven! Yet thou hast charms that time may not dispel, Whose deathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell: Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away, Like morn's bright dew beneath th solar ray: Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek, That plants a smile where pain despoils the check; The balin that virtue mingles here below To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe-These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead, When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled. Beresford.

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# 630. 'NO THANK YOU, JOHN.'

I NEVER said I loved you, John:
Why will you teaze me day by day,
And wax a weariness to think upon,
With always 'do' and 'pray'?

You know I never loved you, John;
No fault of mine made me your toast:
Why will you haunt me with a face as wan
As shows an hour-old ghost?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take
Pity upon you, if you'd ask:
And pray don't remain single for my sake,
Who can't perform that task.

I have no heart? Perhaps I have not;
But then you're mad to take offence
That I don't give you what I have not got;
Use your own common sense.

Let bygones be bygones,

Don't call me false, who owed not to be true,
I'd rather answer 'No' to fifty Johns

Than answer 'Yes' to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more, Song-birds of passage, days of youth: Catch at to-day, forget the days before; I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;
No more, no less; and friendship's good:
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,
And points not understood

In open treaty. Rise above
Quibbles and shuffling off and on:
Here's friendship for you if you like: but love—
No thank you, John.

Christina G. Rossetti.

#### 631. THE MEETING IN THE LANE.

WE were to meet at sunset down the lane,
To tread once more that pathway in the shade
Of the old trees—old chestnut trees—that there
Meeting o'erhead a rustling archway made;
Lovely the scene, the hour no less, as sank
Sound into silence, into shadow, light;
Meek nature seem'd to hold her breath in awe,
Shrinking affrighted from approaching night.

As paled the last red cloud in heaven, she came—
Her light step quickening as she onward drew;
The face she met me with was sadly gay,
And my lip trembled, for her thoughts I knew;
The morrow was to be our wedding day,
And this fair summer's night brought to its close
The long, sweet story of our love; the thought
Was joy, yet sadness dash'd it as it rose.

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'Twas sad to feel our pleasant meetings o'er,
Though came no more the grief that bade us part;
It had become the habit of our love,—
Ah, me! the love of that fond gentle heart!
No storm of Fate could shake it where it grew,
Or strew the lovely blossom that it bore;
She loved as woman rarely loves but once;
A love that asks return and asks no more.

We met in silence, and a moment's space
Each stood with downcast eyes; the time had been
Our joy had flooded forth in words, but now
It seem'd beyond all language—calm—serene—
It was an earnest of what life would be,—
The placid feeling that inspired each breast,—
I took her hand,—I drew her to my side,—
'Dear love!'—her raised eyes, tearful, spoke the rest.

Mary Jane Sawyer.

# 632. A REJECTED LOVER.

YOU'never loved me,' Ada. These slow words,
Dropp'd softly from your gentle woman tongue,
Out of your true and kindly woman-heart,
Fell, piercing into mine like very swords,
The sharper for their kindness. Yet no wrong
Lies to your charge, nor cruelty, nor art:
Ev'n while you spoke, I saw the tender tear-drop start.

You 'never loved me.' No, you never knew,
You, with youth's morning fresh upon your soul,
What 'tis to love: slow, drop by drop, to pour
Our life's whole essence, perfumed through and through
With all the best we have or can control
For the libation—cast it down before
Your feet—then lift the goblet, dry for evermore.

I shall not die as foolish lovers do:
A man's heart beats beneath this breast of mine,
The breast where—curse on that fiend whispering
'It might have been!'—Ada, I will be true
Unto myself—the self that so loved thine:
May all life's pain, like these few tears that spring
For me, glance off as rain-drops from my white dove's wing!

May you live long, some good man's bosom-flower,
And gather children round your matron knees:
So, when all this is past, and you and I
Remember each our youth-days as an hour
Of joy—or anguish,—one, serene, at ease,
May come to meet the other's steadfast eye,
Thinking, 'He loved me well!' clasp hands, and so pass by.

Dinah Mulock.

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## 633. PARAGON.

N the whole world there scarcely was So delicate a wight. There was no beauty so divine That ever nymph did grace, But it beyond itself did shine In her more heavenly face: What form she pleased each thing would take That e'er she did behold; Of pebbles she could diamonds make, Gross iron turn to gold. Such power there with her presence came, Stern tempests she allay'd; The cruel tiger she could tame,-The raging torrents stay'd. She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life, Again she made to die; She raised a war, appeased a strife, With turning of her eye. Some said a god did her beget, But much deceived were they: Her father was a rivulet, Her mother was a fay. Her lineaments so fine that were, She from the fairy took; Her beauties and complexion clear, By nature from the brook.

Drayton.

# 634. LOVE'S GARDEN.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly Paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

These cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow:
Yet there no peer, nor prince, may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still;
Her brows, like bended bows, do stand,
Threatening, with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand,
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

R. Alison,

# 635. HOMAGE TO WOMEN.

OR me I'm woman's slave confest— Without her, hopeless and unblest; And so are all, gainsay who can, For what would be the life of man, If left in desert or in isle, Unlighted up by beauty's smile? Even tho' he boasted monarch's name. And o'er his own sex reign'd supreme, With thousands bending to his sway, If lovely woman were away, What were his life? what could it be? A vapour on a shoreless sea; A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd, Amongst the waste of waters lost; A ship described in the gale, Without a steersman or a sail, A star, or beacon-light before, Or hope of haven evermore; A thing without a human tie. Unloved to live,-unwept-to die. Then let us own thro' nature's reign, Woman the light of her domain;

And if to maiden love not given
The dearest bliss below the heaven,
At least due homage let us pay
In reverence of a parent's sway,
To that dear sex whose favour still
Our guerdon is in good or ill,
A motive that can never cloy,
Our glory, honour, and our joy;
And humbly on our bended knee,
Acknowledge her supremacy.

Hogg.

## 636. STARRY EYES.

OOK out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up!—look out! and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady! from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day!

Pinkney.

# 637. THE FAIREST THING.

To make my Lady's obsequies My love a minster wrought, And, in the chantry, service there Was sung by doleful thought; The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved, 'Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.'

Above her licth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true!
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portray'd,
When gracious God with both His hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more: my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her, who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deem'd by all—
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His paradise,
And with His saints to reign;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But nought our tears avail, or cries:
All, soon or late, in death shall sleep;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

Charles, Duke of Orleans.

### 638. LOVE'S ATTRACTION.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye, Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh; But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away, And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar— Though music in both, they are both apt to jar; How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch, Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand, Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command: Exert with your husband the same happy skill, For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind, Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind; 'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve, And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

Garrick.

# 639. TO A FAIR YOUNG FRIEND.

OULD I bring lost youth back again,
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides Devoted rapture's glow; And Love, that conquers all besides, Finds Time a conquering foe. Farewell! we're severed by our fate As far as night from noon; You came into this world so late, And I depart so soon!

Campbell.

#### 640. TO -----

THE broken moon lay in the autumn sky,
And I lay at thy feet;
You bent above me; in the silence, I
Could hear my wild heart beat.

I spoke—my soul was full of trembling fears
At what my words would bring;
You raised your face—your eyes were full of tears
As the sweet eyes of spring.

You kiss'd me then—I worshipp'd at thy feet Upon the shadowy sod. O fool! I loved thee!—loved thee, lovely cheat, Better than fame or God!

My soul leap'd up beneath thy timid kiss;
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss—
I seem'd to walk on thrones.

And you were with me 'mong the rushing wheels; 'Mid trade's tumultuous jars; And when to awe-struck wilds the night reveals Her hollow gulf of stars.

Before thy window, as before a shrine, I've knelt 'mong dew-soak'd flowers, While distant music-bells, with voices fine, Measured the midnight hours. There came a fearful moment—I was pale; You wept, and never spoke, But clung around me, as the woodbine frail Clings pleading round an oak.

Upon my wrong I steadied up my soul,
And flung thee from myself;
I spurn'd thy love as 'twere a rich man's dole—
It was my only wealth.

I spurn'd thee! I who loved thee, could have died That hoped to call thee 'wife,' And bear thee gently smiling at my side Through all the shocks of life!

Too late, thy fatal beauty and thy tears,
Thy vows, thy passionate breath;
I'll meet thee not in life, nor in the spheres
Made visible by death.

Alexander Smith.

#### 641. CHRISTIAN NAMES.

In Christian world Mary the garland wears!
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas and of Abigails few lines
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashion'd. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

Charles Lamb.

# 642. LEISURE AND LOVE.

SOOTH 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent seasons through;
And just to drive a flock to feed,
Sleep, quiet, fond and few!

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
And count the bubbles—love worlds—there,
To muse within some minstrel's book,
Or watch the haunted air;
To slumber in some leafy nock
Or—idle anywhere.

And then, a draught of Nature's wine,
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit;
To take the air with forms divine:
Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute;
Descending if the night be fine,
In a star parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,
And let the world go dine and dress;
For love hath lowly haunts—a stone
Holds something meant to bless.
If life's a flower, I choose my own—
'Tis ' Love in Idleness.'

Laman Blanchard.

# 643. AN END.

OVE, strong as death, is dead.
Come, let us make his bed
Among the dying flowers.
A green turf at his head,
And a stone at his feet,
Whereon we may sit
At the quiet evening hours.

He was born in the spring,
And died before the harvesting;
On the last warm summer day
He left us; he would not stay
For autumn twilight, cold and grey;
Sit we by his grave and sing,
He is gone away.

To few chords, and sad, and low,
Sing we so.
Be our eyes fixed on the grass,
Shadow veil'd, as the years pass,
While we think of all that was
In the long ago.

Christina G. Rossetti.

mine\_

644. THE MYSTIC THREAD OF LIFe was like to time,

Ere you pea mystic three?

Oh, that pallid face!

3

Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace!

When last I saw them, dearest, it was in another place;

You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist,

And a cursed river kill'd thee, aided by a murderous mist.
Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kiss'd,
When last I saw thee, Barbara!

These dreary years, eleven,

Have you pined within your heaven,

And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time was

And have you passed unheeded all the fortunes of your race—Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet

To gaze on one who worshipp'd not within a kneeling place?

Are you happy, Barbara?

'Mong angels, do you think Of the precious golden link

I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink? Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars, Was emptied of its music, and we watch'd through lattice-bars

The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars, Till the morn broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed,

Wild and far my heart has ranged,

And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged; But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've lack'd; I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact, Like a mild consoling rainbow o'er a savage cataract.

Love has saved me, Barbara!

O Love! I am unblest,

With monstrous doubts opprest

Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest and best.

Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore, The hunger of my soul were still'd; for Death has told you more

Than the melancholy world doth know—things deeper than all lore.

Will you teach me, Barbara?

In vain, in vain, in vain!

You will never come again;—

There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain, The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the tree,

Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded sea:

There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,—

I am weary, Barbara!

A. Smith.

## 647. THINK ON ME.

A ND must we part? then fare thee well!
But he that wails it—he can tell
How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
And ever must be, to this heart!
But now 'tis vain—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break, Than one unholy thought awake; I'd sooner slumber into clay Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray; Go, free as air—as angel free, And, Lady, think no more on me.

Oh! did we meet when brighter star
Sent its fair promise from afar,
I then might hope to call thee mine;
The minstrel's heart and harp were thine:
But now'tis past—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour When Mercy's all-atoning power From His high throne of glory hears Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears; Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee, Then—then, oh Lady! think on me.

Callanan.

### 648. A HINT.

HE that loves a rosy cheek Or a coral lip admires, Or from star-like eyes doth seek Fuel to maintain his fires: As old Time makes these decay, So his flames must waste away. But a smooth and steadfast mind, Gentle thoughts and calm desires, Hearts with equal love combined, Kindle never-dying fires: Where these are not, I despise Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes. For if your beauties once decay, You never know a second May.

Caren.

# 649. THE SIGH OF THE REJECTED LOVER.

WELL, thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest, and 'twill impart Some pangs to view his happier lot; But let them pass—oh, how my heart Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs, Its father in its face to see; But then, it had its mother's eyes, And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adicu! I must away,
While thou art blest, I'll not repine,
But near thee I can never stay—
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride Had quench'd at length my boyish flame; Nor knew, till seated by thy side, My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm; I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look:
And now, to tremble were a crime—
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there;
One only feeling couldst thou trace—
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away, away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake;
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break:

Lord Byron.

## 650. CRAVING FOR AN UNKNOWN LOVE:

WHERE waitest thou,
Lady I am to love? thou comest not;
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot;
I look'd for thee ere now!

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother,
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet?
I long for thee, as thirsty lips for streams!
Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet?

Thou art as I—
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee;
We cannot live apart, must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!
That Time doth keep for us some happy years,
That God hath portion'd out our smiles and tears,
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet!

And therefore let our searching be the stronger,
Dark ways of life shall.not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet!

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring-day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May-light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room;
And so, dear wife, good night!

# 651. A LOVE PICTURE.

WHENCE that completed form of all completeness? Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness? Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair? Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun; Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun Such follying before thee—yet she had, Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad; And they were simply gordian'd up and braided, Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,

Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and orbed brow; The which were blended in, I know not how, With such a paradise of lips and eyes, Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs, That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings And plays about its fancy, till the stings Of human neighbourhood envenom all. Unto what awful power shall I call? To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet, More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose From out her cradle-shell. The wind out-blows Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion; Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed, Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed Handfuls of daisies.

Keats.

#### 652. THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone, I feel I am alone. I check'd him while he spoke; yet could he speak Alas! I would not check. For reasons not to love him once I sought, And wearied all my thought To vex myself and him: I now would give My love could he but live Who lately lived for me, and when he found Twas vain, in holy ground He hid his face amid the shades of death! I waste for him my breath Who wasted his for me; but mine returns, And this lone bosom burns With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep, And waking me to weep Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years Wept he as bitter tears!

'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,

'These may she never share!'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold

Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate

His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,—

And oh! pray, too, for me.

Walter Savage Lander.

#### 653. PEACE! LET ME GO.

PEACE! Let me go, or ere it be too late;
Dip not your arrows in the honey-mead;
Paint not the wound through which my heart doth bleed;
Leave me unmock'd, unpitied, to my fate—
Peace! Let me go.

Think you that words can smooth my rugged track?
Words heal the stab your soft white hands have made,
Or stir the burthen on my bosom laid?
Winds shook not earth from Atlas' bended back—
Peace! Let me go.

What though it be the last time we shall meet—
Raise your white brow, and wreathe your raven hair,
And fill with music sweet the summer air;
Not this again shall draw me to your feet—
Peace! Let me go.

No laurels from my vanquish'd heart shall wave
Round your triumphant beauty as you go.
Not thus adorn'd work out some other's woe—
Yet, if you will, pluck daisies from my grave!
Peace! Let me go.

Cassels.

# 654. HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead, Yet cannot I by force be led To think upon the wormy bed, And her together.

A springy motion in her gait, A rising step, did indicate Of pride and joy no common rate, That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule, Which doth the human feeling cool; But she was train'd in Nature's school;— Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before To that unknown and silent shore, Shall we not meet, as heretofore, Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray Hath struck a bliss upon the day, A bliss that would not go away, A sweet forewarning?

Charles Lamb.

#### 655. MY LADY SLEEPS.

STARS of the summer night!
Far in you asure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down you western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night! Tell her her lover keeps Watch, while in slumbers light She sleeps, my lady sleeps! Sleeps!

Long fellow.

## 656. GOLDEN WORDS.

A WIFE'S a man's best piece; who till he marries, Wants making up: she is the shrine to which Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage; She was a scion taken from that tree, Into which, if she has no second grafting, The world can have no fruit; she is man's Arithmetic, which teaches him to number And multiply himself in his own children; She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's

First step to heaven, a treasure which, who wants, Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts; she's a golden sentence
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate.

Shirley.

#### 657. LOVE'S SYMPATHY.

OH! hadst thou never shared my fate, More dark that fate would prove, My heart were truly desolate Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffer'd for my sake, Whilst this relief I found, Like fearless lips that strive to take The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labour'd words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight Of sorrow summons forth; Though known in days of past delight, We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have profess'd So much in friendship's name, Yet calmly pause to think how best They may evade her claim! But ah! from them to thee I turn,
They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home, I feel they cannot take:
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

#### 658. LOVE'S TREASURY.

YE tradeful merchants, that with weary toil
Do seck most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indies of their treasures spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches, that may far be found.
If sapphires, lo! her eyes be sapphires plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies round;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls both pure and sound;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen;
But that which fairest is but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with virtues manifold.

Spenser.

## 659. SWEET VISIONS.

WHEN day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew, Dear are the dreams that bless my view; To memory's eye the maid appears, For whom have sprung my sweetest tears So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart, and thence Be still,
Re-echoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses press'd,—
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight;
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew
I wander'd silently.

Camoens.

#### 660. LOVE'S WELCOME,

COME in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, 'True lovers don't sever!'

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer, Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour; I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me, Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, 'True lovers don't sever!'
Thomas Davis.

661. SONG: HOW MANY TIMES DO I LOVE THEE, DEAR?

H OW many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love again.

Beddoes.

#### 662. SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Hartley Coleridge.

Thursday Contracting c.

## 663. A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

YOU took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart.
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?

No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee; For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne;

There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim: I cry, 'Oh! Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him!

Behold him toil, from day to day exhausting strength and soul;

Look down in mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make him whole!'

1

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled, How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child! I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest, And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong.

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind; I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;
But I would ask some share of hours that you in toil bestow;
Of knowledge, that you prize so much, may I not something know?

Subtract from meetings among men each eve an hour for me; Make me companion for your soul as I may surely be; If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think, when you're away,

Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours, And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers: And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind; And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

#### 664. TO A STOLEN RING.

OH for thy history now! Hadst thou a tongue
To whisper of thy secrets, I could lay
Upon thy jewelled tracery mine ear,
And dream myself in heaven. Thou hast been worn
In that fair creature's side, and thou hast felt
The bounding of the haughtiest blood that e'er
Sprang from the heart of woman; and thy gold
Has lain upon her forehead in the hour
Of sadness, when the weary thoughts came fast,

N. P. Willis.

And life was but a bitterness with all Its vividness and beauty. She has gazed In her fair girlhood on thy snowy pearls, And mused away the hours, and she has bent On thee the downcast radiance of her eve When a deep tone was eloquent in her ear. And thou hast lain upon her cheek and prest Back on her heart its beatings, and put by From her vein'd temples the luxurious curls, And, in her peaceful sleep, when she has lain In her unconscious beauty, and the dreams Of her high heart came goldenly and soft, Thou hast been there unchidden, and hast felt The swelling of the clear, transparent veins As the rich blood rushed through them, warm and fast, I am impatient as I gaze on thee, Thou inarticulate jewel! Thou hast heard With thy dull ear such music!—the low tone Of a young sister's tenderness, when night Hath folded them together like one flower-The sudden snatch of a remembered song Warbled capriciously—the careless word Lightly betraying the inaudible thought Working within the heart, and more than all, Thou hast been lifted, when the fervent prayer For a loved mother, or the sleeping one Lying beside her, trembled on her lip, And the warm tear that from her eye stole out As the soft flash came over it, has lain Amid thy shining jewels like a star.

### 665. QUESTION AND REPLY.

'ELL me what thou lovest best? Vernal motion? Summer rest? Winter, with his merry rhymes? Or the grand autumnal times? Dost thou Saxon beauty prize? Or, in England, love-lit eyes? Or the brown Parisian's grace? Or the warm-souled Bordelaise? Or the forehead broad and clear Which the Italian Damas wear, Braiding round their night-black hair Circe-like?—Or the Spanish air, Where the Moor has mixed his blood With the dull Castilian flood, Giving life to sleepy pride? Tell me where wouldst thou abide. Choosing for thyself a season, And a mate—for sweet Love's reason?

Nought for country should I care So my bride were true and fair: But for her—O! she should be (Thus far I'll confess to thee)— Like a bud when it is blowing; Like a brook when it is flowing (Marr'd by neither hot nor cold); Fashion'd in the lily's mould-Stately, queen-like, very fair; With a motion like the air; Glances full of morning light, When the morn is not too bright; With a forehead marble pale, When sad Pity tells her tale; And a soft, scarce-tinted cheek, (Flushing but when she doth speak); For her voice, 't should have a tone Sweetest when with me alone: And Love himself should seek his nest Within the fragrance of her breast.

Barry Cornwall.

#### 666. JULIA'S LETTER.

THEY tell me 'tis decided; you depart;

'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim and would be again.
To love too much has been the only art
I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears;
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream;
Yet if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast;
Neen can deem harshlier of me than I deem;
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—.
I've nothing to reproach or to request.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart;
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one—
To love again and be again undone.

3

You will proceed in pleasure and in pride
Beloved, and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core!

These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now; but let it go.

My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind;
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete:
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life to love and pray for you.

Lord Byron.

## 667. A PLEA FOR LOVE.

THE summer brook flows in the bed
The winter torrent tore asunder;
The skylark's gentle wings are spread
Where walk the lightning and the thunder:
And thus you'll find the sternest soul,
The gayest tenderness concealing,
And minds, that seem to mock control,
Are ordered by some fairy feeling.

Then maiden! start not from the hand
That's hardened by the swaying sabre —
The pulse beneath may be as bland
As evening after day of labour:

And maiden start not from the brow

That thought has knit and passion darken'd;
In twilight hours 'neath forest bough,

The tenderest tales are often hearken'd.

Thomas Davis.

### 668. JUBILATE.

JUBILATE, I am loved,
And his lips at length have said it;
Long since in his eyes I read it,
But I thought it could not be,
Ah! what happiness for me!

Jubilate! I am loved, Now am I like a little queen, And very pleasant 'tis I ween; What soe'er I do or say Seemeth good and right alway.

Jubilate! I am loved!—
To see him kneeling at my feet,
Oh! it is sweet—'tis very sweet!
Every day and every hour
Do I glory in my power.

Jubilate! I am loved;
So dearly loved, that till I prayed
I was more than half afraid.
Lord! forgive my sins, and make
Me pure and good for his dear sake!

Jubilate! I am lovèd!
Lord! forgive my glorying!
To thy dear cross I meekly cling!
Let the love he beareth me
Lead him—lead us both—to Thee.

Elizabeth Youatt.

# 669. A WOMAN CONTEMPLATING A HOUSEHOLD GOD.

DOMESTIC love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth
fling.

Oh, love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the only key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Meets the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume.

Croly.

#### 670. AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE SONG.

FAIRER than thee, beloved, Fairer than thee— There is but one thing, beloved, Fairer than thee.

Not the glad sun, beloved, Bright though its beams— Not the green earth, beloved Silver with streams. Not the gay birds, beloved, Happy and free: Yet there's one thing, beloved, Fairer than thee.

Not the clear day, beloved, Glowing with light; Not, fairer still, beloved, Star crowned night.

Truth in her might, beloved, Spotless and free, Is the one thing, beloved, Fairer than thee.

Guard well thy soul, beloved, Truth dwelling there Shall shadow forth, beloved, Her image rare.

Then shall I deem, beloved, That thou art she; And there'll be nought, beloved, Fairer than thee.

## 671. METRICAL FEET.

TRÖCHĚE trīps fröm löng tö short;
From long to long, in solemn sort,
Slöw Spöndeë stälks; ströng foöt! yet ill able
Éver tö cöme üp with Däctýl trīsýlläblě.
Iämbles märch fröm shört tö löng;
With å leäp ånd å böund the swift Anapaests thröng;
One syllable long, with one short at each side,
Ämphibrächýs hästes with å stätelý stride;
First ånd läst being löng, middle shört, Ämphimäcer
Strikes his thundering hoofs like å proud high-bred räcer.

Coleridge.



## THE LOVERS' DICTIONARY.

Sole.—The following references have, each, two distinct numbers attached to them. The first indicates the page, the second the section of that page. Every page is divided, for facility of reference, into four sections numbered, in small figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, outside the border and in the margin.

In this index, wherever it has been practicable, the exact words of the authors have been inserted, so as to guide the eye more readily to the passage itself, but, as it was frequently impracticable to compress several lines—sometimes a whole stanza—into one entry, the most obvious sense of the subject has, then, furnished the heading, and the references have been repeated, as copiously as possible, under such other synonymous words as would most naturally suggest themselves to an enquirer.

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Completeness, completed form of all         500         \$           Compilments         253         4           Compliments of face and figure         253         4           Composition of Mrs. Lloyd         266         4           Condemned to nurse eternal care         50         2           Confessor         468         4           Confessor, the         461         4           Confession, the         441         1           Confession, tender         22         1           Confidence and peace         324         2           Connulvial blisses, dream of         142         3           Conquests of the eyes undone by an idle tongue         183         4           Conscience, a voice of holy speaking         21         1           Conscience, a voice of holy speakin	Companion, wife, friend	279	••	E
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Why the breath should not be concealed         384           Why the breath should not be concealed         384           Why the heart and eyes are to be sent back         282           Why the teeth are not to be concealed         384           Why the voice is not to be concealed         384           Why thy oreasts should not be concealed         384           Why thy breasts should not be concealed         384           Widewer, his grided         405           Wide, a spiris for and fondness         16           Wife, a happy		- •		•
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Why the voice is not to be concealed         384           Why those tresses should not be concealed         384           Why thy breasts should not be concealed         384           Why throbs my heart when he appears?         260           Why warbling birds forget to sing         262           Widow, the         265           Widow, the         266           Widow, the         266           Wife, a golden sentence, the         205           Wife, a hope         495           Wife, a hope         495           Wife, a hope         495           Wife, a hope         16           Wife, a bappy         604           Wife, a main's arithmetic         604           Wife,		•		-
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THE END.

